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Chapter 1

No view:

FRG, UK, France, China and other Countryhumans sat at a round table. Only America, Russia and some African countryhumans were excluded from the meeting. "So everything has been discussed now?", FRG asked impatiently after a few hours. "How about we take care of your father?", Switzerland said.

FRG then asked him: "What's the matter with my father? America is watching over him, isn't he?" "America, like Russia, is no longer on our side and I recently heard that Third Reich is no longer brainwashed.", Italy said. "What? Not again!", FRG exclaimed indignantly.

"If my father wasn't brainwashed anymore and someone believed him and published everything he remember, we're going to have a really big problem." Switzerland claimed: "It should even go so far that he can no longer be brainwashed and America has helped him to escape."

FRG banged her fist on the table. "These traitors!", FRG shouted angrily, then she asked, "Who told you that?" "Japanese Empire!", replied Switzerland. Irritated, FRG asked: "Where is this traitor of a father?!" "He is said to have been last sighted over the Atlantic.", Canada replied.

France suggested: "We could try to find him using our satellites." "We don't have that many satellites anymore because America is no longer on our side.", China said. "Nevertheless, we will search for him immediately and bring him down for good!", ordered UK.

Belarus thought for a moment and said: "Although my father is retired, I think he could be of good help to us." "Wonderful idea! Third Reich and USSR have knew each other well and he would be the best choice given his hatred of traitors.", said Switzerland. "Yes,

Soviet Union will be the best at killing him!", Finland shouted.

Pretty much everyone was in favor and contacted Soviet Union so he could take care of the problem. "What do you want?", asked USSR annoyed on the phone. "We have an assignment for you and we will pay you well for it.", Switzerland said. "I'm retired?!", came from the irritated countryhuman.

"We've got a new traitor that I'm sure you'd like to make life a living hell.", Britain said. Soviet Union grumbled, "Can't you take someone else for it?" "USSR, you are our best choice! Third Reich probably won't see us taking you for that.

So you will do the job!", UK ordered him. Clearly happier, Soviet Union asked: "Where is he?" FRG replied: "He should arrive in Europe in a few days, since he has chosen to fly over the sea. After that it will be very easy to hunt him down." "Send me equipment and some people and I'll take care of him.", said USSR. UK said: "It's on its way!"

Third Reich view:

I was just flying across the Atlantic and was hoping that I would be safe in Europe and that I could get some answers. My head was pounding weirdly and doesn't stop hurting, which is getting on my nerves. I want to fly home to my kids, I want answers and someone to protect me.

I want to be safe, I want to feel good again after a long time. I would also like to have some of my memories back, but unfortunately I know that I won't get my memories back that easily and that I might end up forgetting my memories again. Slowly but surely I feel myself getting weaker and weaker.

Day by day I got more and more hungry and thirsty because I hardly had any food with me. Again and again I got a little dizzy and I could hardly fly properly. I want to go to my family because they are the only thing I have left. But if my family is gone, I really have no one to trust and no one to help me.

- 622 words

- Original: 6/12/2021

- Translation: 5/11/2023

Chapter 2

Third Reich view:

A few days have passed and I made it across the sea. It was tiring, exhausting and very dangerous, but it won't be long before I finally get to my house. I hope I can rest there and everyone is happy to see me again.

I want to be with my brothers, my children, I want to go back to my father and my friends, I want everyone to be okay and to help me remember. Only a few more hours and then I will see them again and hug them tightly. I hope nothing too much happened as I don't even know how I got to America. How much has changed?

No view:

Third Reich flew to his former home in the Alps. Meanwhile Soviet was already ready. Some of his people who obeyed his command were in Berlin, in Poland, in Munich and at Reich's former home. The people had been given orders that they could capture Third Reich and hurt them, but no one was allowed to kill him because Soviet Union wanted to do it himself.

Reich had no idea and after a few hours he showed up at the site, but when he saw that the house was gone he stopped and flew one more circle around the mountain to be sure he was right. At that time people contacted USSR, who was in Munich. Immediately the countryhuman made his way to them.

Reich landed at the top of the mountain, where the cross and a house was, because he couldn't land anywhere else and he wanted to calm down a little with the beautiful view. When he landed he almost collapsed, but he was able to catch himself in time.

He slowly lay down, exhausted, realizing even more that nothing will ever be the same again and he didn't know how to deal with it.

More and more people came and stared at the exhausted countryhuman as the place had become an attraction. The people of Soviet Union approached Third Reich from all sides.

But he didn't notice them, he didn't notice the many people staring at him. Slowly Reich got back up a bit, lying there with his head held up by his hands. Noticing the normal humans, he turned to them and they backed away a bit, now that they could see his flag.

Reich didn't understand her behavior and asked confused: "Was habt ihr? (What's the matter with you?)" Then people fell back even more. Third Reich slowly got up, dusted himself off a little and asked the speechless people: "Hättet ihr vielleicht etwas zu trinken für mich und außerdem, wer seid ihr und was macht ihr hier? (Maybe you have something to drink for me and besides, who are you and what are you doing here?)" Everyone was still staring at him as if he were a ghost.

"Hallo? Ich bin es... Drittes Reich höchstpersönlich... ich bitte euch um Antworten und etwas Wasser. (Hello? It's me... Third Reich himself... I ask you for your answers and some water.)" Reich made it clear to the people. They got even more scared of him. "Keine Angst ich... (Don't worry, I...)", before he could continue, someone shot a net at him. Reich got caught by the net and tried to get it away from him.

Reich cried out in fear: "Hilfe! Bitte helft mir! (Help! Please help me!)" But no one listened and everyone ran away in fear. The countryhuman was grabbed from all sides and pinned to the ground. Luckily he had his sharp teeth and big wings, so he frightened those around him a bit and got them more work by flapping around.

At the right moment, he slipped out of the net and took off into the air. Looking behind him, Third Reich saw people pointing rifles and other firearms at him, but he dived down. Every single shot missed him and he then disappeared from their field of view.

- 651 words

- Original: 13.6.2021

- Translation: 5/11/2023

Chapter 3

Third Reich's view:

I'm flying north again, maybe to get to Berlin. I'm still hungry and thirsty, I hope there's something for me to eat in the fields. But why did people look at me like that and get scared? Did I say something wrong? Why are my house and that of my country leader no longer there?

Why did these people attack me and try to catch me? Why should I even be caught, I haven't done anything wrong have I? I would also like to ask someone what happened while I was unconscious.

No view:

Reich had been flying for some time and had been flying north for an hour when he saw dark clouds coming from the west. These clouds looked like they were painted and weren't normal clouds. In addition, only now did the humidity increase at this altitude, which actually should have happened earlier.

Third Reich slowly landed and tried to land on a harvested field. He fell roughly onto the dry earth. He had dirt everywhere and knocked it off. He walked a few meters and saw a corn field in front of him. Reich walked over and saw that the corn looked almost ready to be harvested.

After examining the corn a little more closely, he took a small cob of corn, removed the leaves and bit into it. The corn was fresh and very tasty, probably the best corn he's ever had, maybe just because he's never been this hungry. Satisfied, he took more bites and took three more before making his way to the nearby forest.

Reich went deeper and deeper into the forest and also saw various paths used by people, but these often looked like large vehicles

drove through them, but only wealthy people could afford larger vehicles. At some point Third Reich found a small stream. The countryhuman looked closely at the water.

The rocks under the water were covered with green underwater plants, so it was drinkable. After looking at the water a little more, he decided he could drink it. He took a few sips, but then he felt a few drops land on his head. After drinking enough water, he went on again.

Reich was eating his second corn while he was looking for a place to sleep for the night and shelter from the rain, otherwise he wouldn't be able to fly. Third Reich searched around and finally found a house and a barn at the edge of the forest. He slowly walked towards the house, but realizing that this wasn't a good idea, he turned around and headed back into the forest.

He walked around a little more and more and more raindrops fell to the ground. On it he saw a small ledge under which he could rest. After making himself comfortable there, he ate one of the remaining two corn cobs and quickly fell asleep. Meanwhile night was falling.

Third Reich's vision in his dream:

Dream 1

Where am I and why is everything so warm around me? Somehow this warmth seems very familiar to me. Why do I feel so safe and happy? Where does this warmth come from? I look up and see someone looking at me with a big smile. He's red like me but has golden yellow eyes that are beautiful. This man looks so familiar to me. He comes closer to me and kisses me on my cheek?

Why does he do this? It felt really good, but I still don't understand why he's doing it. The man gently places his hand on my other cheek and strokes my cheek with his thumb. "I love you Reich~", the man says to me. I kind of want to tell him back and kiss him on the lips, but I don't even know him.

Dream 2

"Please listen to me!", I yell. I hold papers in my hands and somehow they seem important to me. Standing in front of me are Poland, France and Britain, all looking disinterested and bored. I claim: "I can prevent war." "We've already told you, Third Reich, we're not interested in your idea of preventing war.", says Britain coldly.

I say: "Please at least look at my suggestions, maybe you'll change your mind then." I hold out the pieces of paper to them. Everyone takes a sheet but immediately tears it up without even looking at it. The remains of the pieces fell to the ground and Britain asked me: "What are you here for?" "To break the will of my people?", I answer dejectedly.

"Exactly! Your people are too strong and will cause us problems in the future if they continue to be so strong!", reminded France. "But I don't want to do it to your people or mine! I can't!", I say. UK threatens: "If you don't do what we ask you to do you forgot to ever see Soviet Union again!"

- 803 words

- Original: 6/16/2021

- Translation: 5/11/2023

Chapter 4

No view:

Reich woke up and repeated his dreams in his head, believing they were important. He had these strange dreams every day since he 'woke up'. But these weren't normal dreams, they were memories. He also remembered the other dreams he had.

Third Reich's vision in the dreams of the previous days that he could remember the best:

Dream 1

I see my two children running and laughing. My children seem bigger than I am used to. At the time I stand on the terrace of my house and watch them. Suddenly I feel hands on his stomach, which wrap themselves around me. Then I feel a head on my shoulder. I see big muscular red arms around my stomach and put my comparatively small arms on top of the larger ones.

The head on my shoulder snuggles against me and kisses my cheek lightly and tenderly. After that I turn my head to him and kiss him on the lips. I don't care that I can't think of his name, I just want to do what my feelings tell me. The big countryhuman seems to like it very much and draws me more and more towards him.

"Es gibt niemanden, den ich mehr liebe als dich mein Peŭx~ (There's nobody I love more than you, my Reich~)", the tall countryhuman whispers, and somehow everything inside me starts to tingle. It feels good and my face gets very warm. The big countryhuman seems to have noticed and kisses my cheek. "Ich liebe dich auch mein Sowjet~ (I love you too my Soviet~)", I say without control over what I'm saying.

Dream 2

Annoyed, I walk into a large hall with the dictator of my country and a few other well known people. We stand before Soviet Union, America and Britain with their country leaders. For some reason I get incredibly angry when I see Soviet Union. Suddenly I walk closer to him, grab his ear and whisper in his ear:

"If you ever do anything to my people again, I will personally come to Moscow and kick your ass! And don't even think about doing anything to the rest of my family! I hate you and I don't want to see you ever again and I will never forgive you!"

Then I step back a bit and give Soviet Union a slap, I somehow, I feel, have wanted this slap for the Soviet Union for so long. Then I turn and walk away like nothing ever happened. At some point I have to look back and see that he is holding his cheek with one hand and looks very sad.

Dream 3

I'm somewhere in the ruins of a city. In front of and behind us are soldiers who are taking us out of town. There are two other people next to me. I see a lot of ash, plaster and dust on the ground, while next to us there are many buildings that lack walls and some are charred. I hear bombs falling and airplanes flying behind me. I glanced behind me and see the city on fire. My heart hurts and a wave of guilt spreads through my body.

Dream 4

I fly across the sky It's summer right now and I'm enjoying the warm sun and the cold wind. Below me I see someone red and I know from his hat that this is the one I'm looking for. I slowly sail down to him. When I've slowed down enough and reached the right depth, I fly towards him and he catches me perfectly.

We laugh together and he then hugs me and kisses me when we're done laughing. It's a wonderful feeling flowing through me right now. I want

to stay with him forever if he is the reason I feel so good.

No view:

Reich stood up and stretched. He noticed that his wings were very sore. He also noticed that he had only woken up in the late afternoon. He then ate his remaining corn and went back in search of food, as he needed to gain enough strength before he could continue flying.

- 674 words

- Original: 6/18/2021

- Translation: 5/11/2023

Chapter 5 ◍ Violence / Blood ◍

No view:

Third Reich went back to the place in the forest with the drinkable water that he had found yesterday. After taking a few sips, he went in search of a field. He was looking for something and found a field of peas. The peas were ready to be harvested and he immediately picked some, opened the shell and ate the edible part of the peas.

Soviet Union was furious after learning that Reich had escaped from those who were supposed to be helping him catch him. Since USSR knew that Third Reich had used his wings for too long and well, if he was wise not to fly with those, he had an advantage. With his wings, Reich could easily disappear anywhere, but if he wasn't flying he should be easier to find since someone was guaranteed to have seen him.

Soviet Union had dispatched helicopters to search for Reich on the ground. But they should be careful, because Reich probably didn't know helicopters and could get scared. USSR guessed that Reich would have turned north since he was certainly going to flee to Munich, Berlin, or some other place he could remember.

Reich had meanwhile finished the peas and wanted to look for more that he didn't have to cook first. Eventually he heard a strange noise and looked in its direction. It was an object flying in the sky that looked kind of like an airplane with no wings and a spinning object that was where the noise was coming from. Reich immediately lay down on the ground and wrapped himself in his wings, afraid of the strange object.

The helicopter flew over Reich and turned around so that Reich was in front of them and hovering in the air. People immediately called Soviet Union. At some point Third Reich looked at the strange flying object. Slowly realizing that it wasn't bothering him, he

looked at it questioningly and watched it until after a while it turned around and flew away.

Reich was very confused by the encounter, but went to the cornfield he had spotted a few minutes ago. The still confused countryhuman plucked young corn and eat it. He took some and sat down with them on the ground. After a while he heard footsteps, but didn't think much about it and continued eating.

"Does the corn belong to the farmer who owns this field or to you?", he heard a dark voice that somehow seemed incredibly familiar to him. Reich immediately looked in the direction of where he had heard the question, but the person was behind several rows of corn. Reich answered his question: "It belongs to him and me. It's his field but my land. I can also take some corn, because I need more energy again."

"It is no longer your country 'Third Reich'! This country belongs to your daughter BRD!", said the man who was hiding behind the corn. "First of all, my daughter is too young for a whole country, she is only 5 years old and secondly, why are you pronouncing my name so strangely?", Reich asked. In response came from the unknown personn: "I'm just emphasizing your name because I thought you might remember something. Also, it's been 80 years since your daughter was 5."

"E-Eighty years?!", he didn't believe him, "I don't believe you!" "When you see me, you will see for yourself that I am not lying.", said the man and came out from the corn and now stood upright between Reich and the cornfield. "So-Sowjet?! (So-Soviet?!)", Reich stuttered and looked at him in shock, wide eyed. "To you my name is Mr. USSR or Mr. Union of Soviet Socialist Republics!", Soviet Union made clear to him.

Reich nodded and said: "I'm really sorry Mr. USSR! The name Sowjet (Soviet) somehow came to mind." "Whatever! You kindly come with me or it will be extremely uncomfortable!", USSR clarified and took out a pistol, which he pointed at Reich. Third Reich was immediately afraid when he saw the weapon. He thought even after seeing him that Soviet Union was his friend because of the memories.

He was probably wrong, but he still wanted to ask him: "Were we friends before?" "Shut up and get up!", USSR yelled at him. Reich got up, but he immediately fled, turning his direction again and again and rising into the air. But shortly afterwards he heard a loud bang and felt pain in his left wing.

Third Reich fell to the ground and immediately ran on. Soviet Union ran after him and shot Reich again, but this time just missed his head. Eventually, Soviet Union missed a rock in front of him, fell and slammed headfirst into another rock. When Reich looked back, he saw that Soviet Union was lying unconscious on the ground with a injury on the head.

Third Reich wanted to run away but something inside him said he should help Soviet Union even though he wasn't very nice and tried to kill him. Reich turned around and looked at the wound before shaking USSR a bit, since the tall countryhuman wasn't moving he assumed he was really unconscious. Reich took care of Soviet's wound as best he could.

- 860 words

- Original: 6/21/2021

- Translation: 5/12/2023

Chapter 6

Soviet Union's view:

My skull is pounding non stop. What happened to me? W-Where is Reich? I want to see him again and have him on my lap again like back then. I want to go to him and apologize for not listening to him. Even though he said at the time that he didn't love me anymore and didn't want to see me anymore, I know that he was just angry with me and that he still loves me just as I love him.

I slowly open my eyes and see that I was in a bright room. To me it looks like a hospital room. My head is almost completely wrapped in bandages. I run my left hand over the bandage a bit.

Suddenly a doctor comes up to me and says: "You were really lucky Mister USSR. If your first responder hadn't treated you so well or if he had been too late, you probably would have lost some memories." "Who was my first responder?", I ask curiously. The doctor replies: "He's locked in room 88 right now."

That strikes me as really strange, so I ask him: "Why is he locked in a room?" "We were told that he was a prisoner of yours.", says the doctor. I ask him: "Please bring him to me." Then the doctor goes. I wait in my room and stare at the ceiling.

Third Reich's view:

I've been sitting here for hours. Why didn't I fight back? Why did I come along like it was the easiest thing in the world? He tried to kill me, then why did I treated to his wounds? My heart just said it was the right thing to do. As soon as Sowjet (Soviet), USSR or whatever he wants to call himself is awake he's guaranteed to make me suffer and then kill me.

Was it the right decision? Also, I'm locked in a hospital room right

now, so why isn't anyone helping me with my wing? I was suddenly snapped out of my thoughts as the door unlocked. I looked curiously at the door, where a doctor was standing and wanted: "Come with us." Of course I'll come with them because I didn't want any trouble.

All the people in the hallways look at me in shock and I don't like that one bit. Soviet is here too and is also a countryhuman so why are you looking at me like that? I look away because I don't like it when someone stares at me when I'm not prepared for it. These people are so strange. Aren't there a million things more interesting than me.

No view:

The doctor opened the door to Soviet Union's room. Reich walked slowly and anxiously into the room. When he saw USSR he swallowed and looked down. Immediately, Soviet Union felt bad for him. "Please come to me.", USSR wanted, trying to sound as friendly as he could, but Third Reich was still very frightened.

"Please sit next to me.", Soviet Union asked him again and patted the side of the bed. Reich did what Soviet Union asked, but didn't know that he didn't want to harm him anymore. Third Reich still avoided eye contact. Since Soviet wanted to know if Reich could still remember the times when they were together, he laid his hand lightly on Reich's.

However, as expected, Third Reich immediately withdrew his hand just by touching it. Reich looked at him briefly, confused, while Soviet looked at him worried. "Reich, I promise I won't hurt you anymore.", Soviet Union promised. Reich then asked: "Will you release me?"

"So to say, but not quite. Believe me, Reich, I want to set you free, but if anyone catches you, you're dead and I don't want you to be dead.", Soviet Union said. Soviet immediately sensed that Reich had a problem with that. Soviet made it clear to him once again: "Please Reich, it's only for your own good. Whether it's FRG, Italy or Poland, you can't trust anyone because they all want to kill you."

"How do I know I can trust you when even my daughter wants me dead?", Third Reich asked. "Nobody is like they used to be and I've learned to pick out what's really important in life and put all your time and work into it. I'm really sorry I hurt you like that.", Soviet Union apologized. Reich murmured: "It's okay!"

USSR paused before saying: "I'll make sure no one finds you." Third Reich liked that and asked: "R-Really?" "Yes, no one will hurt you in any way, I'll take care of that.", Soviet Union assured him. "T-Thanks!", Reich stuttered. USSR said: "I will make sure that you are taken to my house. I will come to you in the morning."

- 785 words

- Original: 7/1/2021

- Translation: 5/12/2023

Chapter 7

Third Reich's view:

I smile more of it, but I'm still not sure if I can really trust USSR. "I'll call a chauffeur to take you to my house.", USSR informs me, reaching for an odd, relatively flat, square thing. What is that thing? I've never seen anything like this before.

I watch USSR in confusion as he taps the glowing side of the device and a voice is heard coming from the device. Then USSR speaks with the voice, like on a telephone. Is that a phone from the future? After discussing something with someone, he puts the thing down and says: "Someone will come and drive you to my house in 15 minutes."

I nod in response and ask him: "What is that thing?" I point to that weird device he was talking to some seconds ago. "It's called a cell phone. Almost everyone has a cell phone these days. It's like a telephone.", USSR replies to me. "USSR how long does it take to get to your house?" I interrupt him, wanting to know more urgently. He replies: "About two hours because I'll arrange for you to get there by plane."

"No plane please!", I ask him. USSR asks: "Why no plane?" "I'm afraid it will crash.", I answer him. "Everything will be alright Reich.", he says and puts his hand on my shoulder. I pull my shoulder back as I don't like it when someone I don't trust touches me. He pulls his hand back and says: "Sorry!"

"All good USSR.", I say. USSR asks me: "You don't have to call me USSR, please call me Soviet again." "Why Soviet?", I ask, confused. "Because my friends and family call me that.", he replies.

"I am, but not your friend or part of your family.", I tell him. "But we used to be friends. Not just friends, but also lovers.", says Soviet, which is why I stare at him with wide eyes. I can't believe it. Were we lovers? That would also explain the dreams somewhat, if they

are really real.

I kind of want that back, but I'd rather know what happened, so I ask him: "Why weren't we lovers anymore?" Soviet swallowed hard and turned his head slightly to the side because he must be uncomfortable. "I listened too much to my country leader and hurt your feelings.", replies USSR.

"What about my country leader? Did he find out and is he still alive?", I asked, concerned because I remember him as a good friend. "I think he already died, but I don't know for sure because I didn't care that much. He was the first outside of our families to know about us because we kissed when he visited you because of a few papers he wanted to give you.

You should have seen his face!", he laughed, "Really Reich his look was priceless! Luckily you were able to convince him that countryhumans are different than humans. He couldn't have done anything anyway and just told you to be careful." I partially remember that.

Soviet adds after he's finished laughing: "I've heard rumors that your country leader wanted to go public and tell people the truth and was killed because of it, but those are just rumours." "I hope he's okay.", I say. Soviet Union says: "I hope he's okay too and we'll find out what happened to him so you don't have to worry so much."

Somehow USSR sounds a bit jealous, but it could also be that I misheard. Is he jealous because I'm more worried about my country leader than him? Soviet now looks a little to the side and bites his upper lip, so I ask him: "Is something going on Soviet?"

To which he replies: "I'm just trying to stop myself from hugging you and kissing you because I'd love to do that. I'd also like to apologize for being such a jerk to you. But you don't remember it anymore." He sounds very depressed and sad.

"As far as I'm concerned, you can give me a light hug if that makes you feel better, but please no kisses.", I say and he starts to smile slightly. Somehow I like his smile. He slowly sits up and carefully

and very lightly puts his arms around me. He was so tender that I don't feel trapped. For such a giant he is very careful and gentle, I didn't expect that and I like it.

Slowly I lean more against him, which allows me to better feel his warmth. Somehow he calms me down. Everything starts to tingle and that tingling feels good, I like that feeling. He slowly lets go of me. I was expecting a kiss, but he really listens to me so well that he doesn't give me one. I kind of want him to kiss him and give him a tighter hug, but that's enough for today because it just feels weird and wrong on the other hand.

- 831 words

- Original: 7/4/2021

- Translation: 5/12/2023

Chapter 8

Soviet Union's view:

My body is tingling again. I missed that feeling so much, I missed my Reich so much. Unfortunately most of his memories are probably gone and he doesn't even know we were together. I still love Reich, he is my everything and I will never lose him again. I miss the times when my little Reich lay on top of me and slowly fell asleep.

Reich is very sensitive and just one thing is enough to make him behave completely differently. I would do anything for Reich, really anything, because I love him with all my heart. He leans against me a bit, maybe he likes it after all. I don't want to let go of him as good as that feels, or maybe even kiss him, but he told me not to and I'd rather not lose him again, so I'll stick to that.

I slowly let go of him and somehow it seems to me that his face was a little redder than before, maybe I'm wrong. I still want to kiss Reich so much, why can't I just kiss him or ask him? No, that would be too much for him! But I can ask. "Reich, could I perhaps kiss you for a moment?", I ask him.

He looks to the side and I think he's thinking. "N-No.", he replies hesitantly. Does he really not want to be kissed by me? Because he sounds like he'd like a kiss. Maybe the light hug was too much for him. I don't want to provoke him or get on his nerves, so I prefer not to do that.

I lay down again, but then he hugs me tightly and snuggles into me. I'm surprised, but gently put my arms around him. It feels so incredibly good to have him so close to me again. I see his wonderful face with his charming smile. God is he cute! I can't stop looking at him.

Everything tingles in me and I feel that I want to kiss him, but he

has forbidden me. Maybe he'll kiss me when he's already hugging me. He slowly lets go and I do the same. Reich is definitely redder in the face, so I didn't make that up earlier, but my face is also warmer than usual.

I love Reich so much, but if you really love someone, you can wait, so I'm waiting for Reich to come to me and we'll slowly get back to the way we used to be, because I want it to be comfortable for him and not just for me. He should take his time until he's ready for us to be lovers again.

No view:

The chauffeur who was supposed to bring Third Reich to Soviet Union property entered the room. He was a little shocked when he saw Third Reich and Reich didn't want to meet his eyes. Soviet Union pulled his key out of his pocket and gently pressed it Reich into his hands. Reich looked at him with wide questioning eyes and USSR replied: "This is the house key to my property and to all the doors in my house."

"T-Thank you!", Reich said and Soviet Union smiled at him. Reich was surprised that Soviet Union trusted him so much. "Please bring Third Reich to my property without anyone noticing.", USSR ordered the chauffeur. "Yes, sir!", said the man. Soviet Union informed Reich: "See you tomorrow Reich. You can sleep anywhere you want, you can eat what you want, but I'll explain all the technical devices to you tomorrow and please stay away from them until then."

"See you then Soviet and thanks for that!", Reich thanked him as he stood up. "No problem!", said USSR and smiled even more. Reich slowly left the room and was given a hat and a red mask so that he could put them over his head and not be discovered so easily. He put on both and followed the chauffeur to the car.

- 657 words

- Original: 7/5/2021

- Translation: 5/12/2023

Chapter 9

Third Reich's view:

I slowly climb into USSR limousine. The windows are so fascinating for me because you can't see in from the outside and I can see out relatively well from the inside. I take a look around the clean vehicle before looking out the car's window. "Third Reich you can take off your mask and hat until we get to the airport.", the chauffeur informs me before he closes the door of the limousine.

I remove the robber mask like mask and look back at the city I'm in. The city looks so strange. There are so many lights on during the day alone. Buildings as I know them don't exist either. To be honest, I think the buildings I remember are much nicer. I don't mean it badly, but I find the buildings here far too monotonous.

Where have the buildings of my time gone? If I'm in a German city here, where are the flags? What happened to the place to make it this way? Finally the car moves from the spot. It doesn't take that long until we arrive at the airport. Luckily it doesn't take long until then, because I've already gotten tired again.

I pull things over my head again and get out. The plane was so different too. I know I'm in a different time but still everything looks so interesting to me and I keep getting more and more questions about this time. I would like to see the whole world, but first I have to be brought to safety and process everything because everything already seems so unbelievable and confusing to me.

I get on the plane and sit in one of the seats. It still takes a while before the plane is finally at the runway and shortly thereafter takes off. I slowly fall asleep on that.

Third Reich's vision in his dream:

Dream 1

I'm lying in a bed and everything is so pleasantly warm. I love this feeling! I move slowly because I want to position my arms a little differently. I feel someone holding me tight. Slowly I also notice the deep and powerful breaths behind me, it sounds like music in my ears.

I feel that I am not wearing any clothes and so is the one behind me. It doesn't bother me, on the contrary I feel more free. When I finally turn around I see Soviet Union behind me. I turn my body fully towards him and snuggle my head against his chest. There's something about him that I'm more than fond of.

Dream 2

"What do you think of Austria?", asks Soviet, sitting across from me eating chocolate ice cream while I eat my favorite ice cream. "She's good, but she often gets on your nerves with her ways.", I reply, dipping my spoon into the vanilla ice cream. It tastes so delicious! "What about Poland?", Soviet Union asks me and also takes a spoonful of his ice cream.

I don't know why, but the way he put the spoonful of ice cream in his mouth made my whole body tingle. Somehow I'm just imagining how he... Stupid thoughts! "Everything okay, Reich?", he asks. I stutter back to him: "Y-Yes, e-everything g-good!" He smiles at me like that. What is wrong with me? I never stutter, so why here? Soviet gets up and comes to me.

He leans towards me and puts his big warm hand on my cheek. He looks deep into my eyes. Soviet Union has such beautiful eyes, I love those golden eyes. He pulls me closer and brings his face even closer to me. Does he wanna kiss me? Do i want him to kiss me? I kind of want him to kiss me. What am I doing here? What's happening? Soviet lightly puts his lips on mine and feelings of happiness begin to flow through me.

All doubts gone, now I'm just happy, happier than I've ever been. I love Soviet, I love everything about it. He slowly removes his lips from mine. He's probably not sure if he's doing the right thing. He's doing the right thing, to show him I kiss him on the lips too. I never want this to end, it feels too good.

- 697 words

- Original: 7/10/2021

- Translation: 5/12/2023

Chapter 10

Third Reich view:

"Please wake up.", a woman wakes me up, shaking me awake. "What's going on?", I asked confused. She replies: "We have arrived. Now you can get off." "Thanks!", I say and slowly try to get back on my feet. The kiss stuck in my mind, it was a gentle kiss.

Maybe I still love USSR, he scared me and hurt me but it wasn't the real him. I definitely think so, since this Soviet is different. I get off the plane and immediately felt the cold wind. It's definitely not the weather I'm used to because it wasn't that cold before. I'm being driven to Soviet Union house.

The property is not small, but it looks cozy. I like the effect the forest behind the property gaves to the house. I take out the key, unlock the gate and then close it again shortly afterwards. I don't look at the garden properly because I'm afraid that someone might have a chance to hurt me.

I unlock the front door and step inside before stripping off my unnecessary clothing and looking around. Everything looks so familiar and cozy. I like it here. I make myself something small to eat in the kitchen and shortly afterwards go upstairs before I start reading books. I then strip off everything and lie down on the softest bed in the entire house.

Third Reich's vision in his dream:

Dream 1

I'm lying on my back, on a bed, and someone is kissing my neck. It tickles and everything tingles in me. Looking up, I see that the one above me has red skin. Of course it was Soviet, who else could it be. He slowly stops kissing my neck and moves his face closer to mine. I wrap my hands around his neck and kiss his lips.

I close my eyes and pull him even closer to me. We kiss for a while until I pull away from his lips and put my forehead against his. "I love you Soviet~", I whisper. He opens his eyes, looks deep into mine and whispers back: "I love you too Reich~" Then he kisses me again.

Dream 2

I'm sitting in my living room with my son DDR, showing him how to read, when I hear someone yell: "Essen ist fertig! (Dinner's ready!)" It's the voice of Soviet Union once again. I call out to him: "Wir kommen gleich! (We'll be right there!)" Then we sit down at the set table. My father is sitting next to me and wanted to get my attention: "Reich?" "Ja, was ist? (Yes, what's up?)", I ask him. He then asks: "Bist du mit UdSSR zusammen? (Are you dating Soviet?)"

"Äm... nein. (Um... no.)", I answer him uncertainly because I'm lying to him a bit. "Sohn lüge mich bitte nicht an, ich bin immerhin noch dein Vater. Du bist mit ihm zusammen? (Son please don't lie to me, I'm still your father after all. You're dating him?)", he whispers. "Ja! (Yes!)", I answer him. My dad looks like he's thinking about it before asking: "Habt ihr schon miteinander geschlafen? (Have you slept together yet?)" "Das was du meinst nicht, zu zweit in einem Bett geschlafen ja, aber das was du meinst nein und ich möchte nicht darüber reden! (Not what you mean, we slept in a bed for two yes, but what you mean no and I don't want to talk about it!)", I whisper to him irritably.

He smiles at me and I just roll my eyes. Soviet Union brings the plates of food to the table before he sits next to me. I tried to control myself and not look at him because maybe someone else will see what's going on between me and Soviet.

Third Reich's point of view:

I wake up and smell food. But I still want to sleep. I hear heavy footsteps coming my way. Fear spreads through me and I wince when someone touches my arm. "Reich, it's just me.", Soviet's deep and melodious voice calms me down. I wipe the sleep from my

eyelids with my hand before slowly opening my eyes slightly. I smile at Soviet, who smiles even more than I do.

- 689 words

- Original: 7/10/2021

- Translation: 5/12/2023

Chapter 11

No view:

Reich thought he was still in one of his dreams. "I cooked dinner for you.", said Soviet to Reich. "Thanks Soviet!", Reich thanked and smiled even more. Soviet was a bit confused as since Reich was a bit more reserved towards him yesterday. Reich spread his arms and asked him: "Come to me!"

USSR came closer to him and as Reich wrapped his arms around him he looked down at Third Reich who was snuggled into his chest. It looked so cute for Soviet as Third Reich snuggling up to him. Soviet had an idea and slipped his hands under Reich's back. He then picked him up and Reich wrapped his legs around Soviet's waist.

USSR was a bit surprised by this, but he liked that Third Reich seemed to trust him enough again. Slowly Soviet turned so that Reich was on top of him and lay down on the bed with Reich on top of him. He wrapped a blanket around himself and Reich. Third Reich snuggled even closer to Soviet's chest as he gently stroked his body.

Both of them were slowly getting a little tired again and Reich was slowly being brought back to reality. He realized more and more that he really was on Soviet Union. "What year is it?", Reich asked. "It's 2017.", Soviet Union replied. Only now did Third Reich understand that it wasn't a dream and fell down in shock from Soviet Union and hit the ground.

As soon as USSR noticed this, he approached Reich and asked worried: "Reich are you alright?" "Y-Yes, everything's fine!", he said, but you could hear from his voice that he wasn't feeling well. Soviet carefully picked up Third Reich and laid him back on the bed. "I'll get you your food.", Soviet Union said and thought for a moment before kissing Reich softly on the cheek.

The latter looked at him confused, but he no longer saw it because he no longer looked at Reich.

Soviet Union's view:

Reich behaved a bit like then, but why? Anyway, he was so cute. I miss the old days when we were a couple. I would love to kiss him on the lips, but I'm sure he wouldn't only have looked at me strange, but probably also hit me to pieces. He's always been very strong in that he didn't like sports that much and I could never beat my Reich in a fight.

I'd rather lose to him than give him a single light punch. Reich is just perfect, he is strong, courageous, creative, agile, beautiful, extremely sweet, can assert himself well and can surprise me again and again. There is none in all places in this world and at any time someone as perfect as my Reich.

Nobody will ever get him. He's mine and nobody's going to harm him or I'll make them bite the dust. Nobody will take it away from me! Reich is only mine, he promised me that. He may not have many memories left, but I will once again win his heart and bring back his fond memories.

But first I bring my beauty his breakfast. Maybe I'll even get praise or a hug from him because I've put so much effort into the tomato soup or I've overlooked something again, he doesn't like it and it was all for nothing. If he doesn't like it, I'll work on it until it's perfect.

I'm not perfect and I've hurt him before, I won't let it happen a second time and I'll do whatever it takes to make him happy. I don't want and will never lose him again! He will stay with me until the end of our lives and I will try day after day to make amends for the irreparable. I got a second chance to make things right and I will do my best.

I bring Reich his tomato soup or rather I go to my room, since he chose my room to sleep in. I think that's really cute, but I'm sure he didn't even know anymore that it was my room where he slept. He looks at me quite annoyed. I know immediately it was because of

the kiss, but I couldn't help it, he was just way too sweet.

- 702 words

- Original: 7/20/2021

- Translation: 5/13/2023

Chapter 12

No view:

Reich liked the kiss but it is too much for him as he didn't want to be kissed by him as he wasn't in love with him. For him, Soviet Union was someone who was both friend and enemy, but he wasn't in love with him. "Soviet I told you clearly yesterday not to kiss me.

I do not love you. I'm not even sure if I can trust you at all.", Reich made it clear to him. Soviet put the food on the bedside table and sat on the bed. Only now did Soviet understand even better that he shouldn't have done it and apologized: "Sorry Reich.

I thought you were back to like you were back then for a moment and wanted to cuddle and kiss you like you did back then. I miss those times and all I want is to have that good time back and spend the rest of my days with you because I still love you with all my heart. And true love doesn't just end like that.

I've thought of you every day since you indirectly ended our relationship and I've cried a lot. It's my fault, everything is my fault, I should have listened to you and I should have stood up, but I didn't. I listened to them, ended or ruined many lives.

It's all my fault and no apologies, can make up for what I did to you and so many people." Soviet began to cry during his apology, pressing his face against Reich's chest while clinging to him. "I... I'm s-sorry... so s-sorry.", he sobbed.

Reich felt how much it hurt Soviet Union and he felt that every word of USSR was real. But Third Reich's gut feeling was that Soviet wasn't entirely to blame. Reich didn't want to see him so guilt ridden and sad, so he gently stroked his head with his hand. He snuggled up to Soviet a little and ran his other hand down his back.

Reich said soothingly: "It's not entirely your fault, Soviet. Stop carrying so much guilt on your shoulders. In your heart, you're not

a bad guy." Soviet then looked up at Reich, who laid his forehead on Soviet. USSR looked very deep into the sky blue eyes of Third Reich.

Soviet briefly considered kissing him, but decided against it because Reich didn't want to. He wrapped his arms around Reich and snuggled into his chest while Reich wrapped his arms around him as well. "Reich?", Soviet asked for Reich's attention after he had calmed down a bit. Whereupon Reich asked: "What's on your mind?"

"I'll do whatever I can to make sure you're happy and safe. I'll do anything to make sure you're okay. I'll do anything, really anything to put a smile on your face. If it be I will even sacrifice my life for you because you are the only one who gives meaning to my life, you are the only one I respect and love dearly.

You are the only one who can make me happy and who means something to me. I can't fix my mistakes, but I love you and you'll get anything you want from me." Reich was touched and shocked by what Soviet said and didn't know what to do or say.

When Soviet Union tried to let go of Reich, Reich just held him tighter. "Soviet I forgive you for your mistakes. Your words really mean a lot to me and I can strongly feel how much I mean to you. You are the only one I can trust and will be there for you if you need me.", said Reich.

Soviet felt relieved and hugged him even tighter. Reich stroked his back again. Then Soviet remembered the food: "Maybe you should eat your breakfast." "I completely forgot about the food.", said Third Reich.

- 633 words

- Original: 7/20/2021

- Translation: 5/14/2023

Chapter 13

No view:

Soviet gave Reich the bowl of soup, which he placed on his lap. USSR wanted to lie down next to Third Reich and feed him the soup, but he wanted Reich to be comfortable and not stare at him because he thought he was weird. Nevertheless, Soviet asked: "Can I lie down next to you?" "Why do you want to lie down next to me?", Reich asked confused.

To which he replied: "This is my bed and I am extremely tired because I was up all night." "Um... well! Lie down next to me.", Reich allowed him, even if he didn't like it that much. Soviet Union thanked: "Thank you Reich!" He then went to the other side of the bed, took off his pants, socks and sweater and lay down with his back to Reich, knowing that Reich had a problem with people watching him eat.

Soviet actually wanted to take off his shirt and boxers, too, because he always found it much more comfortable to sleep naked, but he knew that Reich had a problem with that. Third Reich had expected Soviet to watch him, so it was very surprising to him that USSR had his back to him. Reich just started eating the soup while Soviet Union listened carefully to what he had to say about it.

The soup was really delicious and the best thing he had eaten since he 'woke up'. "Really delicious!", Reich praised him. Soviet Union made it very happy to hear that. Reich finished his soup, went downstairs with the empty plate and used spoon, where he washed it up. Then he went back upstairs, turns off the light and lay down with Soviet because he had eaten too much soup and was tired again as a result.

He snuggled back into the blanket, closed his eyes and murmured: "I want to go home." Soviet hadn't fallen asleep yet and heard what Third Reich had murmured. It made him sadder, but he didn't know

what he could do to help his friend.

Third Reich vision in a dream:

Dream 1

"Poland please let our people free, they..." I am interrupted by Poland: "How many times do I have to make it clear to both of you? I will keep saying no! We will not let your people out and we will continue to make sure that your cities in East Prussia do not receive any goods!" "Poland you know that we have to start a war if you continue to be incapable of negotiating.

We have made suggestions to you, Britain and France many times, but none of you are listening to us.", Adolf complained, but remained calm while I was really angry and wanted to yell at Poland. Poland said: "Why don't you just go back to your country? Because I stand by it, and you've already pushed back the date of the war three times.

Who tells me you're even going to attack us?" "We only want what's best for our people, so we're going to have to attack yours if you don't reason enough and negotiate with us properly!", I clarified once more. I can't stand Poland when he gets on my nerves like that. Can't he just negotiate with us reasonably?

Dream 2

The whole room shakes and it wasn't the first time. I want to get out of here! I want to go back to the surface! Unfortunately, it will be a while before we can go back up. I'm reading a book right now. Who had the stupid idea with the stupid bunker? "What idiot came up with the idea of the bunker?!", my country leader scolded. Sometimes I think countryhumans and their country leaders are eerily alike.

Dream 3

I shake hands with Soviet Union and look deep into his eyes as I shake his hand. In his eyes I see great joy that I am there. He turned around to

Josef and said neutrally: "Я разберусь с Третий рейх. (I'll take care of Third Reich.)" "Затем сделать его. (Of course.)", he says and turns to the Guy sent by my country leader.

After we were far enough away from him, Soviet kisses me softly on the mouth. I missed him so much. Does Soviet leader really mind that Soviet and I love each other? You can't do anything against love and you can't choose who you love. I just love Soviet Union and I can't and won't do anything about it.

- 734 words

- Original: 7/23/2021

- Translation: 5/14/2023

Chapter 14

Third Reich's view:

I'm woken up by Soviet. He's got the whole blanket and he's mumbling something about not leaving and how he still loves me. I find it really depressing to see him like this. I gently stroke his shoulder and whisper to him soothingly: "Soviet, I'm here, I'm with you." He slowly calms down and I grab some blanket back from him. I'm slowly falling asleep again.

Third Reich's vision in his dream:

Soviet and I lay on the sofa. I lie on top of him and kiss his neck over and over until he pulls my head to his face and puts his lips on mine. I am pushed closer to him by him. Suddenly I hear something. Wasn't that the front door? I wait and don't move. Soviet breaks the kiss and looks deep into my eyes with his beautiful golden eyes.

But then I hear something falling a few meters away from us. When I look, I see my country leader who seems like he can't get a word out. I bury my face in Soviet Union's shirt and cling to him tightly. Soviet strokes my back soothingly.

"Drittes Reich könnte ich bitte unter vier Augen mit dir reden? (Third Reich, could I please talk to you in private?)", Adolf asks after he is able to speak again. His voice seems a little too calm to me. We're friends, but I'm still not sure what he's going to do. I look up at Soviet, who gave me a reassuring smile, but I can tell he's unsure, too.

I get up slowly and put another blanket over Soviet so he doesn't get cold. With my head bowed, I walk into my office with my country leader. "Reich ich werde dir nicht wehtun. Ich bin auch nicht wütend. Ich bin nur... überrascht. (Reich you know I won't hurt you. I'm not angry either. I'm just... surprised.)", he reassured me as he closed the

door. Then we sit down on the sofa in the room. His voice really doesn't sound angry, more worried and shocked.

"Reich liebst du ihn wirklich? (Reich do you really love him?)", he asks me. Should I lie to him? We're friends and I'm not the best of liars, he would find out easily and he hates being lied to. I nod hesitantly. Then he says: "Dann sorge ich dafür, dass es niemand herausfindet. (Then I'll make sure that nobody finds out.)" I'm surprised, does he really not mind or are there sharp words coming straight away.

Adolf says to me: "Reich wir sind Freunde und Arbeitskollegen, ich will dir wirklich nichts Böses. Sei bitte einfach nur vorsichtig, wenn jemand es herausfindet haben wir große Probleme und sei auch vorsichtig wegen Sowjet Union. Las nicht zu, dass er dir irgendwie schadet, denn ich möchte nicht, dass es dir schlecht geht oder irgendwie andere Leute darunter leiden müssen.

(Reich we are friends and work colleagues, I really mean you no harm. Just please be careful if someone finds out, we have big problems and also be careful about Soviet Union. Don't let him hurt you in any way, because I don't want you to be miserable or any other people to suffer.)"

Third Reich's view:

It's already past the clock, it's already 4 p.m. in the afternoon. I know that I shouldn't continue to sleep because otherwise I'll harm my internal clock. After getting out of bed I go to the kitchen because there are some things that will help my wing wound. I took care of the wound yesterday, but not very much.

I was lucky that Soviet only injured my wing a bit. The bullet hadn't hit the wing properly. No bone was caught, but my wings are incredibly delicate, so I can't fly and it feels worse than it was.

I remove the bandage I put on it yesterday. Unfortunately, it's a spot I can't get to easily. "Reich?", I heard from someone standing at the door. "I have to take care of my wing.", I tell Soviet Union, whereupon he comes closer to me and carefully strokes my uninjured wing. It kind of made my head tingle.

How does he know I'm so sensitive on the wing and how does he

know how lightly he has to stroke my wing to make it feel so good? Soviet Union says worried: "The wound doesn't look good." From what I can see, the injury isn't serious. "It's really not that bad.", I try to calm him down.

Soviet Union's view:

Why didn't Reich remind me more about the injury? The injury really doesn't look good but I think I can help him once I've convinced him that I can take care of it. Third Reich is always such a stubborn person who doesn't let others help him with serious injuries.

When he gets cut, he whines that he has the worst luck of all and the worse the cut, the less he wants to be helped. "Reich I'll take care of it.", I tell him. He immediately pulls his wing away and looks at me with a mixture of anger and fear. I knew it!

"No, it's not bad! I'll just wait for it to heal.", Reich says, crossing his arms. I ask him: "Reich please, let me help you, not for you, but for me. Otherwise I won't close my eyes if I'm not sure if you're really okay." I hope the old trick works. "Soviet I..." I interrupt Reich and repeat again: "Please Reich!"

He looks like he's thinking about it, he's about to give in. The trick has worked every time so far. "All right, but please be careful!", Reich relented. I knew it! He really hasn't changed that much.

I clean his wound with water and bandage his injury again. I warm up our food and eat with him at the table before I go down to the basement because I'm working on something there. I know a formula for a potion that can turn countryhumans into humans. I want to work on it a bit more because then Reich would have fewer problems.

- 911 words

- Original: 7/24/2021

- Translation: 5/15/2023

Chapter 15 ◍ Violence / Blood ◍

No view:

Reich looked around the house while Soviet continued to work on his experiment. Third Reich mainly looked around for old objects, pictures, books or documents that might be of some help. Reich wanted to find out more about the last 80 years so that he could deal with that time a little better.

Eventually he found an interesting book that he began to read. Soviet still experimenting a bit because of durability and the side effects that could occur. Meanwhile he drank a few sips of the vodka that he had been sent to for years. But after a short time his vision went black.

Third Reich's view:

I'm reading a book about the evolution of technology right now, which is really incredibly interesting. Suddenly I hear heavy footsteps coming up from the basement. Surely Soviet Union forgot something. I hear him moving from one room to the next. What's wrong with him?

Somehow I don't like it at all. My gut says I need to hide, but why am I so scared? He leaves me alone, so why should I be so scared of him again? I'd rather ask him what he's looking for. I put the open book on the table.

I go into the hallway and go to the stairs where Soviet is just coming up. "What are you looking for Soviet?", I ask him. He's suddenly staring at me really strangely. His eyes seem redder than usual and have a green tinge. Something is really wrong with him! "I'm looking for you.", he replies.

He sounds exactly like where he wanted to hurt me. I run away from him. I can no longer control my body. He's too strong and I don't have a plan, so it would be best if I went into hiding. I climb up a closet and hide behind the books. It's dusty and maybe one or the other spider was here, but I'd rather have every spider in the world on me than being torn to pieces by Soviet.

I'm incredibly scared and panicking. I try to stay as quiet as possible. Soviet comes into the room looking for me. It's so difficult to keep calm. I want to scream for help, but nobody would come to help me anyway. Soviet Union searches the room and goes to another room.

Finally he's gone! But the danger is not over yet. I'm starting to relax, but someone grabs my legs and throws me against the books and off the closet. I land roughly on the books and everything hurts. I try to get up, but someone grabs my neck.

The one that grabs my neck has so much power that he effortlessly slams me against the wall. My head hit the wall first and hurts a lot. When I try to get up, I am roughly grabbed by the neck and thrown against the wall again. Again my head comes first while I'm being slammed against the wall.

I lie on the floor and try to stay still, but am grabbed by my throat and pushed against the wall. When I look up, I see Soviet, who happily cuts off my breath. I'm slowly passing out because I can't breathe anymore. Suddenly he lets go of me and I fall to the ground again.

When I look at Soviet Union, he presses his hands against his head before falling over. When I have enough strength again, I hide from him in the closet and watch him.

Soviet Union's view:

My skull is pounding again. What happened and where am I? I look around and see books on the floor. Where is Reich? Has anything happened to him? "Reich where are you?", I ask. I hear something

in the closet next to me. I go closer. I ask: "Reich?" I open the closet doors and see Reich inside.

He's in a corner, shaking. I see wounds on his head. What happened? I get closer to him and see that he is pushing himself more and more into the corner. He's even more scared of me than before. I make myself smaller and lie halfway into the closet, one hand on Reich's hand. I gently stroke his hand and put my head slightly on his lap, where I snuggle up to him.

- 705 words

- Original: 9/2/2021

- Translation: 5/15/2023

Chapter 16

Third Reich's view:

Soviet just attacked me and now he's stroking my hand and has his head on my lap. i want to get away from him! I'm afraid of him. I don't want him to hurt me any more. I pull my hand away and push his head off me. I don't want him near me. He should go! "Reich?", he whispers to me.

"Get away from me! Leave me alone, you monster!", I yell at him, wrapping a wing around me. "As you wish.", he says, hurt. He gets up and leaves the room. I close the closet door again. Shortly afterwards he comes back, opens the closet door and puts a folded blanket and a bottle with a transparent liquid, probably water, in front of me.

He doesn't close the closet door all the way to let some light in. It sounds like he's putting the books back on the closet. I carefully take the blanket and wrap it around me. I take the bottle and unscrew the cap so I can drink. As expected, it's water. I take a sip before screwing the cap back on and putting it away from me.

"Soviet? Can you help me with my head?", I ask him. I would prefer not to see him, but I need his help. He opens the closet door and says: "Come out to me. I'll take care of your injuries in the bathroom." I crawl out of the closet and stand up.

Soviet Union's view:

Reich is wrapped in the blanket and trying to avoid eye contact with me. His words earlier really hit me. He called me 'monster'. I don't know what happened to him and I don't want to hurt him under any circumstances. We slowly walk towards the bathroom.

Once there, Reich sits on the ground and I sit down in front of him

after getting everything I need to help him. I look at the injuries and see that they are clean. Reich is someone who doesn't like bandages and never lets alcohol on his injuries. He's more someone enthusiastic about homeopathy, but he's always been forbidden from doing so.

Every countryhuman is forbidden it. The farming industry is also trying to ensure that there are no more naturopaths. I'm not very knowledgeable about naturopathy and such, but from what I can remember it has taken away my back pain.

I used regular medication for it at first, but it kept coming back, which is why I went to a naturopathic doctor. She was nice and after a few weeks I had no more back pain. My back has never felt so good. I've been scolded for it, but at least I'm still fine.

"Reich I can't do much since you don't want to disinfect the wounds and don't want to bandage them.", I tell him. He looks at me with big confused eyes. "You always scolded me about it back then.", I reply because of his look. He asks: "What then? It really hurts." I'm checking what I've got. I'll give him Arnica and a simple painkiller.

A simple painkiller would be a solution. As far as I know you have to swallow these and Reich hates having to swallow meds and hates when the meds don't taste good. The painkiller could probably also make his blood more watery, or maybe contain nanochips or something.

Reich doesn't get this stuff! I'll just give him the Arnica, even though they can't really do anything for the pain. I open the cap and ask Reich: "Stick your tongue out." Carefully and hesitantly, he opens his mouth and sticks out his tongue. I would so like to kiss him. I can't kiss him yet, though.

I pour 6 Arnica beads onto his tongue before telling him: "Let them dissolve in your mouth. They'll help your injuries heal faster. That's all I can give you right now." I pack the Arnica away again. I briefly consider how I can apologize to him. Maybe I can give him a bouquet of flowers.

I stand up and offer my hand to Reich for help. He takes it and I

pull him up. I lead him to my room and let him lie on the bed. I go back into the room where I have some books left and take the water bottle and some books that might interest him.

I put everything down so that he can easily reach it. "I'll be back in 15 minutes to check on you.", I inform him. I will search for something that will help him and that I can be sure that he will be fine.

Third Reich's view:

I don't like it when someone knows me that well. That's incredibly spooky. I lay down and snuggle up against the blanket. I just want to get back to my normal life, even though it wasn't easy back then. I was there with my family and my friends and there wasn't some countryhuman who knows me so well that he's creepy and sometimes he'll grab me and sometimes he'll kiss me.

I don't always like hugs either, but anything is better than being kissed, no matter where. Maybe I'll try to fly to my daughter when my wing is better again. I don't care what Soviet says about her, I hardly know him anyway.

- 877 words

- Original: 9/2/2021

- Translation: 5/16/2023

Chapter 17

Soviet Union's view:

I still have no idea what happened, so maybe I'll ask Reich about that later. I'll take care of this mess first and then go to the garden. I hope no one comes to check on me because there's no way I'm going to let them do anything to Reich. They can do whatever they want with me, but Reich is the most important thing there is.

Nobody is allowed to get too close to him. I've finished stacking up the books and I'll have a quick look at Third Reich again. He lies snuggled in the blanket. He's probably missing someone the way he's hugging the blanket.

I can understand that he is homesick. He doesn't want to be with me and he's probably scared. He definitely misses his family, but only Deutschland and the Federal Republic of Germany are still alive. Deutschland is in hiding and FRG wants her father and uncle dead. What can I do? Should I look for Deutschland?

Nobody knows where he is and I don't remember how well he and Deutschland got along. Maybe I could bring Russia here too, but he hates me and Reich and Russia doesn't know each other. I want to put a smile on Reich's face again, but how? I go down the stairs before going into the garden.

Maybe some food or... I have an idea! Maybe I could tell Reich everything that happened and make dumplings with mushroom sauce for him. He used to love dumplings with mushroom sauce and always laughed at the way I looked at him when he said 'Gnedl mid Schwammerlsoss'.

I know it's Bavarian, as a countryhuman you understand every language and every dialect, but it's still unusual when someone who usually speaks High German to me. Some expressions from his family and friends are burned into his brain in such a way that they

seem like normal terms to him.

I should actually check on Reich again when I finally have a bouquet for him. What if he doesn't like the bouquet? What will he think if I give him a bouquet of flowers? It's normal when you give someone a bouquet, isn't it? I am not completely sure. I have to apologize, somehow.

Maybe I won't give him a whole bunch of flowers, just a single flower. But which one would he like? Surely he will like a blue flower. I immediately search the whole garden for a blue flower. When I find the right one, I pick it and take it inside, where I put it in a small shot glass, pour in some water and take it upstairs.

Reich is reading a book when I go over to him and give him the flower. "It's really beautiful!", he thinks. I apologize: "I want to apologize for what I did to you. I don't know what I did, but I'm so incredibly sorry." I got on my knees while apologizing as I'm so sorry.

I look up at Reich, who smiles a little at me. I give him the flower and leave the room. "Soviet please wait.", he asks me. I stop and turn to him. He thanked me: "Thank you for the beautiful flower. I forgive you." I would like to hug him, but I have to keep myself under control.

Third Reich's view:

I see him smile slightly and he thanks me briefly: "Thank you!" "Could you come over here for a moment?", I ask him. He really wants to know what happened. He walks over to me and sits on the bed. I tell: "Soviet you were looking for me earlier as if I were your prey. I hid on the closet until you made me fall off.

You slammed me into the wall each time I hit my head. Then you let go of me and I hid in the closet before you came over and put your head on my lap and put your hand on mine."

"All I can remember is having a headache and then finding you in the closet like you said I put my hand on yours and put my head on your lap. I don't know what happened to me before was going on,

but I can tell you one thing, the real me is not responsible for it.", he tells me.

- 713 words

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- Translation: 5/16/2023

Chapter 18

Third Reich's view:

He hangs his head. I straighten up a bit, put a hand on his shoulder and tell him: "I know that. You and you from before are very different. You want to do something good for me and the one from before wanted to do the exact opposite." He turns his head away from me and says, "Maybe it would be better for you if you didn't stay with me. Because I can't even protect you from me."

"Soviet?", I ask him for his attention, gently grabbing his chin and turning his face to mine before continuing, "There is no one but you who will protect me. After what I've seen, my people won't help me and I don't know which people to stay away from.

You know and you can keep me hidden. We just have to figure out how this works with the Soviet that wants me dead. Then I'll be safe and you don't have to worry about me as long as I'm here." He smiles at me again before he comes closer to me, stops briefly and asks me: "May I please give you a hug?"

"Give me a hug.", I give him permission and spread my arms. I'm a little afraid that he's going to squeeze me too hard or that I'll be uncomfortable in some way, but he'll be careful. Soviet smiles even more and gently wraps his arms around me while his head snuggles on my shoulder. The hug feels warm and somehow I feel so safe and secure.

It wasn't uncomfortable, it was the complete opposite of that. I feel really good. Strange, but somehow I like it. Especially the fact that he asked me beforehand shows me that from what I told him he really tries to make everything as comfortable as possible for me and he succeeds.

I rub his back gently and close my eyes. We hug for a while before I slowly let him out. He snuggles up to me again for a moment before he breaks away from me and looks at me with a smile. Did he

notice that I liked it?

I can't even explain to myself why it felt so good. He says: "Is there anything I can do for you?" Isn't he trying to talk to me about the hug right now and distract me from the topic? "Are you trying to distract from the hug?", I ask him in a more serious tone. Soviet Union replies: "To be honest, yes, because I thought you didn't want to talk about it.

Did you like the hug?" What should I say now? I did that well again. I answer a little uncertainly: "Yes." He stands up before he says: "If you want I can always hug you, you just have to ask me. I'll go to my office as FRG wants to know how I'm doing."

"You're fine.", I say before I remember why he said it. Soviet says: "She doesn't know that." Then he goes out of the room and into another room on the same floor. I read a history book for a while. However, this book is full of lies all the time, so I quickly closed it and picked up another one.

I don't particularly like this book either, but it's still just about readable, not like the history book. At some point it gets too boring for me and I close it and put it aside. I'll take another history book and hope to have fewer problems with this one, but I was terribly wrong.

In the book it is said that I was killed by Britain. My children were taken from America and Soviet and were re educated. My country has been divided!? Poland got my East Prussian territory! Soviet isn't supposed to have treated my people well? Is that correct? It's definitely a lie. Panting and completely out of breath, Soviet storms into the room.

"FRG is coming here... You have to hide!", he says. "Is the book correct?", I ask him. He says: "I'll tell you later, I promise. But first you have to hide until she's gone." I get up and go to him. Soviet Union leads me to the closet, lays out some blankets and pillows as comfortable as possible for me and puts a water bottle inside for me. I lie down and he closes the closet doors so far that there is only a crack of light.

Soviet Union's view:

After Reich is in the closet, I close the closet doors for the most part and then take care of the feathers on my bed. I then go into the bathroom and make my head injury look a little worse and try to prepare for the visit. When the doorbell rings I go downstairs and before I open the door I pretend I have a huge headache.

I slowly open the door and Reich's daughter is standing in front of me. She seems about as emotionless as ever when I see her in person. "USSR when will you be able to join us in the hunt again?", she asks coldly. Not even a quick 'hello'. I answer her: "Probably in three days if nothing happens to me by then. Then I'll show that traitor what it means to mess with the one and only Soviet Union!"

- 882 words

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- Translation: 5/16/2023

Chapter 19

Soviet Union's view:

"Sounds promising.", she says, before asking me, "What was your relationship with Third Reich around 1940?" Why should she care? "It's been a while. I think we were simple work colleagues at the time.", I lie to FRG. "However, I think there was more to it than that.

Because I can still remember you snuggling up against him.", she tells me. Why is she asking me something like that? She was even there when I kissed my Reich. Is it some kind of rehearsal? I answer her: "I can't remember anything like that." That's a complete lie, I remember it like it was yesterday.

FRG nods briefly. She looks past me briefly before whispering: "Don't move an inch." She pulls a pistol out of her pocket and points it at me or something behind me. What's up? What is FRG up to? Suddenly she pulls the trigger and I hear someone cry out in pain. It's Reich! I told him to stay in the closet!

What am I supposed to do now? I take the gun from her hands and run to the stairs looking like I'm about to kill Reich. When I get to the stairs, I grab him and drag him upstairs. When I get to the top, I pull him into my bedroom and shoot with the pistol against the wall.

I slowly release Reich onto my bed so that it's more comfortable for him. He has a wound on his left arm. Luckily the bullet that she shot only hit his arm. I run to the bathroom and get the bandages. I then bandage his wound and he keeps crying out in pain, to which I smack against objects to make it sound like I'm hurting him.

After I tend to his wound I carry him into the closet where I put him in. I close the closet doors like before and try to make it look as real as I can in the room. I make sure everything is messed up. I'll throw the gun out the closed window before I get a stupid idea.

If I was out of my mind and wanted to kill Reich and Reich flew out the window, what would I do? Jump after! I open the window and look down, luckily there was a tree there. I take a few steps back. That's probably the dumbest idea I could think of.

I'm on the 2nd floor and I want to jump out the window to protect Reich. Let's go! I run and jump out. As planned, I end up in the treetop. I try to climb further down step by step. But where I was about a little lower than the 1st floor, the branch breaks off under me.

I'm still holding on with my arms, but I've gained so much weight that I can't hold on for long and fall off. I land on my hands and knees. I then lie down on the grass beneath me, as everything hurts from the impact. That was a really, really stupid idea. How did I get the idea to jump out the window?

I hear footsteps from someone stopping in front of me. I already know that it is FRG. "In which direction did Third Reich fly?", she asks. No 'are you okay' or 'should I help you'. I point my right hand in any direction. "If you're fooling me here, you're going to wish you died.", she growls before walking away to her car.

I'm slowly heading back inside, although I feel like I'm going to fall apart at any moment. Once inside, I close the door and make my way to my bedroom. I open the closet and tell Reich: "She's gone." I then turn to the bed and lay my back on it.

Everything hurts so much I shouldn't have done it. I tilt my head to one side and close my eyes. "Soviet? Are you okay?", Reich asks me. I reply: "I jumped out the window, onto the tree and then fell at least 10 feet. And now I'm in pain all over." Confused and a little angry, Reich asks me: "Why did you jump out of the window?

Are you crazy?!" "I told you I'd do anything to make sure you're happy and alive. I love you and I'll do anything for you, even though I know you don't love me. You mean everything to me.", I tell him before I open my eyes. Reich wraps his arms around my stomach. He snuggles up to me and says: "Please don't ever do anything like that again.

I don't want you to hurt yourself because of me. I'm not at all happy about you throwing yourself out of a window just to look like you're trying to catch me." I stroke him with the least troubled hand, over his back. I think I can even hear him start crying. Why is he crying? He shouldn't cry.

Reich should be happy. "Reich please don't cry.", I tell him while stroking his head. I'd like to wipe his tears away, but he's pressing his face into my stomach so I can't even see his face.

- 855 words

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- Translation: 5/17/2023

Chapter 20

Third Reich's view:

I don't want him to get hurt because of me. I don't love him and I don't trust him, but I still don't want him to hurt himself, especially to stay safe. Soviet didn't deserve it. He's done a lot, but he doesn't deserve anything like that. Still, I can't understand why I'm crying. At least I know now that he didn't lie about FRG.

She hurt my arm, but how could she get like that? She hated when anyone got hurt. Could I maybe stop crying for once, it's really uncomfortable for me. I don't want to cry in front of Soviet Union. I feel so helpless and weak and I don't like that at all, especially in front of him.

Soviet keeps trying to calm me down by stroking my back. As uncomfortable as the whole situation makes me, this stroking feels somehow pretty good. I like it for whatever reason. Are the feelings I had for him then still there? I don't know and I don't know if I want to know. I don't want to love Soviet Union. I just want to think of him as a normal friend.

I don't want to fall in love. I'm afraid of falling in love. In addition, nature has already decided that there are two different sexes, so that no living being dies out. I will definitely not fall in love with someone of the same gender as me. I want to stop crying, I'm so uncomfortable.

Soviet Union's view:

Reich has been crying for some time. I'm sorry. So much happend to the poor countryhuman in a short time. His friends are dead or being manipulated, his daughter wants to kill him, he doesn't know his way around at this time and is afraid. I will always be there for him when he needs me. I can see clearly that he could use some

help. I would like to calm him down the way I used to, but he definitely wouldn't like it since he doesn't like it when I kiss him anymore.

He slowly stops crying. I hope he's better. He's still hiding his face from me. Why is he hiding his beautiful face from my eyes? When Reich is almost done crying, he raises his head, but still looking down and not at me. He uses his hands to wipe away his tears.

Since he still won't stop crying, he presses harder against his eyes. I hold Reich's arm so he can't hurt his eyes anymore and he turns his face to me briefly in confusion before hiding from me again. I carefully and gently place my hands on his cheeks and pull his face towards me.

Reich closes his eyes tightly. I think he's ashamed of crying. He doesn't have to be ashamed of that. Crying is completely normal and whether he cries or not, he is always beautiful the way he is. I tenderly wipe away his tears. When Reich looks at me again with his melting sky blue eyes, I smile slightly at him for a short time.

We look at each other for a while, his eyes are so beautiful that I lose myself. I reach for a tissue from my bedside table and gently and carefully wipe away his tears. When I've wiped away all his tears, he looks away and thinks. I can feel his cheeks are warmer than usual.

"I-I don't k-know w-why I cr-cried.", Reich stutters. I calmly say: "Crying is completely normal. At some point you just have to let it out if you hold it back for too long. It's not embarrassing, it's just human." I give him another small smile before taking my hands from his cheeks.

He looks down at my chest before briefly getting off the bed and sitting on the edge of the bed. I didn't realize Reich had slipped from my stomach to my chest before. He then asks me: "Would you like me to get anything for your pain?" "No, I don't need anything.", I tell him before he gets up and leaves the room. Why is he leaving?

Third Reich's view:

What just happened? Why did I get so warm? What was the matter with me? That wasn't normal. I also have a strange feeling that I can't really describe right now. What's wrong with me?! I'm going downstairs as I need something small to eat.

I got really hungry from the whole thing. Where can I find the butter? I look around in the drawers, but I can't find anything, he doesn't even have a cellar here for refrigerating groceries. For that he has a white buzzing device here. I open it carefully. Cold air comes out and I see a lot of food.

Is that the new invention from the book I read earlier? It definitely doesn't look like an icebox anymore. Slightly questionable design in my opinion, but it seems to work well. I grab a pretzel and get a plate and a knife. I mainly want to eat to distract myself.

- 833 words

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- Translation: 5/17/2023

Chapter 21

Third Reich's view:

I sit down at the dining table. I start spreading butter on my pretzel and eating it. Actually, I should have asked Soviet if he would like something to eat, too. Should I ask him? It's definitely better for him if he rests. Unfortunately I can't cook, otherwise I would go up to him and ask him. I want to help Soviet Union somehow or lend a hand, it's only because of me that it's not doing so well.

He's already done a lot for me when I think about it, even though I've only been here for about a day. He was right about my daughter too. Maybe he's not lying to me after all. Maybe he really wants to help me somehow. But what do I actually want? I have to think about what I want because I don't know how to continue living.

What should I set as my goal? What should I do? What am I supposed to achieve? Should I try to love Soviet? Should I try to hide until I die? Should I die? Live? I don't know it. Is there anything at all worth fighting for? I want to know! Unfortunately, these are questions that only I can answer for myself.

I just finished the pretzel. I put the butter back and put my cutlery in the sink. I'll take care of the cutlery later. I slowly go upstairs to where Soviet Union is lying in bed. I hear noises in the room that aren't his and move a little closer. What is this?

"What are you looking at?", giggles Soviet, "Have you never seen a TV?" I look at the box like device in the corner next to the closet. I've seen models of televisions before, but they didn't look like this. Televisions were a bit bigger and showed everything in black and white. Everything is full of colors here and it looks much more realistic than it used to be.

"Yes, I have! They looked a little different and everything was in black and white.", I answer him. He offers me: "Would you like to

lie down and watch something with me?" "Yes, please!", I answer him. He slides a little to the side especially for me. I walk closer to him and very carefully lie down on the bed.

Hearing some sort of gunfire, I start and hide under the covers, clutching at Soviet in shock. "Reich everything is fine. Nothing will happen to you. I just had the TV a little too loud.", he told me reassuringly after the noise from the TV had stopped. Soviet Union lightly rubs my back.

I slowly calm down and stick my head out of the blanket. Soviet looks at me with a slight smile. Somehow I think I can see a slightly different shade of red on his face. I slowly let go of him and slide up. Unfortunately, this causes my wound to touch the mattress a little, so it hurts again.

I whimper briefly from the pain and try to lie down differently. "Are you okay?", Soviet Union asks me very concerned. I calmly answer him: "I'm fine. I just moved my arm stupidly." I'm finally lying comfortably, with a good view of the television. I'm close to Soviet, but somehow I feel a lot more reassured than I was before being so close to him.

I look at Soviet, who's curled up on some pillows and has something in his hand that he's doing something with and the sound starts again. I look at the box that's in the corner. There is something about animals in the forest and then someone talks about some catastrophe.

"Again such rubbish!", scolds Soviet behind me, who changes what we see again. I would have liked to see what it's about. I see some animation and then some woman talking. "Let's listen to what the witch from FRG has to say.", I hear Soviet say quietly. What does he mean with that?

I look at him questioningly, to which he explains: "This is the current country leader of Germany. I don't like her very much, but there was a worse one who took over the orders. I still think that she could be somehow related to your country leader, but I'm not entirely sure because she's definitely not as nice as he was to us."

I look at the woman again. Since when can women become country leaders? I don't mind, it's just something new for me. Wait a minute, Soviet is kind of right. Definitely when I look at her face like that. She looks a bit like him. I watch her hands. Hands often say a lot about someone and can also give signs that could be used. Is she someone to trust? After a short time I see that she is making a rhombus with her hands.

I definitely shouldn't run into her. A speech is like a perfectly practiced performance. Nothing is purely coincidental. I pull further back, wanting to be as far away from her as possible. I bump into Soviet, who puts his big and warm hand on my shoulder.

He makes it clear: "As you have seen, you must remain hidden from her." I want to watch something else. "Can we watch something else, please?", I ask him. "Of course, that's what I was planning to do anyway. I just wanted to show you something.", he says and switches around until we see a countryhuman with a white, blue and red flag.

"This is one of the kids I had to raise. Unlike the others, at least he turned out well.", says Soviet Union, "His name is Russia." "He looks quite nice.", I say, "Have you had any more children to raise?" "Yes, I had to take care of 15 childrens in total.", Soviet replies to me.

- 969 words

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- Translation: 5/18/2023

Chapter 22

Third Reich's view:

"15 kids... a lot.", I have to admit. I hadn't thought there were so many. I asked: "How was it with them?" He seems unsure of what to answer. "They are sweet and messy. However, they were always scared because of me. I punished them for the smallest little things with beatings and other things.", he told me, "I wasn't a good father.

I was very dismissive and cold to everyone at the time because I haven't let anyone into my heart since you and someone else, but I don't want to talk about them right now, it makes me too sad." Soviet saw slightly to one side while he spoke.

Who? And why does it make him sad? "Maybe you can tell me something about her later. What else can you tell me about your son?", I try to distract him. He looks at me again. "Russia is one of the few I would invite over here as he's not one of the bad guys and he wouldn't hurt you.

He's quite stubborn and as far as I know, he kept talking about your younger brother Deutschland. I could swear he raved about him when I wasn't really paying attention. He doesn't get along very well with FRG. I've never met Russia's current leader personally, but he's not having a negative impact on Russia.

To this day, Russia is the only one of the children I had to take care of who still comes to visit me. Even after I treated him the worst of all. He is a fighter and has always defended his siblings. Russia is much braver than me and hasn't made any serious mistakes like me.", Soviet Union tells me.

I think: "If you're sure he won't hurt me, I'd like to get to know him." He smiles at me before saying: "Then I'll take care of it later." The TV program changes again. "Shall we watch a little

documentary?", Soviet asks me. I nod and lie down a little more comfortably. However, I don't notice myself falling asleep.

Third Reich's vision in his dream:

Dream 1

I'm standing in the middle of the path to my house. The sun is going down. I am happy. My country leader standing a few feet away from me. "Es war ein großartiger Geburtstag! Die Parade, die Geschenke und alles andere war fantastisch! Trotzdem glaube ich, dass irgendetwas gefehlt hat. (It was a great birthday! The parade, the presents and everything else was fantastic! However, I think something was missing.)", I say.

"Ich weiß wer dir fehlt, aber du weißt genau, dass es etwas zu offensichtlich wäre, wenn er hier wäre. Dafür wirst du ihn in einem Monat besuchen können. (I know who you are missing, but you know very well that it would be a bit too obvious if he was here.

You will be able to visit him in a month.)", comes from Adolf, "Reich ich wünsche dir noch einen angenehmem Abend. Wir sehen uns übermorgen. (I wish you a pleasant evening. We'll see each other tomorrow.)" I wish him: "Bis dann und gute Reise! (See you then and have a safe trip!)"

"Danke (Thank you!)", he thanked me before he walked a few steps and turned back to me. "Euch beiden noch einen angenehmen Abend! (You two have a pleasant evening!)", he wished and turned away again. I feel arms around my stomach. "Hallo Reich~ (Hello Reich~)", comes from the familiar voice behind me. I turn and hug Soviet with my arms and wings.

Dream 2

I walk along the path with Soviet holding my hand. My country leader is also ahead of us with his dog. FRG and GDR are also in front of us and are running around playing tag. I look to Soviet. He looks so muscular and well built. Those eyes full of light and love looking down at me. I slow down because I want to get a better look at him.

He slows down just a little before coming to a stop. Soviet runs one hand down my side to my waist where he pulls me towards him. I turn to him and get as close to him as I can before wrapping my arms around his neck. He brings his face closer to mine before lightly resting his lips on mine.

"Bä!", GDR says when he sees us kissing. After the kiss, I turn to him and say: " Du wirst dich auch eines Tages verlieben und jemanden auf die Lippen küssen. (You too will fall in love one day and kiss someone on the lips.)" "Nein, werde ich nicht! (No, I won't!)", says the little one before he runs to his sister. I laugh about it together with Soviet.

Dream 3

"Reich und Sowjet Union, ich würde euch bitten. Eure Beziehung wirklich geheim zu halten. Wenn ihr es weiterhin so offensichtlich macht, bekommt ihr noch einige Probleme. Ihr könntet zwar sagen, dass ihr keine Menschen währt und es deshalb nichts Schlimmes wäre, doch nicht bei jedem funktioniert diese Ausrede.

Ehrlich gesagt, kann ich nicht einmal sagen, ob es eine Ausrede ist, da niemand irgendetwas über euch weiß, außer wenige Ausnahmen, zu denen ich nicht gehöre. Bitte seit einfach vorsichtiger, mehr verlange ich nicht von euch.

(Reich and Soviet Union, I would ask you. To keep your relationship really secret. If you continue to make it so obvious, you will get some problems. You could say that you are not human and therefore it would not be a bad thing, but this excuse doesn't work for everyone.

Honestly I can't even tell if it's an excuse as no one knows anything about you countryhumans except for a few exceptions that I'm not one of. Please just be more careful, that's all I ask of you.)", pleads Adolf. We are in my living room. I sit on Soviet's lap, he has his arms around me and his head on my shoulder.

"Wir werden schon vorsichtiger sein, versprochen. (We'll be more careful, I promise.)", I tell him, "Niemand wird es herausfinden oder Sowjet? (No one will find out, or Soviet?)" "Niemand wird uns sehen, ich verspreche es genauso. (No one will see us, I promise the same.)", comes from Soviet Union. My country leader thanks: "Danke! Aber noch

ein aller letztes Mal. Wir werden dargestellt, dass wir komplett dagegen sind.

Ich bin nur dagegen, da es gegen die Natur ist. Ihr seid Countryhumans und Reich du bist ein guter Freund von mir, also mache ich eine Ausnahme, doch ich will nicht, dass du oder ich in Schwierigkeiten geraten. Ich möchte eurer Beziehung oder was auch immer, nicht im Weg stehen. Ich will, dass das das letzte Mal ist, wo ich es euch klarstellen muss. (Thank you! But one last time. We are shown that we are completely against it.

I'm only against it because it's against nature. You're countryhumans and Reich you're a good friend of mine so I'll make an exception but I don't want you or me to get in trouble. I don't want to get in the way of your relationship or whatever. I want this to be the last time I have to get this straight to you guys.)"

- 1182 words

- Original: 9/26/2021

- Translation: 5/18/2023

Chapter 23

Third Reich's view:

I'm slowly waking up, but I'm still very tired. Everything around me is warm. A little too warm for me. I feel cold air being blown into my face. I open my eyes to it. It's Soviet, who is so close to my face I almost touch his face. I don't move an inch.

After a short time he mumbled something in his sleep and snuggled his face against mine. His skin is much smoother and softer than I thought. Somehow it's not as bad as I thought, but he should still be further away from me. I don't want anyone to get that close to me. So I turn away a bit, but I realize that I shouldn't turn my whole body away from him or I'll end up on the floor.

Looking out the window, I see that it is already day, but quite early. No wonder I'm still so tired. I should go back to sleep as it's still too early. I slide a little further down, disturbed by Soviet Union breathing. I snuggle up in the warm blanket again. I wait and wait for what feels like an eternity, but falling asleep just doesn't work out.

Soviet turns back to the other side. Maybe I should get up and see what else I can do to either stay awake or to fall asleep. I slowly put my feet on the cold wooden floor. But when I get up I hear behind me: "Reich?

Where are you going? It's still so early." I see Soviet behind me, looking at me sleepily. "I can't fall asleep anymore and I thought I could read books or something.", I answer him. He suggests: "I have two other suggestions for you.

You could go back to bed and try to sleep again, or I'll answer all your questions while you're in bed. Please stay in bed, because it's too cold for you outside the room right now." I'd like to ask him a few questions. I get back on the bed and Soviet also gives me more space.

I make myself comfortable before I have to yawn. When I look at him out of the corner of my eye, he looks at me in love. "Soviet, may I ask you a few questions?", I ask him. He nods to that. I think for a moment before I ask him: "Who did you mean by 'she' yesterday? And why do you always get sad?"

He thought for a moment before answering: "By 'she' I meant my biological daughter. She was born in early 42 and was taken from me after two weeks. It was our daughter. I wanted to tell you at 41 that your country leader was right about countryhumans not being like humans and i was pregnant but you slammed the door on my apology.

That little child was the first and last time I felt fatherly love. I even thought she was the key to being with you again, but she was taken from me. So most of my hope of making amends was destroyed. Almost all of the rest was destroyed after your harsh words, which I had to hear from you a few years later."

I'm speechless. How the hell is it supposed to work that two men can have a child?! Is he lying to me? Why would he lie? "Can you give me any proof that you can were pregnant?", I ask skeptically. He then touches the two sides of his underpants as if he wants to take them off. "Please stop!", I tell him quickly. I don't want to see him without his underpants, that's too uncomfortable for me. He takes his hands away again.

"Did your country leader find out that we were together?", I ask him to take his mind off the topic. I notice that I'm getting more and more tired. Soviet Union answers me: "Yes, he freaked out about it. Just like you always warned me. He found out from those who stole my baby."

Unfortunately I can't see how he's feeling as I can only make out his sleepy looking face. I'm getting a little closer to him, maybe it's just my position. "Can I hug you please?", he asks me. He sounds a bit depressed. I get closer to him and say: "Give me a hug."

Soviet Union then wraps his arms around me and snuggles into my chest. I rub his back to calm him down. I can feel my shirt getting wetter and wetter. I shouldn't have asked him about his daughter. I

can only now really hear how he cries.

- 765 words

- Original: 9/29/2021

- Translation: 5/18/2023

Chapter 24

Soviet Union's view:

I hug Reich tightly. I start crying more and more. It's been so long now and I still cry about it. Reich strokes my back tenderly. His tender, sensitive and at the same time full of strength hands always feel like he has great strength, which he transforms into tenderness for my sake.

Reich is very strong, but he is always too insecure to take the first step. It doesn't happen very often that I have to burst into tears, so why is it happening now? Stupid memories! I don't want to cry in front of Reich, I want to show him that I'm brave and strong and that I can't cry. Maybe if I don't cry, I could give him even more reassurance.

Why do I only have to be full of mistakes? Reich is the most perfect there is and what am I? I only made mistakes back then and nothing has changed to this day. Maybe something will happen to Reich again and it's my fault again. I just can't let this happen. I want to help him, I want him to be safe and I want him to be happy.

I don't know if and how I can help him. Should I even try to help him? Surely America and Russia can help him better than I ever could. Maybe I'll hand Reich over to them, because if I can't even really raise kids, I can hardly take care of someone as great as Reich.

Reich is flawless. I love him and put him above everything else, but still I'm not enough to keep him safe. Reich doesn't deserve anyone close to him like me. I hurt him then, I will definitely hurt him again. Reich doesn't need me.

He needs someone with feeling and heart to take care of him and not something like me. I am not worthy of him. I don't deserve such a compassionate, smart, incredibly beautiful, loving and gentle

countryhuman. Reich should decide for himself where he should go, he should be free and I can't even give him freedom because I don't have anything to give.

I've got my tears under control again. I let go of Reich, even if I really don't want to. I know his top is wet because of me. "Reich should I give you a new top because yours is so wet?", I ask him, "If you don't mind.", he says. I can't help but look into his wonderful eyes even if it's a bit dark here.

This sky blue is really heavenly, but it also somehow has parts of the sea in it. They are eyes full of energy and full of secrets. As he has always told me 'still waters are deep' and as always he is absolutely right in what he says. His nod snaps me out of my thoughts.

I stand up a bit and then lightly take the sides of the shirt off him to pull it over him. He looks at me in shock. "Reich I just want to take your top off.", I assure him. After a moment's hesitation, he let me take off his shirt.

I'm just not allowed to look at his upper body right now, otherwise it could get pretty awkward. I put his shirt on a chair in the room and get a new shirt from my closet. The top is pretty big for him, but at least it's a top. What I'm noticing right now is that it doesn't have any holes for his wings to fit through.

I inform him, "Reich I'll edit it later so you can get your wings through it, but this should do for sleeping." I get closer to him and see his torso. His torso looks so... so good. I would love to stroke and feel his skin.

I don't just want to make it up, I really want to stroke his skin. I want to run my fingers and lips up and down his body. Maybe I could try. It would do us both good. I get closer to him. Reich looks at me quite confused. As soon as I kiss him just once, he will not want me to stop.

I know he wants it as much as I do. More and more saliva collects in my mouth. I place my hands on his shoulders and gently press him down. I still have the blanket between us, but I'll take care of

that later. I only have to give him one kiss, then happiness will never end. I look into his eyes.

I can see clearly that he is scared and afraid. Wait a minute... What am I doing here? What got into me? I get off him and let him go. What did I just do and why? I look once more to confused Reich. I put the top down for him before I get up. He is visibly confused and scared.

I tell him: "Try to sleep again, I'll make myself some coffee.", I turn around. I don't want to see him. I feel that the closer I get to the room door, the colder it gets. I open the door and slowly walk outside. As always in the morning, everything in the hallway is freezing. "Soviet?", I hear from Reich before I close the door behind me. I don't want to talk to him. I will organize that he will be safe. Safe from me.

- 901 words

- Original: 9/30/2021

- Translation: 5/19/2023

Chapter 25

Third Reich's view:

What just happened? What was Soviet about to do? In any case, he scared me with it. I felt trapped, especially as he pushed me into the bed. It's weird that even after what Soviet just did, I still want him lying next to me. He's so tired after all and told me how cold it is outside the room, so why is he leaving me here alone?

Should I get up and go to him or should I lie here? I know he's not feeling well and before he stays up any longer despite being so tired, I should make sure he can relax. I stand up slowly. I don't really need my top. I usually don't like wearing a shirt while trying to sleep anyway.

I let it down and decide to go downstairs shirtless even though it's getting cold. I slowly open the door to the room and felt that it really is unbelievably cold. Soviet Union was right. I shiver from the cold. After the door is closed, I go downstairs. Once there, I see Soviet on a questionable device.

It is so big that you can hold it in your hand and yet somehow small, in addition it had a somewhat box-like shape. I watch him talk with the device on his ear. Is that a phone too? "Конечно, он ангел... Нет! Почему так?... Это то, что я считаю? Вы вместе с Германией?... Я знал это!

Это прекрасно, тогда он в безопасности и рядом с ним есть кто-то, кого он знает. Я уверен, что ты сможешь позаботиться о нем гораздо лучше... Ладно, до встречи, Россия! (Of course, he's an angel... No! Why is that?... Is that what I think? Are you with Germany?... I knew it!

That's perfect, then he's safe and has someone by his side because he knows. I'm sure you can take much better care of him... Okay, see you Russia!)", exclaims Soviet Union before he hangs up. I walk

closer to him. When he hears me he immediately looks at me. "Reich, what are you doing you here!? You'll freeze to death!", Soviet shouts and takes a blanket from the sofa.

He comes to me immediately and wraps the blanket around me gently yet quickly. He said worried: "You should stay in bed and go back to sleep. It's too early for you to get up." "It's also too early for you to make yourself a coffee and stay awake.

Of the two of us, you're the most injured and you need rest.", I tell him worried. Soviet responds: "Don't worry about me, I know what's good for me and what's not." "No, you're not! I can clearly see you're tired, so go back to bed!", I tell him a little more sternly. I feel like a father telling his five year old son to go to bed.

He wanted to argue again: "But about-" "Go back to bed, I don't care about what happened before, go back to bed right now!", I order him. "But what if it happens again?", he asked worried. "It doesn't matter and if it happens again, I can always do something to make you understand what you're doing.", I tell him.

He asked uncertainly: "Are you sure?" I answer: "Yes and please go back to bed." He smiles slightly at me and gives in: "Good! Let's lie down a bit." He walks a little towards the stairs before putting his hand on my shoulder. I'll go back upstairs with him.

When we get to the top, I take off the blanket and lie back in the warm bed. A short time later Soviet is next to me and puts an arm around me. I look at him. He snuggles up on my shoulder and has his eyes closed. Soviet Union looks a bit unsure, he must be expecting me to push him away, but I won't. It feels good to be here with him.

I just think that only he can fall asleep because I always have trouble falling asleep when someone touches me. The main thing is that he is fine. I pull the blanket even more over me before making myself a little more comfortable. I'm slowly falling into a deep sleep.

Third Reich's vision in his dream:

Dream 1

I'm incredibly angry. Suddenly I hear someone knocking on the door. I go to the door and open it. Soviet stands in front of me with an uncertain smile. He dares to be seen here again?! He starts talking: "Reich ich weiß, dass es gerade einige Probleme zwischen uns gibt, doch ich habe dir etwas Wichtiges zu sagen.

Es ist für uns beide sehr wichtig, besonders wie wir damit umgehen werden. Ich glaube auch, dass dieses Geschenk uns vielleicht wieder etwas näher zusammenbringen könnte. Reich i-ich bi- (Reich, I know there are some issues between us right now, but I have something important to tell you.

It's very important to both of us, especially how we're going to deal with it. I also believe that this gift could perhaps bring us a little closer together again. Reich I-I am-)" I cut him off: "Ist mir egal! Du hast dir das eingebrockt und du denkst ein kleines Geschenk, würde alles wieder gut machen, da hast du falsch gedacht! (I don't care! You got yourself into this and you think a little gift would make things right, you thought wrong!)"

He starts again: "Reich i- (Reich I-)" Then I slam the door in his face. I sit leaning against the door. I am done with it. Should I have at least listened to him? I just don't want to see him right now. What am I doing? I feel like I should open the door and talk to him, on the other hand I just want to smack him in the face.

Maybe I'll just listen to what he has to say. I open the door. No Soviet Union was in sight. However, I see a letter. I pick it up. Some letters are no longer recognizable because of a few drops that have soaked into the paper, probably his tears.

Mein geliebter Reich,

Es tut mir leid, dass ich es nicht gerade einfach für uns mache.

Wir haben beide harte Zeiten, ich vermisse dich so sehr

und meine Sehnsucht zu dir steigt von Tag zu Tag weiter ins

Unermessliche. Ich liebe dich mehr als alles andere auf der gesamten Welt. Ich bitte dich mir zu vergeben.
Ich weiß, dass du wütend auf mich bist und ich kann es auch sehr gut verstehen. Ich kann nicht aufhören an unsere wundervolle Nacht vor ein paar Monaten zu denken.
Ich wollte dir an der Tür eigentlich sagen, dass dein Landesanführer recht ...mit hatte, dass Countryhumans keine normalen Mensch... ...nd und diese Nacht und das darauf hat es mir deutlich bewiesen. ...h habe herausgefunden, dass ich ...r bin.
Ich hoffe, dass du zu mir kommen wirst und mit mir reden ...rst.
Mit viel Lieb... dein Sowjet♡

(My beloved Reich,
I'm sorry I'm not making it easy for us.
We both have hard times, I miss you so much and my longing for you increases immeasurably every day. I love you more than anything in the entire world.
I ask you to forgive me. I know that you are angry with me and I can understand it very well. I can't stop thinking about our wonderful night a few months ago. I

was going to tell you at the door that your

country leader was right ...out

countryhumans not being normal peopl...

...d that night and after proved it to me

conclusively. I fo...d out that I'm ...nant. I

hope that you will come to me and talk to me.

With lots of love... your Soviet♡)

Dream 2

I snuggle into Soviet's chest, who is lying next to me. In me is an emotional chaos. I want to hug and kiss him. I love him so much. I just don't know if that's such a good idea. I just want to go through with it, but I'm unsure. What if he doesn't love me and maybe he's just faking it?

Countryhumans don't do that, do they? He puts his head closer to me and kisses my lips. Those rough and slightly cooler lips feel incredibly good. My whole body relaxes. All doubts are gone. I want to feel his lips on mine forever. I love him so much.

There is no better feeling than this flowing right through my soul, heart and body. I never want to stop kissing Soviet. He's mine. Only me. There is no one to compare him to. He's about to pull his lips from mine, but I immediately press my lips back onto his.

Third Reich's view:

I'm slowly waking up again. I still have remnants of the second dream in me. I can still feel the lips on mine even when there's no one in the room. Soviet's lips from that memory felt really good. I want to feel those lips again. But why?

Also, I want to stick with it, I don't want to fall in love, especially with a man. I don't want to love someone like that. I get up. Guaranteed Soviet is already awake. I pull the top over and put on loose pants. Then I make my way down. I hear two voices. One voice is from Soviet and the other is from another man, but the voice sounds a bit familiar to me.

- 1531 words

- Original: 10/2/2021

- Translation: 5/19/2023

Chapter 26

Third Reich's view:

I go down the stairs and walk closer to the living room where the voices are coming from. I don't want to just walk into the room, so I'm watching them. It's really Soviet and Russia. Soviet looks worried and a bit desperate, while Russia looks more calm. "Please Russia, I beg you.", comes from Soviet.

His son says: "He should decide for himself whether he wants to be with me or stay with you. You can't just ask me to grab him and take him with me. Third Reich should decide for himself who he wants to stay with.

It's a huge shift for him just to remember a time when there was a hero, while here they presume him dead, consider him a mass murderer and pretty much everybody in the world wants him dead." What? That for keeping dead sounds logical, but mass murderers?

I'm going to show whoever came up with this crap... take it back because I would never do anything like that! Besides, why does everyone in the world want me dead? What have I done wrong? I didn't even listen to the orders I was given, so I saved thousands of people's lives. Or have I changed so much in the time I can't remember?

But how could I change so much? Soviet Union contradicts his son: "Nevertheless, you should take him with you. With me, Reich is not safe from BID... Wrongly said again! FRG, the others and me!" In the end he becomes more angry because of his slip of the tongue. "Why you?", Russia asks his father in confusion.

"No matter what I do, it's either the part inside me because I'm repressing that comes out or I'm making some sort of mistake... I even jumped out the window thinking FRG would believe me by doing that and I still have no idea whatever you can call such an action, it was just crazy!

I have no idea what's wrong with me!", he tells Russia. "I think you're just overwhelmed by the whole situation." "I was over Reich this morning because he wasn't wearing a top.", says Soviet. "Sounds to me like you're trying to relieve stress.

For me, the best antidote to stress is when Germany kisses me from top to bottom. Believe me, exchanging caresses is the most relaxing way I know. I think something in you just wanted it.", says Russia. Soviet Union asks for advice: "But what if Reich doesn't even want it and I scare him?

How am I supposed to get rid of my stress then?", Russia gives him tips: "Try to do some calming activities like going to movies, going out to eat somewhere or at least go to Reich and ask him to give him a hug-" "I'm already allowed to him hug if I ask him.", he interrupts his son.

"That's a good start.", says his son. I walk slowly and uncertainly towards the two men who are taller than me. The two are still sitting on the sofa. When Soviet sees me, he immediately calls out: "The prince is awake for once." "I haven't been a prince in I think 100 years.", I protest as I sit down next to him.

"But that's how you seem to me.", he says. Before I can say anything, Soviet continues more sternly: "You will be taken to a safe place with Russia." "Dad, it's his decision and not yours!", Russia hisses at his father. "With you, Reich can go wherever he wants and is protected."

He wants to put me in his son's hands because he's afraid of making mistakes and tries to make me an offer to go to Russia and says it like it's not an offer anymore, but an order. It's only been a few days, but I still trust him more than anyone from this time.

"There's one thing your son can't give me... trust.", I contradict his offer. Soviet is quick to say: "Unfortunately, you can't trust me either. I'm the least likely person to trust." Then he gets up and makes his escape. Before I and Russia can get a word out, he's on his way up. From time to time his behavior is very questionable.

Russia shakes his head and says: "So much to discuss." He then turns

back to me: "It's your decision Third Reich, I don't want to force you into anything." I think about it, but I think I'll have my answer quickly. I then inform him: "I'm a little unsure, but I think I've found my answer.

The first to hear is Soviet." He nods and I get up from and head towards the stairs. I hear a sob from upstairs, which I follow. I see Soviet in his bedroom, lying on the floor. I go to him, when he sees me he turns away from me.

I hug him to calm him down. Then he turns to me and puts his arms around me while he cries. It takes a while for him to calm down a little more. "Soviet why are you so sad?", I ask him worried.

He replies, sniffling: "I-I don't want you a-away from me, but I still want y-you to go with Russia because you'll be better off with h-him. Why is it so f-fucking hard!? I want you with me, but I-I want you even more to be g-good." "Soviet you don't have to be sad, I'll stay with you.

I trust you more than Russia and you seem like a really nice guy because I'd like to get to know better.", I tell him. Soviet Union then hugs me even tighter. He doesn't say another word. I think that he's happy with my decision, but I can't see his face to be really sure.

- 955 words

- Original: 10/3/2021

- Translation: 5/19/2023

Chapter 27

Third Reich's view:

We lie on the wooden floor for a while. I lie on his chest as he slowly releases me so that his arms are on top of me. I'm with my head at his neck. I feel his head lift and snuggles against my head. He's very affectionate, so I don't mind.

I can still hear him sniffling slightly. I feel cold wind from his breathing on my neck, which bothers me a bit as it tickles. Soviet runs his hands lightly down my back as I'm lying on top of him, half my body and stomach down. Somehow I feel comfortably warm. "Are you feeling better?", I ask him. He replies calmly and quietly, being close to my ear: "Yes, much better."

I'm glad he's doing better. He's really not a bad guy. I don't know what I had against him not too long ago. Maybe we can become really good friends. He slowly pulls his arms away from me, which I don't particularly like for some reason. "Let's go downstairs.", he says to me.

However, I still wanted to lie here with him. Soviet tried to get up as best he could, but I stop him by not shifting to the side and saying: "Maybe we can lie down a little longer? I find it very relaxing lying here." He stops trying to get up and remains lying on the floor.

I slide a little more onto him so I was about three quarters on top of him. He also gently and carefully pulled me onto himself with his arms. Am I doing what I'm doing right? Am I going too far? Soviet Union doesn't seem to mind, so it's not that bad.

I notice his chest moving up and down and try to repeat that rhythm with my breathing. I don't know why, but it's one of those things I keep doing when I'm that close to someone and I notice someone's breathing. He wraps his arms around me again.

He snuggles up to me again, but with my head resting on his collarbone now, face to the side, he snuggles my forehead more and his lips very close to my face. I can feel his breathing on my scalp, it makes me tingle a lot.

I enjoy lying here with him. I hear creaking wood and this creaking is getting closer and closer. I think it's Russia. Should I stand up? Shortly thereafter, I hear the creaking more quietly in the distance until it stops. At some point my body can no longer remain in this position, from which I stand up and help Soviet up.

I'm still unsure if I did the right thing, but Soviet Union hugs me briefly before he smiles at me and walks down to Russia with me. We sit down and Soviet sits next to me again and now puts his arm around my shoulders, from which he also pulls me closer to him.

"I see you're fine again.", says Russia, who looks at us happily. Soviet replies just as I was about to open my mouth: "Yes, Reich also decided to stay with me." "Yes, I have, because I would like to get to know your father better. But maybe you can always come by.", I tell Russia then.

"Gladly, I could also take Deutschland with me, because he has to take care of the child from America, he couldn't come today.", says Russia. Soviet Union then asks his son: "Have you and Deutschland really never had children together?" "No, the world is not ready yet. We want to bring the child into the world at a time when it can grow up safely and happily.

I would say between 2020 and 2030 we would dare, but now the hardest is still ahead of us. By the way, you're always interested in unregistered countryhuman sightings. I have some articles here." Russia gave the clipped newspaper articles to his father, who examined them carefully before stuffing them into his jacket.

Then we talk about family, friends or film recommendations. I'm used to the fact that when countryhumans meet, they only talk about power, satanism or politics. I never really understand them as I have different views. Finally there is a normal conversation.

After Russia is gone we have lunch, although for me it's more like

breakfast. Soviet also invited me to go to the cinema with him when he finishes the potion. We go to his basement together. I'm impressed as I didn't realize it was the size of a bunker. In the main room are many tables and chairs.

On the tables are many bottles with different potions or substances. I am fascinated. "I worked here yesterday and lost control.", says Soviet as he stops in front of a workplace with countless empty vodka bottles. I assume it's his main place of work.

"I'll keep working here, maybe you'll notice something and then we can find out together what was wrong with me." says Soviet as he looks at me and smiles slightly. I give him a smile too. Then he turns back to his workplace, where he frees up some space to his left.

Soviet Union pushes a chair over there and gets pencils and some sheets of paper. "So you don't get bored.", he tells me and sits down in his chair. "Thank you!", I thank you as I sit down. Soviet says: "You're welcome!" I'm just thinking about what to draw or write when I observe Soviet.

I try to watch him so that he doesn't notice me. He's not wearing goggles or any special clothing, but he puts on regular goggles when he needs to be more careful about the amount of substances. Has he perhaps become a bit far sighted? He mixes things together and is very focused on his work.

- 962 words

- Original: 10/4/2021

- Translation: 5/20/2023

Chapter 28

Third Reich's view:

I'm slowly getting an idea of what I could draw or rather construct. It also reminds me that Soviet forgot to cut the holes for my wings. Maybe I could build something to fly after I'm done with that. I sketch my idea and try to figure out how to balance and keep everything stable.

I have no idea what's possible today, but maybe Soviet can help me with that later. I look to Soviet, maybe I'll use his body as a template for this device. I checked again to see if he was acting strange. I saw that he looked at me before I looked at him.

His face looks a little weirdly redder. Does he blush? I want to take a closer look. "Soviet? Could I take a closer look at your face to make sure you're alright?", I ask him. He turns to me and says before he comes closer to me: "Of course!"

I look into his eyes, I don't know why, but there's something about those eyes, I can't describe it, but it wasn't a bad thing. I think that he actually blushes. The longer I look at him, the deeper red his skin gets. I take a better look at small details of his face now that he doesn't notice. I get stuck on his scars. Where did he get them?

I tell him: "Everything fine... I think." Soviet Union thinks: "Nice to hear that. After all, I don't want anything to happen to you." He glances at my sketch and then at his work before saying: "Are we going to go to a movie, do we want to have something to eat in the evening?" "Is the potion ready so soon?", I ask him confused.

"No, but everyone in the area knows me, so I can make sure you're safe.", he says. I ask again, uncertain because of what Russia had said: "Really?" "Yes!", he replies. Finally I or rather we, can get out of the house! Soviet smiles happily at me before turning back to his

mishmash. I'm concentrating on the flight construction again.

Soviet Union's view:

Reich is just so indescribable. I'm really lucky that I don't have to finish this mix for a date because it's probably going to be another half century. I think if I told him we're on a date, he wouldn't understand what I mean. Suddenly I hear the doorbell.

When I look at Reich, he jumps in shock. "Everything's fine. I'll take care of it. But you stay here.", I make clear to him before I get up and run up the stairs, where I close the door and go to the front door. I open my front door and FRG stands in front of me. "What can I do for you?", I ask her without showing any emotion or feeling, just to make me feel a little more believable.

"Have you drunk your vodka?", she asks me. Why should I drink vodka? I lie to her: "Yes, I did." She holds up two fingers and asks: "How many?" She wants to test me somehow. I'm trying to give her an answer that isn't really the right answer, but the answer for many countryhumans like her is the right answer: "Three!"

She puts her hand down again and says: "We couldn't find any traces of Third Reich. We would be happy if you could go after him again. Once we've caught him, you can judge him as badly as you want. But before you kill him, have him sign this."

She pulls out a folder and carefully takes out a contract. "He has to sign that and if he doesn't you will have to take care of your country again as your son will mysteriously disappear. Also, once you catch him we will send some people every now and then to check, how bad it is for him.", she threatens me, "In four days at the most you'll be finding Third Reich.

Do you understand me?" "Yes, I do, I won't disappoint you again!", I say . Then she turns away again and goes to her limousine. I close the front door again.

Great! Now I also have to make sure that Reich has to sign a contract and make sure that if I catch him, he will actually be injured shortly afterwards. It will not work! I've already come up

with a plan to keep Reich safe, now I can trash the plan.

Nothing must happen to Reich! I don't know how to solve this problem. I'll go back to my basement while I look at the contract. I need to know what they want! Ignoring Reich, I sit back in my seat while looking at the piece of paper. "What's going on Soviet?", I hear next to me from the concerned Reich.

"Everything is fine, don't worry!", I lie to him. I hate lying to him, but he's got enough problems. I want him to relax while I take care of this problem. I'm done reading the contract. The point is that Reich should hand over his inherited land to FRG.

She can use it to keep her company forever, unless there's a peace treaty and that's when one in three who can sign a peace treaty is no longer able to sign. He shall give his body to me and his soul shall he give to Britain. How can I help Reich? I look at him, he draws on his picture full of joy and motivation.

He looks more like a kid to me right now than someone over 100 years old. Nothing will ever happen to him! He is innocent and only wants the best for everyone. He would never remotely deserve something so horrific. I will protect him with my life! I will do anything for him, really anything!

Third Reich view:

Why is Soviet looking at me so down? Did anything happen? Did he lie to me? Should I be worried? Somehow I get a little scared. "How about we relax in front of the TV?", he suggests. Surely he wants to keep something a secret from me.

"Sure!", I say as if I'm not worried. Soviet gets up again with the note and goes upstairs with me. Once at the top, he says: "You can sit down in front of the television." He points to the sofa before going upstairs. I follow him unobtrusively.

He goes into his office and puts the paper in one of the drawers on the right, then he goes back to the door and I run downstairs quickly but quietly. I sit on the sofa with a good view of the TV. Soviet walks around the TV briefly before coming over to me and

settling down on my left.

- 1117 words

- Original: 10/5/2021

- Translation: 5/20/2023

Chapter 29

Third Reich's view:

He turns on the TV and switches to a German channel. "German channels also work on the television.", he informs me. The TV upstairs only had Russian channels. Where is Soviet house actually located? Most likely in the country of his son Russia.

I still want to find out what Soviet is trying to hide from me. It must be important. "Reich we're going to the cinema in an hour, if there's anything else you want to do, do it now.", Soviet Union tears me out of my thoughts. I think for a moment before answering: "I'd like to take a shower and change my clothes."

I don't like to take a shower very much now, but at least I can calm down a bit because of the heat and the water. Soviet says: "Good idea, I'll help you with the clothes." "Thank you!", I thank him with a smile. He turns the TV down and we go upstairs to his bedroom.

He takes a light blue sweater with pockets and a little too much loose fabric around the head hole. "How about this hoodie?", he suggests. What is a hoodie? I tell him: "I don't know, it's a good color, but I think it looks a bit strange." Soviet approaches me and says: "Try it once." I'm about to put it on when he holds it over me.

I know immediately what he wants. I'm not a kid anymore and I want to tell him, on the other hand I don't want to seem rude. I stretch my arms up, but my injured arm hurts a lot. Why does it have to hurt all the time? I've gotten used to the pain, but it's particularly bad here.

I still hold my arms in the air. He slowly pulls the so called hoodie over me. After I put it on, Soviet takes that off my hoodie at the back of my head and puts it over my head. "It has a hood that you can pull on if you're scared.", he informs me. I nod.

He giggles: "It's a bit too big for you." "It's my fault you're a giant?",

I joked. He giggles some more at it and slowly takes the hoodie off of me again. Then he looks at my back and says: "I'll take care of your wings now." Then he takes another shirt and pulls it over me.

He takes a strange black pen and draws something on the shirt. He says: "I'll get something for your wounds so that they don't hurt when you shower." He disappears briefly and attaches something clear to my arm where the gunshot wound is. Then he wraps my wings in it too. "This is plastic today and it will protect your wings and your wounds from coming into contact with water.", he informs me.

Really interesting. Then we choose a pair of pants for me. I take a shower and get dressed. I go down to Soviet Union and who is very happy about it. Shortly afterwards he puts on a jacket. He takes some money and his house key with him before we go outside. Soviet locks his front door.

I put on the hood because it's still light and I'm not sure. Russia has said that almost the whole world wants me dead, so I better hide a little. I walk a few steps behind Soviet on the other side of the path. Soviet is on my left across the street. I look up at him a bit. He looks really happy. Is there really no danger?

We go through the forest to a village. Few people are around and I try to hide as best I can. A few minutes later we stand in front of a building that translates as cinema at the top. We are right here! I see some films that are presented with posters outside. We're going inside. I would have liked to see the posters up close.

"Привет, Мишка! Как у тебя дела? (Hello Mishka! How are you?)", shouts Soviet happily and goes to the one behind the counter. The person at the counter happily shakes his hand and greets Soviet Union with: "Привет СССР! У меня все хорошо. Рад тебя снова видеть. Как у тебя дела? (Hello USSR! I'm fine. Nice to see you again see how are you?)"

"Fантастика! (Fantastic!)", exclaims Soviet. Both seem to be good friends. Soviet introduces: "Разрешите представить вас, это Райх, у меня с ним свидание. (May I introduce, this is Reich, I have a date with him.)" "Soviet, this is not a date!", I make it clear to him .

"I don't mean an date, we're just hanging out as friends.", he contradicts.

I smile at that. "Seems more like a date to me though.", laughs Mischka, who is standing behind the counter. You can hear his accent very well.

Soviet Union asks: "I would like to see a film with Reich, could you recommend one for us?" The man thinks for a moment before giving Soviet a card with all the films for the next few weeks. "I can't really recommend anything that stands out today.", says Mishka as he hands Soviet the card.

I go to him. As is typical for me, I am immediately fascinated by the animated films. I love animations! For me there is simply nothing better than animation. Ever since I saw an animated film in the cinema for the first time, I wanted to animate myself.

Soviet Union looks through everything with me. Soviet doesn't want to choose a movie, he lets me watch everything, so it's probably my job to find a movie that's coming out soon. Suddenly I see something. A face that hits me like lightning and I don't mean that in a positive way.

I quickly look away, but it's already too late. My whole body starts to tremble and I cling to Soviet. A horrible scene is playing out before my eyes. Everything is on fire, people running away in their panic. Due to the heat, some get stuck in the tar and can't get out. People on fire. Airplanes can be heard from all sides. Endless explosions can be heard.

Then this face appears in front of me, he's laughing, he's laughing at the suffering of these innocent people. This monster! "Reich, everything alright?", I hear Soviet, who pulls me out of there. "I think so.". I answer uncertainly. Soviet took me in his arms and I clawed deep into his clothes. I let him go, but still feeling unsure, I snuggle into his chest.

Soviet Union rubs my back with its large and protective hands. Luckily I have him with me. "Nothing will happen to you Reich. I am with you and no one will ever get me away from you. You are

safe.", Soviet whispers to me. I'm slowly getting better, but only slowly.

- 1138 words

- Original: 10/6/2021

- Translation: 5/21/2023

Chapter 30

Soviet Union's view:

Why is Reich so scared? Why did he get so scared when he saw the former leader of Britain? He didn't hurt Reich as much as I know. He was horrible to Reich's people, but who wasn't in those times? We were horrible to the innocent people of his country or rather company.

I'm pretty sure it's true that the area has been a corporation with no proper constitution since 1918, but I may have been misinformed. I'm not the kind of person who checks everything. It could also be that I misheard it or remembered it differently. Reich calms down more and more.

Wait a minute... Reich and I met secretly 41 before he got mad at me and when he got to me he had soot on his clothes and he talked about flying to me when the flames came around town and wanted to help people.

He told me that he was in such a state of shock that he couldn't move while the world was ending around him. A lot is said to have happened there that he couldn't tell me because he was just too disturbed by what he saw there. My poor Reich!

I carefully take his hood off and stroke the back of his head again and again. Third Reich seems to be calming down even faster than before. Eventually I wrap my arms around him and look down at him before making myself a little smaller for him. I just don't want to look down on him, in fact I should be looking up at him.

I stroke the side of his head slowly and gently. As soon as my hand gets close to his cheeks he sees my face. I lose myself in his eyes once more, he just doesn't make a sound and just stares at me. I look a little to the side. I'm blushing again.

I smile slightly and ask him: "Are you feeling better Reich?" I look at

him again, he nods at that but looks sideways as well. I find that really cute. I take my hands off him. Of course I want to be as close to him as possible, but if he doesn't want to be close to me, I have to listen to him.

I go back to the schedule and look through the rest, the films that are historical, I put my fingers in such a way that he has an easy time figuring out what to watch and what not. He looks at everything one more time. Of one of the films in particular to watch over the coming weeks, there is one that he likes.

"Can we see it?", he asks me. I watch the film he chose. It looks a lot like a children's film to me. To be honest, I don't watch children's films. Why should I also look at these? I'm over a hundred years old and therefore the complete opposite of a child.

I think the film will be very boring, but if Reich wants to see the film, we can see the film. I'm just reading that the film will be in theaters in a little over a week. Maybe we can see the film ahead of time. I get up and go to Mischka, to whom I show the film. "You're lucky I already have the film here.", he says.

He enters everything at his checkout. It costs me a third more than a normal cinema screening. As always, he is too generous. I give him more than double. He looks at me confused and is about to say: "You-"

I interrupt him: "Take everything, I know how little money you make. It's a gift, we'll also buy something to eat and drink." He nods happily and gives me the two cards. Reich is next to me and takes his. He didn't pull his hood back up.

I see out of the corner of my eye that my old friend Mischka is looking at Reich with a fascinated and a little shocked look. I don't think he expected that whoever I'm on a date with is Third Reich. I put my card in my pocket and walk a few meters further with Reich because that's where the snacks are. Just because of Reich, I won't take big popcorn for once.

"Reich, what do you want?", I ask Reich. He thinks just before saying: "A small water and a medium bag of popcorn." "Salty

popcorn?", I ask him. "Yes!", is his answer. "And sparkling water?", I ask him. I know he's new to sparkling water.

"What is sparkling water?", he asks me. Then I turn to Mishka again: "Give us a medium water." He nods and waits for my request, because he's finished with the popcorn and hands it over to Reich, who takes it enthusiastically. "The sourest thing you have for me.", I tell him.

He then gives me a short questioning look before he gives me a sour mix of different gummy bears and more. Then the medium sized water. Then Mischka points to the doors for one of the rooms. "The film will be on in there in ten minutes.", he informs us. "Спасибо! (Thanks!)", I say before we go to the room.

I'm about to open the door for Reich, but he runs in front of me and holds the door open for me. I go in and tell him: "Thank you very much, Reich!" "You're welcome!", comes from him before we take a seat in the middle of the room. Reich seems very excited. We sit down, but then I hear the door open.

It's Mishka and he's holding two 3D glasses in his hand. He must have forgotten them earlier. I go to him after putting down the water and candy. "I'm sorry! I forgot my glasses.", he apologizes. I reassure him: "Everything is fine! Everyone can make mistakes. Thanks for the glasses."

I go back to my seat and immediately get a questioning look from Reich. "These are 3D glasses. When it starts, put them on, otherwise the movie will look very strange. Also, the movie looks very unusual with these glasses, so don't be surprised and if you might feel uncomfortable, I'm still with you there.", I explained to Reich and handed him his glasses.

"Thanks!", he says, but with a slightly uncertain tone. He then puts them on immediately and looks around in amazement. Reich is so cute! And he really acts like a little kid. I give him the water. He takes it carefully. And looks at the cap with the straw inside with fascination.

I tell him: "Try it, if you don't like it, I'll drink it all. If you do like it,

we'll share the water." He asks me: "How should I drink this?" He knows no straws. "The thing that comes out in the middle is a straw. If you suck on the straw, the water will come up.", I explain to the confused Reich. He unsteadily puts his lips lightly to the straw and tries.

However, he does it too easily, then gets a little frustrated and then sucks too hard, causing him to choke. I pat his back while he coughs hard. He gets better quickly and I stop patting when he only coughs slightly.

Then he tries again. This time he gets it. "The water tastes pretty good.", he says. "Nice to hear!", I tell him and steal his popcorn. "That's my popcorn!", he scolds playfully, stretching it as far away from me as he can. I then giggle at his reaction.

- 1253 words

- Original: 10/7/2021

- Translation: 5/21/2023

Chapter 31

Soviet Union's view:

Reich and I giggle a little more. Unfortunately, this brings me to a more serious question. Should I ask Reich? What if I spoil our good mood with this question? I want Reich to be happy as long as he can. I hope his joy never ends, but I'm guaranteed to ruin everything again, like every time.

"Soviet, I have a more serious question for you, if you don't mind.", Reich says. I tell him: "You can ask me anything you want, Reich." He looks uncertain, but then looks at me and asks me: "Do you actually have a goal in life?"

I answer a little uncertainly: "I haven't had a goal in life for many decades, but I have a goal in life again for a few days and I think you know that the goal is about you. I want to make sure that you are so safe, so free and you're as happy as you can be. After that, I'm worthless again like I always was."

Reich comes closer to me and looks at me dejectedly. I'm ruining everything again! "You're not worthless Soviet.", he tries to argue. "Let's not talk about it now, I don't want to spoil your evening.", I say before he can continue. Reich wants to say something else, but I turn away from him.

He sits more comfortably again and looks over at me worriedly, which I can see out of the corner of my eye. I eat one of the sour gummy bears and the corners of my mouth turn up again because it's so sour. "The movie should start in a few minutes.", I remind him. I still don't want to see Reich. I love looking at him, but I try to fight with my head.

Reich takes my 3D glasses and says: "Soviet put on your glasses." I carefully take these from him. I thank him: "Thank you Reich!" I look at him with a slight smile. He smiles slightly at that too. I then take the water and drink a few sips of it.

Then I eat one of my sour sweets. "Are you already eating?", Reich asks me. "I paid for it so I'll eat it when I want.", I reply. He giggles at it. The light in the room slowly goes out. I can see that he is very happy about it. Since the film is not yet officially in theaters, there is no promotions. The film starts immediately.

I hear sounds from Reich that indicate he is incredibly intrigued. I think he's fascinated by more than just the 3D. He has also started eating his popcorn. The film lasts an hour and a half and the film is actually surprisingly good, but Reich was even more immersed in the film than I was.

I also put my arm around Reich's shoulders in the middle of the film. Reich doesn't matter. I don't even know if he noticed. When the film is over, the light comes on again. Reich jumps up enthusiastically and exclaims: "That was a fantastic film!" Then he hugs me and says: "Thank you so much Soviet!"

"I liked going here with you.", I say as I put my arms around him and stroke his back. After the hug, Reich picks up his trash and walks forward to the exit while enthusiastically trying to describe each scene as best he can. He's still very childish even though he's almost my age.

Reich is about to open the doors of the cinema hall, but he can't do it. I can already see that he is becoming more insecure. "Soviet the door is locked.", says Reich. The cinema halls are normally not locked. "Reich I think you're wrong.", comes from me. We can hardly be locked in here. I'm trying because I think Reich might be wrong.

It really can't be unlocked. I see that Reich is panicking. "W-What is w-when they find us? They're going to kill us mercilessly! They're keeping us in here to get reinforcements. What should we do Soviet?", Reich asks in panic. I put my things on the floor and hug him.

I try to reassure him: "Nothing will happen to us, Reich. Everything is fine. Reich, please look me in the face." He looks up at me. My poor Reich is trembling. I place my right hand on his cheek and wipe the streaming tears from his face. "Everything will be fine.", I

assure him. Then the door opens.

"I'm sorry, but I had to make it so that no one could get in.", Mischka tells us. I let go of Reich, get my things and go out of the cinema with him. We give Mischka the glasses back before I throw away the garbage. We then go back to where the registers are.

I'm having a little chat with Reich about the film. When I see two women from the village. Both have cell phones. I pull Reich's hood up and sneak past them with him. I'll say goodbye to Mischka before we go outside.

"Why did you put the hood on me?", Reich asks me. "The two women had devices with them that could be dangerous for you.", I answer Reich's question. He seems a little confused, but I start walking with him. Now we're going to a restaurant.

On our way we go around the village center. There are many plants here. Reich looks at the surroundings with wide eyes. I walk a little slower for him so he can get a better look at the area. It's not far to the restaurant.

I hope I can manage that we get a separate room. I usually eat with the people there, but for someone to point a cellphone camera at Reich or for that microphone to pick up on Reich, that's too big a risk I don't want to take.

- 969 words

- Original: 10/8/2021

- Translation: 5/22/2023

Chapter 32

Third Reich's view:

The trees look healthy and look so beautiful stretching across the path. There's something magical about it. I would love to draw these trees during the day to forever capture that magic in a picture. Soviet turns and I accidentally bump into him. I'm about to apologize: "So-" However, he cuts me off.

"I'm sorry Reich. I was so deep in my thoughts I forgot you don't know where we're going.", Soviet apologizes as he tries to be as tall as me. Why is he always trying to be small like me? He should show his true height. Keeping himself down isn't good for him.

"It's okay.", I tell him. He then offers me to hold his hand, I take it lightly. We continue along the path, there are houses everywhere. I would have preferred to stay with the trees, but we're going to a restaurant to eat. Soviet leads me to the building. He opens the door for me and I say thank him before I go inside.

Soviet pulls my hood back on in the hallway. I don't particularly like the hood. Soviet Union goes to a door and opens it, from which I can see the kitchen. "СССР! (USSR!)", shouts one of the chefs enthusiastically. Soviet greets him: "Привет Игорь! Как у тебя дела? (Hello Igor! How are you?)"

"Хорошо, а вы? (Good and you?)", comes from the chef. Someone else shouts: "Привет СССР! (Hello USSR!)" "Привет! (Hello!)", Soviet greets them. "Что я могу для тебя сделать? (What can I do for you?)", asks the chef coming towards us. Soviet replies: "Мне нужен столик на двоих, но никого из гостей с нами быть не должно. (I need a table for two, but none of the guests should be with us.)"

"Я уже видел, что с тобой кто-то есть. (I already saw that you have a guest with you.)", says Igor. "Это третий рейх! (This is Third Reich!)", Soviet introduces me. "Привет! (Hello!)", I greet Igor

uncertainly and take off the hood. "Невероятный! Третий рейх лично.

Для меня большая честь встретиться с вами. (Incredible! Third Reich personally. I am honored to meet you.)", he greets me and bows slightly. Igor announces: "Я немедленно позабочусь о твоем стол. (I'll take care of your table in a minute.)"

Then he walks away from us. I look up at Soviet, who then looks at me and smiles. I smile lightly away and my eyes wander around the kitchen. Igor comes back and asks us: "Пожалуйста, пойдем со мной. (Please come with me.)" We follow him to a room with tables, chairs and benches.

"Спасибо! (Thank you!)", says Soviet Union before we choose a seat. We sat down across from each other. I put my arms on the table. There's an awkward silence between us that I want to break. "Soviet?", I want to start. But just as I wanted to get rid of the silence comes from Soviet: "Reich?"

We both start giggling since we started talking to each other at the same moment. "Shall we choose something to drink?", Soviet asks me. "Good idea. What do you want to drink?", I ask him. He says: "Vodka and you?" "Water.", I answer shortly.

I take one of the cards that says food and drink on it. However, I can't find anything to eat for myself. "Soviet? There's nothing for me to eat here.", I inform him. Soviet then says: "Then tell me what you want." "Käsesspätzle, noodles with tomato sauce or pretzel soup.", I answer him after a moment.

"I'll organize it for you.", Soviet assures me and gets up. I thank him: "Thank you very much!" "I just love to do that for you.", he says before he leaves the room. A little later he is with me again. I thank him again.

He tells me that he only took care of my food. Then he chooses something to eat. A few minutes later, someone new comes into the room and looks at me wide eyed before coming over to us and asking: "Что вы желаете выпить? (What would you like to drink?)"

"Воды, пожалуйста. (Water, please.)", I ask him. Soviet asks: "Водка, пожалуйста. (Vodka please.)" Soviet orders his food before we talk again. "What was your favorite scene from the movie?", he asks me. I answer him: "I'm not quite sure...

But I think my favorite scene was the one at the end with the music and the fireworks. I also have to say that I've never heard music like this before." "It's called pop music and if after the three things you need something to count as music 80 years ago, it wouldn't be music, since the harmony can be exchanged by sounds.

Pop, rock, rap and so on are made after wudo music or whatever that music is called. It's supposed to amplify the emotions.", explains Soviet, sounding a bit annoyed by the topic, "But the scene was really good. My favorite scene was the one where this storm king tells her he used her and then this princess of friendship saved her and said that's what friends do."

"When I think about it, that's probably one of my favorite scenes.", I agree with his choice. It's quieter between us for a short time. "Then who is your prince or princess if you are the prince?", Soviet Union asks me out of nowhere. "Nobody. I have friends, but I don't need a significant other.", I make clear.

I don't want a relationship or anything. Friendship gladly, but he can forget more. "Then I can be your prince~", Soviet says with a particularly strange intonation. Doesn't he get it or doesn't want to get it?! I make him clear: "Soviet for the last time I need neither a woman nor a man. You have been a prince, but you are not my prince.

I don't have a love interest and I'm too old for that anyway. I see you as a countryhuman who can be really nice, but I don't love you romantically. You're a friend to me, but nothing more. Please finally accept it Soviet. I love you as a friend but nothing more."

Soviet looks down sadly before saying: "I know. I don't even know why I'm even trying. I know how I should act, but when I see you everything changes and I would love to see you again as before.

It... I'm sorry Reich. I'll try to treat you the way you want me to." He

supports his head with his hands. Soviet seems so sad and at times he looks like he's given up hope for something. Was what I just said right? At some point he has to understand that I don't love him.

- 1104 words

- Original: 10/9/2021

- Translation: 5/22/2023

Chapter 33

Third Reich's view:

Neither of us say a word to each other. He is lying with his head on the table while he has formed a wall around his face with his arms. I think I was too hard on him. Should I apologize? If I apologize he'll definitely get on my nerves again and never learn anything from it.

Still, I shouldn't have been like that. I apologize: "Soviet I shouldn't have been so-" Soviet interrupts me: "You don't have to apologize for this because it's my fault. I just can't understand that everything is different. So much has changed after this long time.

From now on, I will only concentrate on making sure that you are safe and can continue to live undisturbed. After that I got everything done." "What do you mean, you got everything done?", I ask him confused. He answers me calmly: "I'm already more than 100 years old Reich. My story has to come to an end too." Will he do what I think he will?

"Soviet please don't tell me you're going to kill yourself.", I ask him. "Every life has an end and I've been waiting for my end for a long time, as have many other people.", he replies calmly. How can he stay so calm? What can I say? It's Soviet Union's decision, but I still don't want him to kill himself.

"I'll be looking for a place where you'll be safe over the next few weeks, months or years.", Soviet repeated more accurately than before. I make it clear to him: "And what then? What should I do then? Soviet, I don't belong in this era. I don't feel comfortable here and I don't know what to do."

"Reich you can save all the people in your company and ensure there is peace. You can teach everyone the truth with your memories. Your country will then be the first where only a countryhuman is in charge. You can with your country do whatever

you want.

And everyone will realize that they have been completely lied to for decades, almost a century, no, they were completely lied to for much longer. You're going to be a hero.", Soviet says as he looks me in the eyes. We then hear the door open. A waiter comes over and puts our drinks on the table.

I take a sip of my water before starting to talk to Soviet about it again: "Soviet if I tried that, it would just end up with me having a bullet in my skull. They'll kill me first chance. Even if I tell a lot of people I would be lonely and I wouldn't have anyone to trust anymore, plus I need help with various things."

"Just ask your little brother. I'm sure he'd be happy to help you.", says Soviet Union, after which he takes a sip of his vodka. I mean: "Nevertheless, I'm a unsure. What if I don't get along with Deutschland anymore.

Maybe he hates me too." "Reich he will be happy and how happy he will be to see his big brother again. You can trust him, Russia and America and surely you could become good friends.", believes Soviet Union. I disagree: "I don't think I-"

Soviet Union straightens up and interrupts me: "Reich! You will be fine and all of your people will be fine." He then sits down again and takes his vodka, from which he drinks. I also take a few sips of my water. We remain silent the rest of the time.

After we get our food, it's still quiet. I think the food here is very good. After Soviet has paid, we go back to his house again. He seems to me as cold and forbidding as I have never seen him before.

I keep looking up at him, but his gaze doesn't change at all. I keep trying to talk to him, but I never really manage to have a long conversation. I don't like that. I'd rather have Soviet the way he was before, whether he got on my nerves sometimes or not, he just seems much nicer and friendlier to me the way he was before.

We arrive at his house and go inside. He takes off his shoes and jacket before going to his basement. "Soviet, can't we watch

something together?", I ask him, but he's already halfway down to the basement. "What did you say?", he asks. "Nothing!", I call out and stroll upstairs.

I lie down in Soviet Union's bed and turn on the TV. I'm switching around until I can find a documentary that I watch as it's about me and my company or country. Eventually Soviet comes upstairs and turns off the TV. "I'm only doing that because I don't want you to be manipulated too.", he says, "Maybe it would be good to go to sleep."

With these words he leaves his room. I'd better lie down with the covers over me and wait. It feels like an eternity, but I don't fall asleep and Soviet doesn't come either. I worry about him and get up. I look around the rest of the rooms for him.

At some point I find him lying in the guest room. What is he doing here, he should sleep with me. I get closer to him. He has his eyes closed and pretends to be sound asleep, but I can tell from his breathing that he's awake. "Soviet why don't you lie down in your bed?", I ask him. Soviet Union whispers: "I'll give you more space."

"Please go back to your room, after all it's your room.", I say before I leave the room and go downstairs again. I try to lie on the sofa, but it doesn't work very well, so I lie down on the floor. The floor is made of hard tiles, but for me it's still more comfortable than on the sofa.

Third Reich's vision in his dream:

I sit in my armchair in my house and watch year after year go by. Loneliness got me completely. Again and again someone visits and disappears, but it always remains the same. Everything repeats itself over and over again. The years go by and I slowly get slight wrinkles. The loneliness in me increases day by day.

At some point it stops. I have two guests with me. Empire of Japan and Kingdom of Italy sit on the sofa to my left. I take a picture where me and Soviet are standing side by side together with big smiles on our faces as we look at each other.

Old feelings are slowly coming back. Something in me is loosening. All emotions are gone, but my feelings are all the stronger. Love and joy flow through me. A white hand takes the picture away from me. Suddenly I forget a lot about what happened in the past.

The last thing I remember was something that was 80 years ago. I look around. Where am I? What am I doing here? I see a friend of mine and someone I've never met in person but looks familiar. One of them picks up the phone next to him.

I don't understand anything anymore and want to go home. I want to be with my family and friends. I get up. My body feels strange. I head towards the front door to look around outside, but someone throws me to the ground. I crash hard onto the wooden floor. Someone sits on me and crushes me.

My left arm is grabbed by three arms and pulled up. Then I feel a pain in my arm. I scream in pain and tears form in my eyes as they push something cold into my blood. I'm getting more and more afraid and panicking. What did they give me? What are they going to do with me?

The needle is pulled out of me again. The one sitting next to me goes down. My arm is released. I jump up frantically, sprint to the front door and open it as fast as I can before spreading my wings, but I'm held. Suddenly a crowd of soldiers arrive.

What kind of soldiers are these? They point their guns at the two behind me. "Hands up! (Hands up!)", shouts one of them. They listen and let me go. I immediately run and take to the air. I'm scared and don't know what to do. What now?

- 1391 words

- Original: 10/10/2021

- Translation: 5/23/2023

Chapter 34

Third Reich's view:

I am woken up by loud footsteps. I think someone is going down the stairs, they always creak when Soviet goes up or down. Then the one comes towards me. Can't he just let me sleep? It's not even the sun there. I shouldn't have thought that because now it's getting uncomfortably bright. I snuggle up a bit more from it.

All I want is sleep! The footsteps come even closer and stop behind my back. I feel a cold hand on my shoulder. I turn my head a bit. "Reich, what are you doing here? You should be in bed and not here.", says Soviet. "I sleep where I want!", I mumble. Soviet strokes my shoulder and says: "I'll put you to bed."

"Only if you stay with me.", I demand of him. "Whatever you want. The main thing is that you're in bed.", he says before taking his hand off my shoulder. I yawn briefly before he gently slides his arms under my body and slowly lifts me up.

At some point it gets darker and he puts me carefully on a springy surface. Soviet lays down next to me and I snuggle up to him before he puts an arm around me and pulls the covers over us. Everything around me is warm and cozy. I quickly fall asleep in a dreamless sleep.

I'm slowly waking up again, but this time I'm not awakened by any loud noise or anything like that. I wipe my tears and sleep from my eyes before opening them and looking around. Soviet is sleeping next to me with an arm around me. I'm so close to his chest that if our clothes weren't between us, our skin would be touching.

I like this closeness, on the other hand I want him away from him. I wasn't good to him yesterday maybe this could be some kind of punishment for that. But it's not really a punishment because I feel very comfortable. I sense some movement from Soviet.

He cuddles up to me even more. I'm sure he's still asleep, so I could either try to go back to sleep or I could enjoy this a little longer. I snuggle a little more with my head on his chest. Then I close my eyes again and relax.

The aura around him calms me down a lot, so much so that I'm really starting to get tired again. I'm not falling asleep, but I'm about to. A little later I felt that he was breathing faster which means that he is about to wake up. I pretend I'm still sound asleep.

I feel his hand lightly running across the back of my head and neck. It feels very nice and I snuggle closer to him without even thinking about it. Only a few seconds later do I realize what I've just done. It seems Soviet didn't notice.

I don't know if I should look at him or show him in some other way that I'm awake. I tell him: "Soviet, I'm sorry I said that yesterday. Honestly, I dream about all the time that we were together. I miss it every time I get up.

I like you, but I'm not ready for anything further than friendship." Soviet takes his hand that's around me and puts it slightly under my chin. He slowly lifts my chin towards his face. He smiles lovingly at me and says: "I totally understand.

I'm sorry I was so dismissive of you. It hit me a little too deeply. I still shouldn't have acted like that." His loving smile makes my stomach tingle funny. What's wrong with me? "It's okay.", I tell him, smiling at him too. I can see that he's blushing a bit.

Is it that easy? A smile and then he blushes? How do you find out if you're blushing yourself? He strokes my cheek with his slightly cool hand. His hand was warm before. Why is his hand cooler now? Wait, what if I blush?

How is this supposed to happen? That's impossible for me, because I have my body under control. But then why do I have this weird feeling in my stomach? "Are you all right? You seem so absent to me.", Soviet asks me, bringing me out of my thoughts.

"Y-Yes, everything's fine.", I assure him, before whispering, "I think

so, anyway." He then asks me: "Should I take care of our food or should we lie here a little longer?" After a moment's thought, I decide: "I'd like to lie here a little longer, but if you'd rather take care of the food, you can do that."

"To be honest, I also want to lie here with you a little longer. It feels nice to lie here with you.", Soviet replies. "I agree!", I say. I turn my head slightly and snuggle back into his chest. He puts his arm around me again and strokes my body.

What is it like when you are in love? What do you have to pay attention to? How do you increase it and how do you get rid of it? Is this new feeling in me a sign that I am or could be, in love? What am I thinking here again?! I'm not in love! Complete nonsense! Or maybe, not nonsense?

My head is getting on my nerves, I should stop thinking about it and relax here with Soviet. I hold Soviet tighter to me. From my point of view I look up at him. I see Soviet's face close to mine. He smiles at me.

Everything tingles in me. What's going on here? I don't know what facial expression I should have and I try to form a smile but every time it feels like it looks nervous. I press my face against his chest so he can't see my expression.

Soviet starts giggling. Everything tingles even more. What's wrong with me? Why is everything tingling? What should I do? Is everything normal with me? Can anyone help me or tell me what's wrong with me? Soviet strokes my right cheek with the back of his hand.

His hand is still quite cool. Without Soviet noticing, I grab my left cheek with my left hand. My cheek is really hot. How does it work? What is happening with me? Am I ill? Is Soviet to blame? How do I get rid of it?

- 1054 words

- Original: 10/11/2021

- Translation: 5/23/2023

Chapter 35

Soviet Union's view:

It's so incredibly cute how Reich wants to hide his flushed face from me. He's so incredibly cute. I continue to gently stroke his red and hot cheek. His cheek is so hot that I'm a bit concerned that he might be ill after all. I hug him a little more and lightly touch his head with my head.

He slowly turns his face to me, allowing me to look into his big sky blue eyes, multiplying his level of cuteness a thousandfold. How can I keep myself in check at a sight like this? Normally I would kiss him on the spot. I have to listen to what Reich said. I'm allowed to hug him, but kissing and other things are forbidden to me.

Reich and I can't stop looking into each other's eyes. Slowly and carefully, Reich's lips come closer and closer to me on their own. He specifically forbade me to kiss him. I have to stick to it. I pull my head away again and snuggle up to him.

I would love to kiss him so badly, but he told me not to and I'll stick to it, even if I don't really want to. If I lost him as a lover, I don't want to ruin our friendship as well.

I let go of him and turn to the edge of the bed before getting up or at least trying to. Reich's arms are wrapped around my stomach and on my right side he has pressed his head against me. "Please don't go.", he begs me. I look at him and ask a bit confused: "Why?"

"P-Please just stay with me.", is his response as he presses his head against my side. He's so incredibly cute! I turn to him. Reich lets go of me but spreads his arms like he wants a hug. I smile at him before slipping my arms under his and hugging him so that we are eye level.

I snuggle my face against his before laying down with him again. I love him so incredibly much! Partly he likes it, but partly he

doesn't, I have to do something about it. I want him to enjoy the time with me. Reich has a beautiful smile on his face.

I feel like I'm melting away from that beautiful smile of his. He snuggles up to me. We cuddle and hug for a while before he allows me to cook us food. I'll make us mashed potatoes. The potatoes take a long time to cook, so I sit on the sofa with Reich and watch children's series with him.

He's a huge animation fan. From cartoon to 3D animation, he can't stop watching these series. We even find the series to the movie from yesterday. Actually, I could buy Reich a graphics tablet and take care of the computer, then I could make part of his old dream come true, but I'm not sure if I really want to do something like that for him.

What if he just sits in front of the computer all day. I'll think about it again later. I get the food ready, after which we eat and then I go down to the basement with him again. He draws and keeps looking at me and showing me some drawings. I barely focus on what I should be doing, all my eyes are on Reich.

I get a quick call from EU, who isn't exactly happy that I didn't get Reich either. To this day I ask myself why the EU even exists, he can't do anything other than get on someone's nerves and siphon off the money from Reich's state. He's just like BRD.

Why are most of us so similar to countryhumans anyway? I think only Reich and Germany are really different. Normally, countryhumans are not born like humans. No one even knew if it was possible for two countryhumans to have children the normal way.

We're required to give some of our blood and after about a year, a countryhuman gets their hands on a baby. It was different with Reich and his little brother Germany. Their father overreached himself once at a party and I don't remember the second time, but these two were the results of it.

Reich and Germany inherited their father's colors, but Germany also has a very rare color in its flag, at least I don't know of any other

countryhuman with silver in their flag.

Only 2% of normal countryhumans question their work but for normal born countryhumans it's more like 25% because I only know 5 and one I could have counted is probably long dead and I don't know what either her opinion would be.

I'm snapped out of my thoughts when I feel a slight pressure on my lap and I see Reich's face there on my legs. He looks like he's half asleep. Reich yawns and opens his mouth wide so that I can see his throat. I just mustn't get the wrong idea now.

After closing his mouth again, he snuggles up to me and puts his hands on my lap. Oh god is he cute! I should put him to bed before he falls out of his chair. He's still sitting in his chair with his ass on while he has his head and arms on me.

I gently take him by the back and waist so that he lies in my arms. Immediately he snuggles up to me with his head. I can see he can't even keep his eyes open, he's so tired. I carefully carry him out of my small laboratory and up to my room, where I put him to bed.

I strip off most of his clothes before putting the blanket over him. I want to stay with him until he sleeps, which is why I relieve myself of two pieces of clothing and lie down with him. He cuddles up to me and after a short while he falls asleep.

- 988 words

- Original: 10/13/2021

- Translation: 5/24/2023

Chapter 36

Soviet Union's view:

I slowly get up again, after a few minutes lying in bed with Reich. I go down the stairs to the kitchen, where I make myself a cup of tea. After I poured the boiling hot water into the cup and took out the bag with the herbs again, I sat down in my armchair in the living room and enjoyed my hot tea.

"You're very comfortable here.", I hear from somewhere in the room, but I can't make out where the voice is coming from. The voice was deep and sounded old, but also familiar. It's already so dark that I can't see anything in one corner of the room.

Then I recognize a figure in the other chair in the room that's right in that dark corner. "Who are you and what do you want here?!", I ask him. "I'm here to check on Reich.", he replies. "Are you going to harp on about the fact that I couldn't catch him?", I ask.

Who is this guy? The figure says: "Soviet I know he's here. You didn't try to catch him." How... I'm trying to deny it. "Why should he be here?", I ask him. He replies: "Maybe he remembers you in a positive way, because we weren't particularly nice to him and his people, but he was with you for a while."

I hear snoring from my bedroom. "Is that him?", asks the unwanted guest. He gets up, whereupon I stand in front of him and block his way. "Don't you hurt him!", I warn him. "Why would I want to harm him? I saved him not long ago.", he mutters in front of me.

I'm confused. He's slowly getting closer to me. It's America. He looks a lot older than the last time I saw him. He has many wrinkles. America looks like an approximately 80 year old human. "Why are you looking like that?", he asks me. "I-I wasn't expecting you, especially the way you now look.", I say, looking at him.

He's still almost as tall as me. He pats me on the shoulder and says: "I'm not after blood anymore, so I'll just pay a small price for it. I have a successor who is very promising. I think you and your partner will in a few years be the same."

He smiles lightly at me. I really don't like seeing my old friend like that. Around 1950 we became friends. He was also one of the few countryhumans who knew about my relationship with Reich. "How is your partner?", he asks me. I answer him: "He hasn't been my partner for a long time, but we're still friends."

"That's sad to hear, you even have a whole ro-...I'll stop. Let's just say you're crazy about him.", he says. With his first sentence, I remembered the room I still have to take care of so that Reich doesn't see it. It's just too uncomfortable for me. "Reich is fine. He's in my bed sleeping.", I inform him.

"May I please see how he's doing now with my own eyes?", America asks me. "Yes!", I answer and go ahead. When we get to my room he comes closer to Reich and takes a look at him before he comes back to me and we walk away from the room again.

"Russia and I will ensure that you are protected 24/7. Because we don't want anything else happen to you.", America announced. "Thank you so much America!", I say happily. America responded: "We're happy to do that.

I came here especially to tell you and to make sure from my side that Reich is okay." "You also said before that you saved Reich's life?", I ask. America says: "Yeah, his former friends overdosed him on the stuff to keep him from running.

The stuff is toxic and life threatening in too high a dose. I just can't remember the name again. The worst part was that they injected it directly into one of the large blood vessels. When I made sure he could get away, he didn't got pretty far before he fell.

We caught him and immediately made sure he got professional help. The poor guy couldn't breathe normally and we were very worried about his heart. We managed to get some of the venom out of him until he was stable again. His body could handle the rest.

He then woke up again and flew away." America then looks at his special cell phone without a microphone, speaker or camera. "Unfortunately, this is only a short visit, but maybe I can visit you with Russia and Germany in the coming days .", he says.

"See you old friend.", I say goodbye to him. He leaves, but only now does it occur to me that I actually wanted to ask him how he got into my house, but it's too late for that now. I lie down with Reich again after I've finished my tea. Then I put Reich on me because he looks like he's freezing.

Third Reich's view:

I'm slowly waking up. How long have I slept? Why did I actually fall asleep? I just got tired. I can feel something beneath me. I feel it under me with my hands. I feel fabric and underneath the fabric something warm.

I look to see what it is. I lie on Soviet, who lies awake beneath me. I just stroked his chest. This is so uncomfortable. I hide my face from him and he starts giggling. "You don't have to be uncomfortable. It felt nice to me.", says Soviet Union. I look at him uncertainly.

He then gently takes my hand and places it back on the part of his chest I stroked earlier. He slowly moves my hand across his chest. I want to pull my hand away, but then I see his expression, he looks very relaxed.

- 969 words

- Original: 10/14/2021

- Translation: 5/24/2023

Chapter 37 ◍ Violence / Blood ◍

Third Reich's view:

I slowly run my hand down his chest without his help. He takes his hands away. He leans his head back like there's nothing better for him. I put my second hand on his chest and stroke it. I stroke something down his neck or a few inches under his shirt. "Heavenly~", he whispers. He really seems to like it incredibly well.

Eventually I get under his shirt again and hear a noise from him that sounds like panting. What's up? I stop rubbing his chest and place my hands closer to me, on his shirt. Soviet Union looks down at me in confusion. Soviet asks confused: "Why did you stop?"

"What's that noise from just now mean?", I ask. "It was a sign that it felt incredibly good and I want more of it.", he replied. I'm kinda unsure if I should continue stroking his chest.

I'm not sure if I really did the right thing. Soviet runs his hands down my back. I look at him again. "It's fine.", he assures me, "It's your choice what you want to do." He gently puts his hand on my cheek and strokes it. It feels nice. I lean a little more into his hand. Soviet Union puts another hand on my other cheek.

I push myself closer to his face with my hands and rest my head on his collarbone. He then runs his hands down my back and neck. At some point he begins to stroke the feathers of my wings.

Soviet also manages to get his hands under the feathers and lightly touch my skin, moving his fingers in circular motions, which puffs up my feathers. It feels wonderful. i enjoy it so much I'm also impressed by how careful he is with my wings. He knows very well that they are very sensitive.

I gently nestle my head against his neck. Eventually he gets a spot

on my wing so well that I make a strange noise. I cover my mouth in place. I'm surprised myself. "You see it's a sign that it's good for you.", comes from the giggling Soviet.

Soviet Union takes my hand from my mouth. "Reich is fine.", he says while stroking my hand lightly and gently. He slowly strokes my hand and leads my hand to his face, where he lightly and tenderly places his lips on the back of my hand.

I now feel again that my face is hot. What is he doing to me? Everything tingles in me again. When he lets go of my hand again, I don't immediately pull it back to me. I freeze just before that. I immediately hide my face from him. How am I supposed to react to something like this?

He puts one of his hands on my cheek and gently strokes it. Why do I like being so close to him? I enjoy a little more stroking my cheek before raising my head and looking into his eyes. They are even more beautiful than in my memories.

His eyes are like they are made of gold. Is there anyone else in the world with eyes of gold? I want to look deeper into his eyes. Again a very strong feeling flows through me. I let that feeling take control as it's stronger than me anyway.

I get closer and closer to him and slowly close my eyes. Then I feel something warm lightly on my lips. It feels beautiful. I put my lips more on it. Feelings of happiness flow through me like waves on a beach. I relax a lot and I don't want this moment to end.

I feel hands on my neck. Everything is tingling and I don't want to take my lips off him. He carefully pulls away from my lips. I slowly open my eyes and am just processing what just happened. Soviet smiles lovingly at me and only now do I really realize that I kissed him.

Why is everything so hot? Why did I kiss Soviet? Why did it feel so good to kiss him? Soviet is getting closer to me. Does he wanna kiss me? Do i wanna kiss him? No, I don't want either of them. My feelings want it, but I'm too overwhelmed for it. I get up. I want to go and think first.

Soviet Union's view:

I see Reich getting up. I haven't done anything wrong, have I? I probably shouldn't have let him kiss me, but I couldn't anymore, I needed to feel his lips. I haven't kissed him in over 70 years, so maybe that's why I did it wrong.

Why is everything I do wrong? Reich walks out of my room and down the stairs. I get up too, but go to my bathroom. I close the door and look in the mirror. Why do I always do everything wrong?

I try to give Reich everything he wants and he asks me not to kiss him and then suddenly I can't anymore and kiss him on his lips. I'm so angry with myself. I need to vent my anger somewhere.

I then prepare to hit the wooden frame of my mirror, but Reich then comes into the bathroom, which distracts me and I hit the mirror, which then shatters into a thousand pieces.

I cut my hand on the glass, but fortunately I don't have any other injuries. "Soviet?", Reich asks in shock and looks at me in fear. I know exactly that he is just thinking about how he can help me. My hand burns with pain and I'm showing my teeth. I sit on the toilet seat and use my other hand to hold the other and rub the injury a bit.

I take out the pieces of glass in my hand and let them fall to the floor. I'll eventually take care of the pieces of glass on the floor later. I don't shed needless tears over something so small.

I now have all the shards out of my hand and try to move them, but it hurts so much that I stop right away. I walk barefoot through the shards on the floor, out of the bathroom and downstairs. I get some kitchen roll before I sit down and put my hand on it to stop the bleeding.

- 1037 words

- Original: 10/14/2021

- Translation: 5/25/2023

Chapter 38 ◍ Violence / Blood ◍

Third Reich's view:

I see Soviet sitting on the sofa. He put a cloth or something similar under his bleeding hand. He looks at his bleeding hand and seems sad or disappointed. Why does he just sit there and do nothing? If his hand keeps bleeding like this, he might bleed to death. I go to him. He doesn't look at me and pretends he hasn't noticed me, but I know for a fact that he saw me.

"Soviet what are you doing?", I ask him. "I'll wait until the bleeding stops.", he says calmly. I make it clear to him: "Soviet, if you keep waiting here until you stop bleeding, you will bleed to death. Please bandage your injury or tell me where you got your bandages."

He replies: "Why should I? Bleeding out is a better punishment for me." "It's not about punishment Soviet. I don't want you to die.", I point out to him. Soviet Union asks: "Why? Why don't you want me to die? I did a lot to you, your people, my people and many more."

"I like you Soviet. You are my friend, honestly also my best friend. I feel good about you and I don't want you to hurt yourself so much because of your past mistakes. You deserve to live. Your friends, family and I need you.", I tell him, placing my hand lightly on his left hand, which is resting on his leg.

He looks at my hand and then looks up at me. He gently takes my hand with his hand. "Are we still friends? Even after the kiss?", he asks me uncertainly. "Of course Soviet! Why not? I have to say that I forbidden you to kiss me, but in this case it was exactly the other way around, who kissed who here.

I kissed you and... and... and I kind of liked it.", I admit. Soviet looks at me in surprise and asks: "R-Really?" I nod a little

uncertainly, not knowing how am I supposed to feel about that now that I've admitted it to him."Then why did you leave?", Soviet asks.

I answer him: "There was a huge chaos inside me that I didn't understand and had to calm down again." "I can understand that very well.", says Soviet and puts his uninjured hand on my cheek. "The bandages are in the kitchen. Second drawer from the right.

Please bring them to me I'll take care of my injury and you'll collect the broken glass with a shovel and broom, please. They're under the sink.", he informs me. I immediately run into the kitchen and get both. I hand him everything to bandage his wound before I go to the bathroom and collect everything there with the shovel and broom.

When I've done that I want to throw away the glass downstairs, but someone stands in front of me that I can't get out of the room. I'm not afraid of Soviet, which is why I approach him and he then takes both tools from me and kisses my cheek before thanking me: "Thank you for your help Reich."

He walks away from the door and goes downstairs. I feel my face getting hot again and I put my hand on my cheek as I try to keep feeling how that little kiss, on my cheek, felt on my skin.

Then I trot down to Soviet. He's standing in the kitchen, when he turns to face me, I hug him. He wraps his arms around me and runs his hand down my back. I snuggle up to him. When I release him again I see his bandaged hand. He hurt himself so bad earlier because of me. I shouldn't have reacted like that or at least told him what was going on.

"Everything okay?", Soviet Union asks me. "Yes!", I answer and look into his face. He smiles at me and walks me to the sofa. We sit on it and Soviet turns on the TV, after which we watch something he makes dinner we play board games and go to bed together. He falls asleep very early today while I stay up and read for a few hours.

Third Reich's vision in his dream:

Dream 1

I look into the valley with the big lake. I am disappointed and saddened by the many innocent people who are about to lose their lives. "Reich was machst du für ein langes Gesicht? (Reich what the long face?)", Soviet asks me and has his hands on my stomach. It's one of those few moments where I just want him away from me.

"Sowjet dort draußen verlieren unzählige unschuldige Menschen ihr Leben, bitte höre mit diesem Schwachsinn auf und kümmere dich um diese unschuldigen Seelen. (Soviet out there countless innocent people are losing their lives, please stop this nonsense and take care of these innocent souls.)", I beg him.

Soviet says: "Das sind Polens Leute und nicht meine. (These are Poland's people and not mine.)" "Das sind seit einem Jahr nicht mehr seine Leute, wir haben die Verantwortung für sie.

Behandle sie bitte mit mehr Respekt und das gilt auch für deine eigenen Leute. Du willst Frieden, aber behandelst normale Menschen wie Abschaum. Bitte hör auf damit. Ich kann es einfach nicht ertragen Sowjet. (These haven't been his people for a year, we are responsible for them.

Please treat them with more respect and the same goes for your own people. You want peace but treat normal people like scum. Please stop it. I just can't take it Soviet.)", I explain to him. Soviet replies: "Ich kümmere mich schon darum. (I'll take care of it.)" Why is he lying to me?

Dream 2

Soviet lies beneath me as I kiss his bare chest. I listen to a door that opens. I know immediately that it's Soviet's apartment door. I immediately jump off the bed and hide in the closet. I hear indistinct talk. I hear stuff about killing my and danger, but much more that doesn't really make sense.

I listen to it for two minutes before Soviet opens his closet and I fall into his arms. I smile at him and get a kiss. "What was it about?", I ask him. "He's convinced that you would kill me. He doesn't trust Germans and

says what a danger you are. How can anyone think that my prince, his country and his people are a danger?", says Soviet, giggling.

"I don't know, it's the same at home. Weißt du denn nicht wie hinterlistig Russen sind? Nur mit einem Blinzeln erstechen die dich schon.(Don't you know how sneaky Russians are? They'll stab you with just a blink.)", I try to imitate the people at home, which makes us both burst out laughing.

- 1107 words

- Original: 10/15/2021

- Translation: 5/25/2023

Chapter 39

Soviet Union's view:

I wake up and feel my bed, but there's no one with me. I immediately panic and open my eyes. I search the whole room for Reich. Where is he? Has something happened to him? I run into the hallway and yell at the top of my lungs: "REICH??!!" "I'm downstairs and making us breakfast!", Reich calls from below.

I'm incredibly relieved. Then I run down to him and see that he is busy cooking. I walk towards him slowly. He appears to be making pasta with tomato sauce. I pull him towards me by his hips and kiss his forehead briefly. "Good morning!", Reich says afterwards, before kissing my cheek shortly afterwards.

"Good morning to you too. You've been very busy.", I think. He says: "Somebody has to take care of our breakfast." I kiss his cheek again before agreeing: "I totally agree with you, but I could also cook." "Certainly not with your injured hand.", says Reich, carefully taking my right arm before he says: "Let's change the bandage, I'm not sure if we shouldn't have stitched up the wound.

It's a pretty bad injury and maybe it's deep." I place my left hand on his cheek and reassure him, "I'm fine and the injury looks worse than it actually is. It's not deep either."

Reich looks down from my face at my bandaged hand before looking at my chest and leans his head against me. I wrap an arm around him as he places his hands on my chest and wraps his wings around me as if trying to protect me.

I kiss his forehead and stroke his back with one hand. We stand here together for some time before he lets me out and takes care of the food. I try to help him a little bit, but he tries to make me sit and wait, which I don't listen to.

When he finished cooking we sat down at the table and it bothers

me, like last night, that I'm normally right handed. After the meal, I suggest to Reich: "How about I call FRG or France first and we go for a walk?"

"Why do you want to call them?", Reich asks confused. "I'll let them know I'm hurt.", I told him. "Good idea! Then your injury can heal and you can spend more time with me!", he exclaims enthusiastically. Reich likes to spend time with me.

I kiss his forehead again before going to my office and grabbing my phone. I don't really want Reich to listen. Certainly France is a better choice but she never has time, plus FRG could be having such a good day that I won't have a problem with her.

I say: "FRG here speaks USSR." "Soviet Union what's going on now?!", she growls. She's definitely having a bad day. "I got a bit out of control two hours ago today and smashed the mirror.", I lie since it was yesterday and I was in full control.

"And?", she asks very uninterested. I tell her: "I almost ended up in a hospital. My hand has deep w-" She interrupts: "Stop whining! You're coming right now over here!"

I'm about to argue against it: "But-" "No buts! You're rushing here! There are no excuses!", she interrupts and then hangs up. Great. I go down to Reich. I don't want to spoil his joy, but it looks like I have to.

Reich looks at me confused as I approach him with a disappointed look. "Reich we have to go for a walk a little later. I have to go to FRG. She's quite angry. I'm sorry.", I apologize. He puts his hands on my cheeks and kisses my cheek. After the short kiss he says: "It doesn't matter!

The main thing is that I can spend time with you later." "Yes! You have the entire house to yourself for now.", I make it clear to him before I kiss one of his hands and go to the cloakroom, where I put on my jacket and boots with his help. I also put on a hat.

I'll call my chauffeur because I forgot earlier. Then I say goodbye to Reich before I stand in front of my house and wait for the

limousine. After a few hours I arrive at the Reichstag and go inside, where I'm greeted politely: "You're five minutes late!"

"It's not my fault that there was a traffic jam!," I say, annoyed. There was no traffic jam, I just had to say goodbye to Reich. They don't care enough about traffic jams to see if I'm lying, so they can't tell my lie that I'm telling them a lie. I sit down in the empty chair and look around.

France, Austria, Hungary, Ukraine, Belarus, Poland, Latvia, Switzerland, Denmark, Italy, Croatia, Spain, Portugal, Netherlands, Luxembourg, Slovakia and Czech Republic are sitting at the table, while FRG, who greeted me warmly, is standing. Why are there so many countryhumans here? "Well, I don't have to explain why I called you here.

Third Reich could be in your countries or in Russia, but that's why we have USSR here.", FRG clarifies before she pauses and pulls out a map of all of Europe and part of Asia. "USSR had Reich last time spotted here.", she explains, pointing to the part of the country in Russia where I live.

She says: "The question for us is: Where is he going? We know a lot of his past, but he doesn't seem to have quite a goal. Also, he hasn't been sighted for days, despite being a fast and skilled flier.

Normally there should be some sighting unless he's in Russia as we don't get news that quickly there and he's good at hiding in some regions. USSR you should know your own country better than most of those present here.

Come here and circle and the areas you would suggest." I stand up at that and move closer to her before circling certain areas with my index finger that I know will provide a good spot to hide. I say not a word on that as I know I'm an outsider to them and I'm just a tool for them.

They hate it when someone speaks in front of everyone without their permission, especially if it's a countryhuman without a country like me. FRG then points to my seat. I sit down and wait. She tells us something unimportant and then says: "USSR you will search

with France and Austria at "position 1"..." I don't listen to the rest, which doesn't concern me and doesn't interest me.

We get guns to stun and some people too. A little later we drive and fly to the position. We search and wait. We'll do that all day before some countryhumans tells us to go back.

Unfortunately there is a problem. Since we are supposed to go back to our positions the next day, everyone has to stay at my house and I have no chance of telling Reich to go into hiding.

- 1157 words

- Original: 10/16/2021

- Translation: 5/26/2023

Chapter 40

Soviet Union's view:

It won't be long before I'm home with five guests that I'd like to make sure stay as far away from Reich as possible. Reich has no real way of defending himself at all since he is not someone who hurts others.

I'm the first to get out of the limousine. All the shutters are open and I can see through the windows. I can't see Reich. The rest get out and we go to the front door. I elbow the doorbell without anyone noticing. Hopefully it'll keep Reich in hiding.

I slowly unlock my front door and take a quick look around. No indication Reich is here. I take off the clothes I don't need right now and hang them up before I take care of my guests' coats. After hanging everything up, I go to the kitchen while everyone goes to the living room.

I look around. Luckily no sign of Reich, not even a light he forgot to turn off. Really strange. I take care of the drinks for my guests. Then I reheat the leftover mashed potatoes and set about cooking a few more dishes.

When I'm done, I give my guests their meals before going upstairs to set up the sleeping quarters for the five countryhumans. When I get to my room, I see that someone is hiding under my covers. I close the door and turn on the light before locking the door and sitting on the bed.

I go over the rise of my blanket with my left hand and stroke it tenderly. I can feel something moving underneath it. I slowly remove the blanket from him. Reich lies under my blanket like a cat and looks at me with wide eyes. His gaze looks like he can't believe his own eyes.

I'm sure he's looking at me like that because I actually promised

him a walk. He hesitates, but then crawls over to me and hugs me. "Soviet.", he whispers my name. I gently stroke his cheek with my hand. He kisses my hand and presses his face further into my chest.

I hear a knock on my door and Reich flinches and clutches me tightly. "What's going on?", I ask in a loud voice towards the door. I hear France say through the door: "Arrête de te cacher dans ta chambre et fais nos lits! (Stop hiding in your room and make our beds!)" "Да! (Yes!)", I shout. Then I hear how France disappears.

I look down at Reich, who is looking at me scared and uncertain. "We have uninvited guests here for a while.", I explained to Reich, "I should take care of their beds while you hide in my closet." He nods before getting up and then going to my closet and hiding there while I unlock my bedroom door and go out the rooms for my guests.

I make the beds and vacuum the dusty floors. By the time I'm done, my back hurts again and my arm hurts because I had to do everything with just one arm. I go downstairs and tend to the dishes and leftovers while hearing them gossip about me being a bad cook.

I have to work so hard to make them happy even though they don't give a damn about me. They give me equipment and weapons for their people, but if something happens to me, they don't really care about me. I know they don't care about me as they are unfeeling monsters.

But honestly, I'm not much better either, other than not being a satanist anymore and having a true purpose. My goal is to give the only one I love a safe, free and happy future. I tell the five guests where their rooms are and that I'm just too tired.

I go upstairs, but then they stop me and I have to sit down with them. Everything they talk about is so boring and I'm so exhausted that I fall asleep sitting up and accidentally rest my head on Poland's shoulder. Poland then hits me with his elbow so hard that I land over the armrest, head first on the floor.

My right hand was the second to hit the ground after my head. My legs are still on the sofa. Half my body is hanging in the air. I'm so

tired and exhausted that I can't move. No one stands up or does anything, everyone just keeps talking.

After a little over a minute, I slowly get up and head to my room, ignoring what they are asking. I close my room door and start to cry a little. I want to stop crying but I can't stop it. I hear the closet doors open as I sit down on my bed.

I feel a wing wrap around me. I immediately turn to Reich and hug his stomach and snuggle up to him. "Soviet? What's going on?", he asks worriedly as he wraps his arms around me and rubs my back. I try to talk, but I'm gasping for air so badly that nothing comes out of me.

Reich's calm movements on my back relax me. I work my way higher and higher to his chest where I manage to kiss his cheek as a small token of my gratitude. He then kisses my cheek with his tender lips. My tears gradually stop and I kiss Reich on his lips.

With my eyes still partially open, I can see that he seems a little surprised, but then he enjoys it as much as I do. After our loving kiss, I explain to Reich: "They keep complaining about me that I can't cook, that I do this and that wrong.

They order me around and push me around and if I'm waiting for someone to help me I'm in the completely wrong place." "I'm so sorry for you.", says Reich sympathetically and hugs me. Luckily I have Reich with me, slowly getting tired and falling asleep in our embrace.

Third Reich's view:

I'm really sorry for Soviet, he's so nice and then these jerks treat him like that. I would like to scold them. That's no way to treat Soviet! But scolding them isn't a good idea if you're like me.

I hope Soviet tries to get his way and make them understand that they can't treat him like that. I notice that Soviet is sleeping. I look at his face. He closes his eyes and breathes calmly. How did he

manage to fall asleep in a hug?

I gently move him so that he's lying on his bed and I can put the blanket over him, but before I pull the blanket over him I take off his sweater and pants so he doesn't get too warm. I lie down next to him and wrap my arms around him as I snuggle into his chest.

- 1129 words

- Original: 10/17/2021

- Translation: 5/26/2023

Chapter 41

Third Reich's view:

I can't fall asleep these unwelcome guests are just way too loud for someone like me. I'm more and more amazed how Soviet manages to fall asleep. I'm also not that tired, as I fell asleep while waiting for Soviet and was only awakened by a noise echoing through the house.

I think he falls deep asleep quickly. However, I am the opposite of that. I'm always restless inside and I'm always scared that something might happen and it has affected my sleep. It's nice to see that at least Soviet is gettinghis well deserved sleep.

I hear someone coming up the stairs. Surely he wants to go to sleep. But then I hear him trying to open the door and knocking on it. I hide under the covers because I'm getting scared and snuggle up to Soviet's stomach. I try to act like I'm not out of the ordinary.

The one who was at the door disappears back down the stairs. Nevertheless, I remain in the same position lying under the covers. I know you can't get in here without a key, but I still feel unsafe. I should be really careful too, because if they find me with Soviet, it's over for him and for me.

I hear someone going back up the stairs and towards our room. I hear the door unlock and I try to act like I'm part of the blanket and part of Soviet's body. I hear the guy go to Soviet's face and do something that makes Soviet jump up and slam part of the blanket at me, startled.

I hear Luxemburg laugh while Soviet grumbles. I hide even more under the covers when Soviet gets up from the bed and shoos Luxemburg out of his room. I hear the door slam so loud it sounds like it's going to burst. I wince at that.

I hear the guy in the room pushing something heavy around. From

my hiding place I look at Soviet, who is trying to push his closet in front of the door. He doesn't seem quite strong enough to move it faster and has to take breaks more often.

I come out from the blanket, run to my friend and help him with the heavy closet, which we push in front of the door together. Then I feel two strong arms around me, pushing me back a little. I look up at Soviet, who is looking down at me in love.

I can feel the heat rising inside me. He moves his head to my shoulder, presumably because he can kiss me better that way. He kisses me softly on my cheek and then whispers: "My little helper~" Everything is tingling. I then turn my head to his face and kiss his cheek before smiling at him.

After a bit of cheek to cheek snuggling and light kisses, we go back to the bed and lie down on it. Soviet is lying on his back and I'm lying next to him, but not long after that he carefully takes me with one hand and pulls me onto him. I'm a little surprised at first, but then I pull myself onto him so that my head is on his neck and he wraps his arms around me.

It doesn't take long before he sinks back into dreamland. It takes me a little longer, but the closet blocks the sounds, so it's quieter and I'm slowly able to fall asleep. Sometime in the middle of the night I wake up. Everything is quiet in the house. I got a pretty cheeky idea to get back at the other countryhumans for how they treated Soviet.

I slowly slide down from Soviet trying not to wake him up as he is so tired. I sneak out of bed and quietly try to push the closet away so I can get through the door. I look around the hall a little before I get the idea to dress up so that when someone wakes up they won't recognize me right away.

I grab a hoodie from Soviet's closet. I have no idea what color it is as it's almost pitch black, but at least I'm wearing one. I sneak into the hallway and carefully go downstairs. I'm looking for colors in the rooms on the first floor and maybe a candle that could help me to see what I'm drawing or to recognize the colors.

I find a room with tubes of acrylic paint. Hopefully these will last a

long time and be difficult to wash off. I'll take them with me and some brushes as well. This could be very entertaining! I find an almost burnt out yellow candle on the window sill and find black candles in boxes. I think Soviet doesn't need those black candles anymore.

I take two candles in case one burns out and find matches in a drawer. I then sneak downstairs to see if anyone else is in the living room. I search the kitchen and living room. It's a mess in the living room, but I can't see anyone sleeping there.

I'm looking on the second floor and I hear snoring coming from a room. I sneak inside and light one of the candles before moving closer to the sleeping person. My first victim is France. He's never liked me and is one of the meanest countryhumans I know. Especially because of my poor people.

This is his little punishment. I think of a motif and look at the color I took with me before carefully painting it. Luckily he doesn't wake up and I enjoy painting his face. Finally he will see in the mirror what I thought he was when I first saw him.

When I'm done with my work, I sneak over to the others. There's a total of five people I can find. All are a little more colorful now. I then sneak back up to the second floor and make sure everything is back in its place.

I go downstairs to the kitchen where I wipe the paint off my hands, grab a small bite and drink some water. However, when I want to go back upstairs, I hear someone coming down. I hide next to one of the cupboards in the living room and wait.

"Where are you?", I hear a deep voice whisper in concern. I come out of my hiding spot and whisper: "Soviet?" "Is that you, Reich?", he asks me and comes closer to me. I still have trouble recognizing him, so I ask him: "Please tell me something only Soviet can know."

The person thinks something: "I... I can't really think of anything. Before I think about it further, could you tell me what you're doing here? There are five people in this house who want to kill you." I hug him on it. Soviet kisses my cheek and wraps his arms around

me.

I let go of him after a moment and inform him: "I just wanted to annoy this unpleasant guest and have something to eat and drink. I'm fine." I assure him. "Good to hear.", comes from Soviet, who then gently kisses my cheek again. Together we go back to our room and push the closet in front of the door before we lie down in the comfortable bed and fall asleep together.

- 1212 words

- Original: 10/19/2021

- Translation: 5/27/2023

Chapter 42 ◍ Violence / Blood ◍

Soviet Union's view:

I'm slowly waking up. I think it's already noon. Reich's head is on my chest. He looks very relaxed. I wonder if he loves me after all, because he hasn't told me yet. I suddenly hear a scream. Since when does Austria scream?

What happened? Reich pulls the blanket over his head and snuggles closer to me. I hear another scream, again outside the room. It sounds like Belarus this time. What's going on there?

Reich tenses his body again, straightens up a bit, draws a lot of air into his body and is about to start complaining when I cover his mouth with my hand. I feel the air he exhales press against my hand. It tickles. Then he closes his mouth and looks at me with tired and confused eyes.

"They mustn't know where you are. Have you forgotten?", I remind him. He thinks for a moment before he lies back down on me and pulls the blanket towards him so that it's over us again. I put my arms around him again and relax a little more. I'm tired and want to try to sleep again.

"They don't like my little prank.", says Reich. Alarm bells started ringing for me right away. What prank? "Reich what have you done?", I ask worried and confused. He replies: "I painted their faces." Is he completely crazy now!? "You're you serious right now?", I want to make sure.

He nods in response and smiles slightly. Oh God! What should I do now?! I ask him: "Did you paint me too?" "No, why should I?", he says. It's not funny! They'll think it was me, or they'll think it could be someone else and by that they might suspect Reich.

What was Reich thinking?! We're going to die if we don't think of something and since Reich doesn't look like he's thinking right now since he's so tired, I'll have to come up with something. I could maybe put Reich in the closet and then just go back to sleep. If they suspected me, they would try to come into my room.

Reich would then be safe and I would have the excuse with the heavy closet. I get up and take the tired and confused Reich in my arms to the closet, where I make him comfortable. He looks at me confused as I close the doors. I lie back in my bed.

Unfortunately I can't fall asleep again. After a while I am awakened from my doze with a shake on my shoulder. I look and see a countryhuman with golden skin. Who is this? I see her face. What is FRG doing here? How did she get here? I sit up a little and ask her: "What's going on here?" "You didn't happen to put make-up on your colleagues?", she asks me.

I reply: "Why would I do that? It would be something like suicide, if not worse." She is silent and stares into my eyes. I repeat: "Whatever was going on, it wasn't me." She nods slightly at that. I hear someone yawn. "What was that?", asks FRG.

I lie: "It must have been just my stomach. I went to bed hungry last night because I don't have that much food in my house." She gives me a serious look that suggests she doesn't believe me. If she finds Reich, she'll kill him as soon as she sees him. Reich never learned to defend himself because he has never needed it.

FRG had so much time and motivation to learn so much that he can't. She'll kill Reich on the spot and I could just stand and watch! FRG goes to my closet. If I run to her now and at least try to knock her out, Reich and I will definitely be on the run. Maybe she won't find anything in the closet.

"Is that tiny strange noise, really that important.", I try to distract her. FRG does not answer and does not listen. She opens my closet doors and looks at each item of clothing before slowly looking down.

Why is the closet still in front of the door? How did she get in? I

search my room until I see my chair. I walk around her. I want to deny there's anyone in the closet again: "There's nothing but my-" "Shut up! I'll kill you both if I find him!", she makes it clear in a slightly maniacal tone after she interrupted me I keep trying to distract her: "Who do you mean?

I live completely on my own in case you've forgotten and I'm okay with that, too." I hold the chair in my left hand. My nails are digging deeper and deeper into the chair from the tension. I want to lunge at her and beat her unconscious, but I'm not doing that or not yet.

Because I don't know if she'll find him because he has his wings in front of him and it's harder to see him. At least that's how I prepared it for Reich earlier. FRG is also quite old, maybe she could really overlook him. She now looks under my clothes. Please don't find him! I'll do anything, but please don't find Reich!

Please ignore him! Please don't hurt him! She then returns to her normal standing position. Does that mean she didn't find him? I see her reaching for her right pocket. "I might have been wrong.", she says. I'm so relieved, but some of the tension isn't quite gone yet.

Something is wrong, but I don't know what. I say: "I told you I'm alone in the house with you and the five others." "I said I might be wrong.", she repeats. Then FRG makes a hectic movement. She leans forward, grabs something from the closet and pulls him out. Everything happens like in slow motion.

She has black feathers in her hand, which she pulls out of the closet towards her and a whole countryhuman is hanging from his wing by this tuft of feathers. Reich lands back first on the ground. I'm paralyzed. I can't move even when panic shoots through me.

FRG grabs Reich by the neck and presses him so harder to the ground that he can no longer defend himself. With her other hand, which she had on her pocket earlier, she takes a knife out of her pocket. She lifts the knife slightly in the air. I can see the fear and panic in Reich's eyes. This sight is slowly bringing me out of my trace, but unfortunately only slowly.

Reich tries to kick his legs around and hit her in the stomach while trying to get her hand off his neck with his hands. She then rams her knife into his chest, right where his heart is. Reich makes a hurtful sound. FRG puts one foot on his stomach and leans forward.

FRG looks into his face with a maniacal grin as she increasingly focuses her weight and strength on the knife. Reich looks up at her hurt, scared and full of panic, while it seems as if he himself can not believe what is happening. I'm finally coming out of this negative panic after those few seconds.

The adrenaline replaces my negative panic. I grab the chair with both hands, run towards her and smack her away from Reich with a powerful punch. I throw the chair away from me and run to Reich's side. He holds his hands to the knife that is sunk deep in his chest and looks at me desperately. I carefully slide my arms under his tense body before gently yet quickly lifting him up.

I run to the door and kick the closet aside with one kick before swinging the door open and heading down the stairs. The countryhumans in the living room, with their well-drawn motifs on their faces, watch me with wide eyes. I open the front door and look at Reich. He's about to cry in pain.

"Please come out and help him!", I shout, hoping that the people announced by America will come and help him. I keep running farther and farther from my house. People come to us from the side of the street. I see that they are people from America and Russia. I feel a hand that rests lightly on my chest and look down at Reich.

He's in a lot of pain and tries to hold on to me to feel safer. The people are around us. A few walk into my house, the others call for medical backup. They show me a path that I run along. I arrive completely out of breath when we reach a tent.

I bring Reich inside and carefully place him on the table in the center of the tent. "We have to ask you to stay out USSR.", a doctor asks me. I then take Reich's hand from my chest and kiss it before I leave with a heavy heart. Outside the tent they give me a chair to sit and wait.

- 1492 words

- Original: 10/20/2021

- Translation: 5/27/2023

Chapter 43

Third Reich's view:

Slowly I feel warmth around me again. But the pain in my chest is getting worse again. It's not as bad as before, but it still hurts a lot. I hear a beeping sound that sounds a bit annoying, it sounds kinda like 'Bip...Bip...Bip'. What is that? It doesn't smell particularly good where I am and also smells very new.

I try to open my eyes, but the light is so bright that I prefer to keep my eyes closed. I feel something with my hands that feels like a blanket over me. Am I lying in a bed? I try to orient myself further with my sense of touch.

I feel something in the skin of my right hand and some strange things on both of my index fingers, which are squeezing my fingers a bit. I'm wearing a long top, but on the other hand I'm not wearing pants. Some cable like things come out of my top.

Where am I and what have they done to me? I turn my head to the side. I would like to get up, but I feel very tired and exhausted. Why am I feeling tired? That doesn't make sense since I was unconscious or something like that. I feel my stomach tighten and I almost have to throw up.

I don't know where I am so it has to stay inside! I don't want to make anyone so much work to get something like that off again. Why do I feel like spitting when I'm hungry? One doesn't go together with the other.

If you eat something wrong you spit, but if you're hungry you can't. I lay my head face up on the pillow again. Nothing will come out of my body, not a pot! It shoots up my throat to my mouth but I swallow it back down.

My throat and mouth are burning like crazy. I don't even want to begin to describe the taste in my mouth. Why don't I feel like

spitting now? That does not make sense. I swallow a few more times before running out of spit for the moment. I got rid of the burning feeling.

I finally manage to open my eyes. I'm in a white room. I've never seen this room before. I kick the blanket off me with my legs. I see all kinds of weird things on me. Did one of the other countryhumans get me? Is this some kind of torture method?

I take some of these things off me. I can take them down easily. I don't dare to take the thing in my right hand out, but carefully remove everything else. The weird device that was just beeping makes a weird sound that doesn't sound like the beeping, but again has an awkward sound.

I straighten up and take a closer look at the questionable device. Suddenly I hear something open. Is it a door? I look around and see a countryhuman with a black, white, red, and silver flag. He already has a few wrinkles. He's wide eyed and has sky blue eyes just like me. He's also about my height. Is that Deutschland?

Is that my little brother? He starts smiling and runs towards me and wraps his arms around me before resting his head on my shoulder and snuggling into me. I wrap my arms around him lightly, not entirely sure if it's really him. "Ich habe dich so vermisst! (I missed you so much!)", he whispers to me, "Mein großer Bruder! (My big brother!)"

It really is him! After 100 years I am reunited with my brother. Even if he still looks young for being around 120 years old and not drinking a drink with children's blood like normal countryhumans to stay young. After a while he lets go of me and looks at me happily. He looks more like he's a few years older than me. I'm only 4 years older than him.

It's really amazing to see him. I didn't expect the way he looks. I would have expected him to have a lot of wrinkles and certainly not be able to run, but compared to humans he looks like he's 50 years old, I look more like 30 or 40. I hear heavy footsteps coming towards me in quick steps.

I look over and see Soviet walking up to me with a big smile and kissing my forehead before hugging me. "How are you Reich?", Soviet asks me after letting go of me. "I'm fine, but where are we? And how do I get this out of me?", I ask, showing my right hand.

"No problem!," Soviet says and puts my hand on the bed before he starts to peel the sticky thing off this thing in my skin with one hand. However, a red hand comes from the right, taking his hand away. "Dad, please leave it inside. If Reich is not well, the doctors can help him much better.", says Russia.

Soviet clarifies: "Reich wants it gone, so I'll take care of it now." "No, you won't!", Russia counters. "Die beiden sind sich gerne im Weg. (They like to get in each other's way)", my brother whispers to me, "Russland geht auf Nummer sicher, während Sowjet das Gegenteil macht. (Russia plays it safe, while Soviet does the opposite.)"

"Jungs! Beruhigt euch! Mein Bruder wird nicht sterben, wenn das nervige Ding weg ist. Ich bin dafür, dass wir meinen großen Bruder, davon befreien. (Guys! Calm down! My brother won't die when that annoying thing is gone. I'm all for my big brother getting rid of that thing.)", says Deutschland. Russia still seems to be relatively insecure. "I don't know, darling.", Russia says.

Did he just call my brother 'darling'? Germany reaches out to Russia and kisses his cheek before snuggling up to him. I don't quite know how to feel about this sight, but I'm happy for them both.

He then asks Russia: "Bitte? (Please?)" "Okay, but my father has to be careful.", he gives in and kisses my brother on the mouth. I get slightly sick out of the blue again. I know that the two are not responsible for it. I think it's that from before. My stomach is very upset. "Of course I'll take good care of him.", comes from Soviet. I pull my hand away and try to cover my mouth.

Soviet looks at me confused. I point to my stomach so they know I'm sick. Russia immediately runs to a cupboard and takes out a bowl. He runs to me and gives it to me. When it comes up, I can't hold it back and I throw up.

Luckily it's over quickly, even if it burns badly in my throat and mouth. Soviet gives me a bottle of water. I put some water in my mouth and rinse my mouth with it twice and spit it into the bowl as well. Then I drink two more sips to also weaken the burning in my throat.

Then Russia carries away the bowl with my vomit. "Musstest du vorhin schon einmal Spucken? (Did you have to spit before?)", Deutschland asks me. I answer: "Bevor ihr gekommen seid musste ich fast Spucken, doch ich habe geschafft es zu unterdrücken. (Before you came I almost had to spit, but I managed to suppress it." "Ich werde sehen, was es dagegen gibt. (I'll see how I can help.)", comes from my brother, who makes his way out.

Soviet carefully takes my right hand and pulls the sticky thing down a bit before pulling the thing out of my skin. He has a small cloth that he holds over the puncture. Then he pulls off the rest and puts it away from me. He holds the cloth tight against the puncture. Why so tight? Is there a lot of blood coming out?

- 1294 words

- Original: 10/21/2021

- Translation: 5/28/2023

Chapter 44

Third Reich's view:

I'm a little uncomfortable with the situation. "Reich? How about if you get out of here, can we go get ice cream?", Soviet offers me. To be honest, I would really like an ice cream. "I'd love to!", I answer briefly. He informs me: "By the way, we will stay with Russia for a while.

FRG will be in a lot of trouble too, since she attacked you and hurt you." The scene with FRG is slowly coming back to me. How can my own daughter, my own flesh and blood, do such a thing to me? She has hurt me before, but this sight and this feeling in me was horrible!

It was like... there is nothing I can describe or compare this pain to. I could see from her eyes alone that she is not who she used to be. She was a shy young girl who loved mythical creatures and fairy tales and was willing to try to read with me. What happened to the little girl I remember? I don't even know how to describe her now.

Her look as she rammed the knife into me was filled with madness, glee, destructiveness and as if it were some sort of prize she was getting or a goal she'd accomplished. What have they done to my daughter?! What have those monsters done to her?! "Reich?", I hear from Soviet, who pulls me out of my thoughts, "What's the matter?" I look at him.

I want him to know what's going on, so I ask him: "How would it feel for you if your own daughter, whom you lovingly raised, rams a knife into your chest and looks at you like she's gone insane?" He looks down a bit. I didn't want him to seem rude or anything.

I was about to start talking: "Sov-" He interrupts me: "Everything is good, Reich! I don't know how it feels, but I can see it's awful." I want to get off topic: "You said she was in trouble because she attacked me? I don't think she's going to be in trouble.

It's like this every time: A countryhuman does something that they shouldn't do and the victims want to make sure that they get their punishment, but the countryhuman doesn't have to pay a single coin. That's the advantage of being a countryhuman or a politician and working for the bad guys." Soviet agrees: "You're right about that, but-"

I cut him off: "Besides, we're the only witnesses. People think I attacked Poland's country just for fun and that he's supposedly so traumatized because he was captured and tortured by me personally. They-"

"Who told you that?", he cuts me off and looks at me in shock and confusion. "The documentary I watched said that nonsense.", I reply, "Now I partially know what people think of me. They think I'm a racist, a murderer... a mass murderer, a criminal whose deeds cannot be undone, a-"

Soviet interrupts me again: "They've been drummed that into them for so long. I know that some, including you, have been forced to obey orders because you've been threatened. You and a few others are not who you are made out to be, you especially you are the complete opposite of that.

You are compassionate and you wanted to make the people of your country aware of what is really important and you tried to save as many as you could. When everything was hopeless, you traveled around the country and helped the people as best you could.

Most who aren't very nice haven't noticed you. But others with more sense called you crazy and wanted to stop you, but you didn't let them tell you what to do. At least until Martin figures that out... Reich we'll find a way and everything will be fine."

In the middle of what Soviet is telling me, I'm getting sick again. Soviet seems to have noticed as he runs to the closet and brings me a bowl. My stomach contents are coming out again, but the strange thing is that you can't really see anything, there is mucus, but nothing else is inside. After taking care of me, Soviet puts the bowl away from me and asks me: "Can I lie down with you?"

"Yes, lie down with me if you want.", I answer him. I slide a little to the side so that he can lie down next to me. "Dad no! You won't lie beside Reich, there's not enough space in the hospital bed." Russia complains as he's just entered the room. Are we in a hospital? It looks and smells different than the hospital room where Soviet was recently.

"Reich allowed me to, besides, shouldn't I, as your father, tell you what you have to do?", comes from Soviet, who is about to get onto my bed but stopped in the middle because of Russia. Soviet lies down next to me without waiting for an answer and puts his head on my shoulder while Russia angrily tries to form a sentence.

The two seem to have issues with trust and respect if they behave like this every time. "Habe ich etwas verpasst? (Did I miss something?)", Deutschland asks as he enters. Russia turns to him and says: "No, you didn't really miss anything." Soviet puts his arm around my stomach and pulls the blanket further over us.

I hear my brother whisper: "Sehen sie nicht süß zusammen aus? (Don't they look cute together?)" "Да, но нет ничего и никого милее тебя~ (Yes, but there is nothing cuter than you~)", comes from Russia as he pulls my little brother towards him by his waist. I can see both of them turning quite red or blood red in the face.

Somehow I don't like it, but at the same time I'm a bit jealous of them both. Wait a minute! Deutschland wanted to get me something against surrendering. I prefer to be quiet for now though, as I don't want to disturb or interrupt them. I look at my chest as a distraction and feel the area of the injury a little, wanting to know how bad the pain is.

At first I think it wouldn't be that bad, although I was terribly wrong. It's probably the most painful injury I've ever had. Soviet gently removes my hand from the spot with his left hand before snuggling me even more.

I can still feel my tiredness and snuggle up to Soviet. He then kisses my forehead. I loosen up and relax. "Bruder, bevor du einschläfst, musst du das hier essen. (Brother, before you go to sleep you have to eat this.)", my brother tells me and gives me a pill. I take it from

him and eat them as he pleases. Then I make myself comfortable again and slowly fall asleep.

- 1128 words

- Original: 10/22/2021

- Translation: 5/30/2023

Chapter 45

Soviet Union's view:

I can feel Reich breathing slower and more relaxed next to me. He really managed to fall asleep. His body relaxes. "Dad, we still need you.", comes from Russia. I release Reich slowly and gently and sneak away from him. After we are out of the hospital room and in the hallway, a nurse walks into the room.

We walk down the hall to a room that looks very much like a conference room. We take three chairs and sit in a circle. Russia begins: "Well, we still have to talk about what to do with Reich. Most people in the world are not ready to know that he is alive.

They would just panic or see him as a danger. We're the only ones to know that he wouldn't harm a fly. As much as I would like to sue FRG, if we do that we will endanger Reich's life even more. Besides, it could also harm my country. But if FRG wants to raise something against us, she knows that she will be in big trouble because she attacked Reich."

"I agree with you. In my opinion, we should talk to FRG, but the public must not yet know that my brother is here and alive.", Deutschland agrees, "And Soviet?" I answer: "I'm not quite sure, because I'm very angry with FRG, but I don't want Reich to put him in any more danger."

"The next topic is, since you will be staying with us, how should I prepare your room or rooms.", comes from Russia. "It should only be a double bed room, with two closets. How long should we stay with you?", I ask. Germany says: "Probably a few weeks or months.

It largely depends on how long it takes for Reich to recover and how long you want to stay with us." I nod in response. "I would also like to ask if he is upset that his daughter has become like this is.", comes from Russia. I simply answer: "It's difficult for him. I still

remember how much he loves his children.

It's no wonder for me that it's very difficult for him.", Deutschland looks down, a bit upset. When Russia sees this, he puts a hand on his cheek. Deutschland looks at him and is kissed lightly by my son. "You can go back to Reich if you want.", Russia says to me.

I get up on it and put the chair away before walking out of the room. I go into Reich's room and carefully lie down next to him. After I lie down for a while, he snuggles up to me. Is he really asleep or is he awake?

Third Reich's view:

I wake up again. I'm way too hot and I'm sweating. Everything is wet and I don't know whether to move or not. I slowly open my eyes. I can see my surroundings well because it's not that bright anymore. I'm still in the room and Soviet is still next to me. He is in all his clothes and has his arms around me.

No wonder I'm so warm. When sleeping, Soviet gets as hot as an oven. I cool off when I sleep, but when I'm awake and when it's cold I'm very good at keeping others warm. I'm trying to get the blanket off me as I'd rather have the blanket off than Soviet arms that make me feel protected and safe.

I can get the blanket off my torso and stomach with my legs. Unfortunately, I can also feel that I am very, very hungry. I could look around for some food. I don't want to wake Soviet, he looks way too relaxed.

I slip out of his arms and place a pillow in his arms so I can get back into position. I sit on the edge of the bed. I feel a little strange, like I don't have balance. Still I try to go. It feels strange to me, but it's going quite well. I have to carefully put one foot in front of the other. I make it to the door and then out into the hallway before backing out a little.

Now I wish I had pants on. Nevertheless, I go back through the door frame and hold onto it to get out and close the door. I brace myself against the wall as I continue walking. At some point I see someone

a few meters away from me. Maybe that wasn't such a good idea after all.

I'd rather find someone else who can help me with the food. I turn around and am about to go the other way. "Stop! (Stop!)", I hear, the person speaks German to me, even though I'm in Russia. I stop but don't turn around or anything. I know it's a hospital, but I still feel unsafe here.

"Drehe dich um! (Turn around!)", I hear from the woman. I turn and look at her. She doesn't look like the hospital staff, and she doesn't look like a human either. She takes a few steps back uncertainly. I inform her: "Ich möchte nur fragen, wo es etwas zum Essen gibt. (I just want to ask where there is something to eat.)" "S-Sie sind das D-Dritte Reich. (Y-You are the T-Third Reich.)", the woman stutters.

Unfortunately, she's wearing her hat in such a way that I can't really see her face, but I'm pretty sure her skin color is red. "Countryhumans Namen spricht man zwar normalerweise nicht so aus wie man Länder ausspricht, aber ja ich bin Drittes Reich. Dürfte ich fragen, wer Sie sind? (Countryhumans' names aren't normally pronounced the same way countries are pronounced, but yes, I'm Third Reich. May I ask who you are?)", I ask her.

"Sie können mich DRR nennen. (You can call me GRR.)", she replies. The name sounds like an abbreviated name of a country or a countryhuman. "Bist du ein Countryhuman? (Are you a countryhuman?)", I ask her. She turns around and says: "Hoffentlich nicht. (Hopefully not.)" What does she have against being a countryhuman? DRR is starting to go away from me. "Was bedeutet die Abkürzung deines Namens? (What does your abbreviation mean?)", I ask.

She answers me: "Ich weiß es nicht. (I don't know.)" Then she disappears around the corner. I try to follow her, but as soon as I get to the corner, she's gone. I then go the other way to find someone who can help me with my hunger. I'm going through the rooms until I find a nurse or someone.

"Hello, could you please give me the information on where I can find food here?", I ask her. She turns to me and gets a fright. Do

they believe these lies about me too? "You should really be in your room and not get out of bed.

How did you get here?", she asks me, I can hear her Russian accent. I answer her: "I just walked here. There's nothing big about it. Could you please answer my question." "I will accompany you to your room and bring you your food.", she says. I thank her with: "Thank you very much!"

I keep leaning against the wall as we walk back. I notice that she keeps glancing at me as if I were something extraordinary. I'm a countryhuman and that's already something out of the ordinary, but she seems to be looking that way for something else. When we get to the hospital room, I sit down on the bed where Soviet is still sleeping and wait for her.

Soviet has his mouth open and snores while his saliva drips from his mouth. I don't know why, but he looks really cute. He looks a bit like a little kid to me. "Here is your food.", comes from the nurse, who pushes a small table towards me and puts my food down there. "Thank you!", I say as I look at the food, which looks really appetizing.

- 1314 words

- Original: 10/23/2021

- Translation: 5/31/2023

Chapter 46 ⚠French Kiss⚠

Third Reich's view:

I frantically eat my soup as the first of the two dishes I received. I'm so hungry! How long have I not eaten? I feel something put on my shoulder and I am so startled that I choke. I cough and cough, but I can't get it out of me. A hand taps my back in time with my cough.

After a short while I cough the soup I swallowed out of my body. I cough a few last few times while the one behind me pats my back. After clearing my throat, I look back. "Are you feeling better?... I didn't mean to scare you.", Soviet tells me, hanging his head slightly.

I turn my whole body around and give him a quick kiss on his lips before answering: "Yes, I'm better. Thanks for your help! Don't put yourself down, I just choked, that's it not that bad." I put my arms around him. He hesitates just before wrapping his arms around me.

He lays back so that I lie on top of him. I look at him a bit confused. Soviet just gives me a friendly smile. I brace myself with my arms on the bed and place my lips on his. I keep kissing him. I can't even stop anymore. I like this closeness to him. He lies under me, runs his warm hands down my back and looks very happy.

After a few minutes of kissing, we look deeply into each other's eyes. Something in me wants to go further. But I don't know how to go further than kissing and I'm afraid to go too far. Maybe I should eat instead, then I don't have to worry about it. I'm about to get off him but he grabs my wrists.

I'm about to say something when he presses his lips to mine and moves his slightly. I don't understand the situation right now. What should I do?! What does he want me to do? I don't get it. Shortly thereafter, he breaks away from me, lies down on the bed again and looks to the side. Soviet lets go of my hands. Did I do something wrong?!

I didn't want to make a mistake! "Soviet I...I didn't mean-", I try to say. He interrupts me: "It's okay Reich. I just felt that you were ready for French kissing to be no problem." I can feel everything around me getting very, very warm.

I want to tell him I want to try something like that, but it doesn't come out well: "Y-you wanted tha-that we-... I mean that we-... I-I mean... Um!" Why can't I formulate a sentence? This is extremely uncomfortable! I'm a countryhuman who can't even speak my primary language! I hear giggles. I look down at Soviet, who smiles lovingly at me and giggles sweetly.

I feel myself melting, but not from the heat, but from his adorable giggle and seductive gaze. "Now that you know what I was up to, could we try again?", he asks me. I'm not sure. Something inside me is just calling for it, but something else says if this is the one wrong step, then I can't go back.

It feels like this is the moment when I have to decide whether I want to be in a relationship with him or not. There's actually nothing wrong with that. He's great! I can't refuse. I nod again, a little uncertain.

Soviet puts his hands on my cheeks and gently pulls my head closer. When I'm close enough, he puts his lips to mine and moves his gently. I slowly open my mouth. I'm still a little insecure. He also opens his mouth and goes into my mouth with his tongue.

He moves his hands to my neck and wraps them around it. He gently explores my mouth while I hold myself back, since I'm inexperienced in this sort of thing. He runs his tongue lightly over mine. I wince slightly from the tender touch. I then move my tongue to his tongue and brush the tip over his.

He starts running his hands down the back of my neck while running his tongue over mine. It feels a lot better than I thought before. Our tongues touched a few times and the touches increased. When I run out of air, I break away from him and try to calm down again, because I not only need air again, but something in me is upset in a positive sense.

I look to Soviet, who feels the same way. He just put his hands on my neck again. I believe I made the right decision. He's fine and I'm fine. As I continue to breathe, I realize that I forgot my food. How is it possible that I forget my food when I'm so hungry?

When Soviet has mostly calmed down from panting, I kiss his mouth lightly again. I close my mouth for the brief kiss, whereupon I can clearly taste the taste of Soviet saliva and I like that taste very much. Then I get off him and wait for him to sit down with me.

A short time later he sits next to me and pats his hand on his thigh. I know he wants me to sit on his lap and so I do. I get up and sit on his lap. Soviet wraps his arms around my stomach and rests his head on my shoulder. I eat my soup, but more carefully than before and eventually offer a few spoonfuls to Soviet as well, who is opening his mouth and letting me feed him.

After eating the two dishes with him, I'm still not full. Soviet then takes the dishes and says he would get me more soup. He leaves the room and comes straight to me with two bowls of soup. I sat down on his lap again, but this time he takes the soup spoon and feeds me.

It's sweet of him. After the meal he also gives me a whole bar of white chocolate. I have never tried white chocolate. How does it taste? He breaks off a piece for me and demands: "Open your mouth and stick out your tongue." I do what he wants and he carefully places the piece on my tongue.

I close my mouth again and start chewing the piece of chocolate to make it melt faster. As it melts in my mouth, the new taste spreads throughout my mouth. I really like this chocolate! The white one is better than the regular chocolate.

- 1082 words

- Original: 10/31/2021

- Translation: 6/1/2023

- I've never written anything like this before, so I might have got it wrong.

Chapter 47

Soviet Union's view:

Nothing really exciting happens for the rest of the evening. I gave Reich a few kisses, but unfortunately there was no further French kiss. But I still have many years to maybe continue kissing him like this or to try out new types of kissing with him if he allows me to. I'm the first to wake up and relax with Reich on me.

He lies on top of me and uses my chest as a pillow. I'd say my tummy is better for a pillow, but it's his choice. I somehow managed after so many years to swap my muscles for fat. Will Reich even like that I got fat?

I might be able to get rid of my fat, but I don't want Reich to find out, it would make me really uncomfortable. I'm sure if he ever sees me shirtless I'm just gross to him. On the other hand, I'm not as fat as I always think, at least that's what Russia told me a few years ago.

Unfortunately, I'm still unsure as Reich is very picky about everything and everyone, whether it's his food or people he hangs out with. I'll see what he thinks of the me of today. He has kissed me many times and even once with his tongue yesterday, but maybe I'm not the right one for him from his point of view. It could also be that I'm just telling that to myself again.

I can feel Reich snuggling a little more to me. I don't think it will be long before he wakes up. In any case, I really like having him so close to me. I lean down and kiss his cheek lightly, trying not to wake him with the touch of my lips. He's so incredibly cute! I would say that he is the embodiment of the term "cute".

I still can't believe someone like Reich exists because he's so cute it's already impossible for someone like him to exist. I can't believe he's with me. "Hallo Sowjet! (Hello Soviet!)", I hear as someone comes in from the door.

As I look over, I see Deutschland walking toward us with two bowls, a packet of cereal, and a glass bottle of milk. "Good morning Deutschland!", I greet him as calmly as possible. He puts everything on the table and comes over to his brother and me. Deutschland watches his brother for a moment before he sits down next to us.

Deutschland said: "Ich habe gehört, dass mein Bruder gestern noch ein wenig spazieren war, außerhalb seines Zimmers. (I heard that my brother went for a little walk yesterday, outside his room.)" "Yeah, he seems a lot better.", I inform him quietly, looking at Reich's peacefully sleeping body. Deutschland thinks: "Es ist schön zu sehen, dass es mein großer Bruder besser geht und sehr an dir hängt und dir vertraut. (It's nice to see that my big brother is doing better and is very attached to you and trusts you.)"

I look at Reich's younger brother, who is sitting there smiling. "Wie läuft es eigentlich mit eurer Freundschaft oder Beziehung? (How's your friendship or relationship going?)", he asks me. I answer him: "Very well, but I can't tell myself if we're still friends, but I can't really see us in a relationship right now either. I think it's something that's more than friendship, but not a relationship yet is.

I want it to be Reich's decision what we are." I then stroke my hand tenderly over Reich's cheek, from which he smiles at me. So he's already awake after all. After I've stroked Reich's cheek a few times, he takes carefully with his hands my arm and cuddles with it like a cuddly toy.

He kisses my hand and hugs it tightly. I lightly kiss his forehead. "You've never been so nice to anyone.", comes from Russia, who is already standing next to Deutschland and kissing him on the cheek. "I just lost my love, but now it's coming back after a long time.", I think.

I run my hand over Reich's soft skin on his cheek. Even without a word from him, I know to keep stroking his cheek. Russia sits down on the seat Deutschland gets up from, whereupon Germany sits down on his lap. Russia wraps his arms around him and watches Reich and me.

I gently hold Reich closer as he kisses my arm over and over again.

Eventually he seems to have had enough as he lets go of my arm, grabs onto my shoulders and pulls himself closer to my face. He still has his eyes closed, probably because he's still so tired.

He also tries to hide from the light coming into the room. In any case, he tries to keep his eyes off it. Reich is probably still very tired. Maybe he wants or could go back to sleep. He takes a deep breath, which relaxes him even more and makes him much heavier. He's probably still very tired.

"Hey! You two lovers, what time is it?", I ask my son and Reich's brother, who are kissing. "It's about one o'clock in the afternoon.", I get the answer from Russia. I ask: "Is anything going to happen today?" Deutschland replies: "Reich must be examined today and America is coming to visit you with his son."

"America has a son?", Reich asks. Russia answers him: "Yes, he has a 16-year-old son." "Are those two really not going to hurt us?", Reich asks me uncertainly. I don't think he trusts America. I can understand it too as he was also the one who told people the most lies about him.

The whole mass murder thing came from him and America captured and tortured some of Reich's people in order to get his 'proof photos'. I only say 'tortured' because it was something more than killing or starving. I caused women and children to be raped.

Britain has caused the people of the cities to perish. And all sorts of people from all over the world were brought to Britain to take away the fighting spirit and love of their own country from the people of Reich's country, only by that and by the plan of how the war is to go did Reich lose the war.

I would also honestly say that evil won in this war. The strongest country I think ever was was down. 2000 words gone and everything in ruins. Something like this should never happen again! It must never happen again! Neither Reich nor anyone else! "Soviet?", I hear from the sleepy Reich.

"Yes?", I ask, not knowing what he wanted. He reminds me: "I asked you if those two are really not going to hurt us." "I'm sure they

won't harm us. Don't worry Reich. They're on our side.", I assure him.

- 1127 words

- Original: 10/31/2021

- Translation: 6/1/2023

Chapter 48

Third Reich's view:

I don't trust America. Guaranteed he will try to kill me. Even though Soviet said he won't hurt me, I don't believe him about America. America is one of the few countryhumans I know of who have personally killed or attempted to kill other people. I've never done anything like this before.

Why? I don't want to harm anyone. Suddenly another question occurs to me: "Why was I so sick yesterday?" "Good question!", comes from Soviet, "What was there?" "We told the doctors to put you in a MED bed, but they already gave you the anesthetic there and there was nothing we could do.

That's why you had to vomit, you were or are still very tired of it and will probably have a little problem with thinking and remembering in a few months.", Russia informs me. "What is a a... anesthetic?", I ask confused. He explains to me: "It's something like a sleeping pill."

"And what's a ME... or whatever this bed is called again?", I ask. "There are three types of MED beds. One heals the body, one helps against mental illness and the third model helps against trauma. All three are capable of healing everything.", Russia tells me.

"Thanks for the explanation! I guess I still have to learn some new words.", I just realize. The four of us talk for a bit before Soviet shows me how easy it is to make breakfast today. He takes the two bowls, takes a pack and from the pack he takes out something with a lot of strange things in it.

Soviet then poures what is in the transparent something into the bowl. Then he puts it back in the packaging and takes the milk, which he pours over it. "Done!", he says. "So fast? And so little for it?", I unintentionally think out loud. Soviet replies: "Yes, it's breakfast cereal and it tastes pretty good with the milk."

I move closer to the bowl. I watch as Soviet goes into the mix with his spoon and puts a spoon in his mouth with it. I hear the part that isn't milk in his mouth, it crackles like dry bread. I also dip my spoon in my bowl.

When I pick up the spoon again, I'm unsure at first and smell it, but I can almost only smell the milk. It doesn't smell bad, so I hesitantly put it in my mouth. After chewing it up a bit, the flavor really comes out. This tastes new, but really good. I want more of this! Immediately I continue to eat enthusiastically.

I can already feel myself liking it so much that I've lost track of the milk and it's running down my chin. I hear light giggles next to me and look at Soviet. He laughs lightly and digs something out of his pocket. He carefully takes my lower jaw and wipes my chin with the handkerchief.

We both can't hold back and kiss briefly before we continue eating. Russia and Deutschland are sitting on the bed with their backs to us and I can clearly hear Russia saying my brother very unusual compliments.

Soviet Union warns his son: "Son don't use so many pick-up lines, otherwise I'll end up sitting here alone with Reich, America and Republic of America, while you're-" "Dad it's Deutschland's and my decision what we do. I think we can sort it out on your own.", comes from Russia. "I'm sticking with it, don't push it too far!", Soviet scolds him. I don't understand what is going on.

What are pick up lines? And what does Soviet mean? I'm confused. I watch them a little more. When everything seems normal again, I continue to eat. After the meal, Deutschland and Russia take the dishes with them while Soviet lays his head on my lap and I massage his face which he enjoys very much.

He makes little noises from time to time when I find a spot that is particularly good for him. He seems really relaxed. Suddenly the door slams open and a nurse or doctor comes in. "Shouldn't you stay in bed and move as little as possible?", she asks.

I don't like the situation, but I ignore it and continue massaging

Soviet, who also noticed it. The woman comes closer to us and looks at the devices that were still beeping yesterday. She roughly grabs my right arm. I immediately pull my arm back and hold on to Soviet with both hands.

Soviet demands of her: "Don't be so harsh on Reich. He's fine and you don't have to worry about him. He just needs a few quiet days in the hospital before we go home." "Can I at least change his bandage?", she asks him. Soviet looks up at me. I'm not sure and I try to let him know with my facial expression.

"Only if you are particularly careful and gently to him.", Soviet demands of the woman. The woman nods and gets the bandage. I think it would be better if I took my top off. I gently lift Soviet off my lap and he gets up.

After he stands, I put the blanket over my legs and stomach before removing the top and Soviet grabs it. I then stretch my arms up so she can take care of the bandage better. I look at Soviet, who is blushing and trying not to stare at my chest.

I've never seen him look so hectic. He also has a smile on his face, which he's clearly trying to suppress. Am I really that good looking? I'm not exactly muscular, but he seems to like what he sees. He bites his lower lip. Again and again he moves his lips.

I'm not very good at lip reading, but I think I can understand it. Soviet says to himself: "Oh my god, he looks hot!" I don't know if I read it wrong, but I think it's positive. The woman carefully removes the bandage, allowing me to see the injury. Considering it was only a day ago, it's already looking really good healing.

"I-I'll be right back!", comes from Soviet in a tone as if something were uncomfortable for him. What should he be uncomfortable with? The staring wasn't so bad for me after all. "I'm going to check on my father.", Russia announces before getting up and walking out of the room. I'm done with that, but now I'm missing my top because Soviet still has it with him.

Fortunately, Russia comes a little later and gives it to me. "Where's Soviet?", I ask him. He replies: "He needs to-... I mean, he just needs

to go to the bathroom." Then he sits next to my brother and laughs and whispers something to him that I can understand quite well because he is louder when he laughs: "First he warns us and then it happens to him himself." I don't understand what is going on. Soviet comes back to this after a few minutes.

- 1156 words

- Original: 10/31/2021

- Translation: 6/2/2023

Chapter 49

Third Reich's view:

It's already about 4 p.m. in the afternoon. Soviet, me, Russia and my brother play games like chess, Mensch ärgere dich nicht or Mühle together. I win almost every round. We're on to another round of Mensch ärgere dich nicht and I'm as good as winning because all I have to do is roll a four. I hear someone knocking on the door.

Surely it's one of the people who work in the hospital again. It's my turn to roll the dice again. I take the cube and shake it in my hands as I hear Deutschland get up and open the door and let them in. I say to myself over and over in my head, four please.

I then drop the die onto the playing field and watch it while still hoping. When the cube stops, it stays standing with the four facing up. "YES! I WON AGAIN!", I exclaim excitedly. I can hear the others in the room rejoicing with me.

I put my arms in the air and close my eyes as victory goes to my head for a moment. I hear Soviets laughing with joy. I hear applause too. "Great game!", I hear from somewhere. It's an old-sounding voice that sounds vaguely familiar to me. Who speaks English if we talk in German all the time?

I quickly lower my arms as I open my eyes to see America at the door with my little brother. I can feel my heart stop. I widen my eyes and want to flee. Immediately, the panic that suddenly surges through my entire body causes me to jump up and immediately run towards the window to jump out and fly away.

I have to get away from him as soon as I can! But just outside the window, someone grabs my stomach. He's gonna kill me for sure! He's gonna kill me! I flap my wings vigorously and try to free myself from the grip with my hands.

I feel lips against my cheek, from which I stop flapping my wings. "Everything is fine Reich. I'm with you.", Soviet whispers and then kisses my cheek again. I calm down slightly and fold my wings again. I snuggle Soviet's cheek as he gets close enough to make me feel safe.

I eventually turn to him and hug him and wrap my wings around him as I snuggle into his chest. He whispers: "I'm always there for you." "Thanks Soviet!", I whisper to him and he kisses the back of my head. I look up at him and he kisses my lips. I snuggle into him even more after the brief kiss, but no longer because of my fear.

After a short while, I felt so confident with Soviet that I let go of him. He strokes my cheek before running his fingers over my lips briefly and taking my hand with his hand. I really like his touch. How does he manage to make everything he does feel so good?

He approaches the others again while I hide behind him. Even when Soviet sits down on the bed, I sit behind him. I don't trust America enough to show myself more. America tells me: "Reich I really don't want to hurt you anymore. Those days are long behind me.

I don't want to harm any countryhuman or human anymore and luckily I can't anymore." "How can you not harm anymore?", I ask. "Look at me Reich. I am very old and will probably die in the next few years. I'm too weak to harm anyone.", he says.

I peek out from behind Soviet to see him. He really looks very old. America really looks like he can't hurt me. But what if he fools me? He shows one of his white, red, blue wings and takes a black feather from it. Where did he get it? It doesn't look like one of his feathers. It looks more like one of my feathers.

He stretches the black feather out to me and says: "You lost this feather when you escaped from the window." I carefully take the feather from his trembling hands. I look closely at the feather. It's really mine. And he kept it the whole time? "Why did you pick up the feather?", I ask him confused.

"It's your quill, so I wanted to give it back to you.", he replies. Why give it back when it fell out? Somehow I'm a little less scared of him

because if he were angry he wouldn't do it would he? Should I give him the feather back? I hold the feather back to him and say: "If you want it back, you're welcome to have it."

"Thank you!", he says and carefully takes my feather from me and puts it back into his wings. Only now do I notice that his feathers are very messed up and also look very old, except for my feather. "It's probably the only part of me that's still young.", he says. I sit down on one of Soviet's legs, as it gives me a better view of America while still keeping a good distance from him.

America also explains what he did to me about two weeks ago: "So Reich you flew another kilometer or two before you crashed. We took you straight to the nearest hospital where some good doctors were taking care of you. They pumped out what didn't belong in your body right away and did a few more surgeries that I, as a non physician, can't explain.

We then put you in a hospital room, but since I knew you'd be fine, I made sure you weren't hooked up to any equipment. When you woke up, you freaked out and flapped around the room before escaping through the window.

The whole room was a mess, but at least you're okay." "Sorry I freaked out there. I was just afraid you guys would hurt me.", I apologize. "It's okay Reich, I totally understand you. I probably would have done the same thing a few years ago.", America said.

"Sorry for being late!", shouts someone entering. He almost looks like America. He looks about 17 or 18 years old. Deutschland hugs the boy. "Nice to see you've come Republic of America! How are you?", my brother asks him. "Good! I just uploaded a new video quickly.", comes from the boy.

I don't understand what's going on. "How many views did yesterday's video have?", asks America. The boy replies: "It has over 100K views." "Good to hear!", comes from America, who also hugs the boy. Republic of America is about to go to Russia when he sees me.

He looks at me in fascination and also looks at me a little as if he

doesn't believe when he sees here. "Third Reich?", he whispers. I nod briefly. I'm kind of nervous again. "Incredible!", comes enthusiastically from the boy, "You saved so many humans!"

"What nonsense is this, he took the lives of millions of people.", America scolds him in a funny tone. From the boy comes: "Dad stop it!" "You got me!", comes from America. I don't really understand the situation right now. The boy sits next to his father. The two on chairs that Russia brought them. For the rest of the evening I realized that America really isn't as malevolent as I first thought.

- 1213 words

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- Translation: 6/3/2023

Chapter 50

Third Reich's vision in his dream:

Dream 1

I sit on my sofa and take a few sips of my tea. I hear heavy footsteps moving towards me. I look up and see Soviet Union just walked into my living room. I really don't want to see him right now. What he did yesterday was really awkward and embarrassing, but then again I felt as happy as nothing else feels.

He slowly sits down next to me as I slide away from him. "I'm really sorry I kissed you yesterday Third Reich.", he apologizes to me. I get up and lean a little towards his face while having my hands behind my back and scold him for it:

"You think one small decision could fix the fact that you kissed me? What's so wrong with you that you think you can kiss me the Greater German Empire like that? First of all, I thought you were a men and men kiss women and no other men!

If you gay asshole dare to kiss me again, I'll kill you with my bare hands!" USSR looks down at his lap as I scold him, but after the last sentence he looks up at me. I glare, assuming he understands he can't do this to me. Soviet Unions puts his right hand on my left cheek. What's he up to?

He pulls my face towards him and puts his lips on mine again. Joy and happiness flows through my whole body. After a short while he releases his lips from mine and tilts his head back and cranes his neck toward me.

"You want to kill me with your bare hands, if I kiss you just once, I'd rather kiss you now. Because it feels incredibly good to me, but it also means losing my life, which I'd rather than until to suffer to infinity as I want to feel your indescribable lips but can't.", he whispers. After a

moment's hesitation, I grab his neck and try to squeeze, but I can't.

I have my hands on his neck and I feel his sensitive, warm and soft skin on my hands. I try to bring myself to at least hurt him briefly so that he learns something from it, but I can't. What is wrong with me? Why am I getting so weak?

Soviet Union looks at me. I then press my head into his chest. I can feel myself starting to cry. "Everything is fine Reich. I'm with you.", I hear Soviet say: "Besides, I think you forgot that you kissed me back yesterday."

Dream 2

"Do you remember where we kissed for the first time a year ago?", I ask Soviet, who is sitting across from me and looks at me lovingly. Soviet replies: "Of course I remember. It was a beautiful warm summer day and the second day of my visit.

The perfect day for an ice cream. But when we got the ice cream, I couldn't stop looking at this beauty in front of me and seeing with every look that he was worth a kiss." "And then you kissed me and I kissed you. Believe me Soviet, it's a memory I'll never forget.", I say.

Dream 3

I sit on the sofa and my daughter sits on my lap. My son sits next to me and snuggles up to me as I wrap my wing around him. My father sits next to my son and gently takes him to sit on his lap. Soviet sits next to me and smiles lovingly at me. My little brother Weimar sits next to dad and my son.

I see a newspaper article on the table with my other brother Deutschland, who continues to fight against the system with words and is again on the run from my men. Could he just put aside all the fighting against the system and come and see me? The whole family knows the system is fake, but what more can we do than fake orders?

Soviet Union's view:

I'm lying in bed with Reich next to me. He is still sleeping. Today we will be driving to Russia's home as the doctors have confirmed that he is well enough to come out from the hospital. I can feel him snuggling up against me. From his slight movements, I feel his breathing on my neck.

I can tell from his breathing that he's not asleep. He probably didn't notice that I'm already awake. "I want to go home.", he whispers. I think he's homesick again. Unfortunately, he will never be able to go back. All he has left is his brother, whom he only knew as a child and his daughter, who has lost her mind.

I can't count myself as I wasn't a part of his friends at the time and I'm not a part of his family. I hear Reich sniffling, like he's about to start crying or trying to hold back. I stroke his back. He flinches, but then buries his face in my chest. "I'm here for you.", I whisper to him.

"I know that you are there for me Soviet.", comes from Reich. I tell him: "Believe me, I'd like to do something so that you can see them again, but I can't." "I know that too.", he says, "Soviet?" "Yes?", I ask. He asks me: "What if someone's body tingles whenever someone you love is around?

If you generally enjoy every touch from those? You like to kiss that person and always want to stay close to them? You want to give them something you don't have and make sure they're happy and have everything?"

"It's kind of how I feel about you, just that I have inside me that you deserve someone better than me, because I can't give you what you deserve, because I can't give you security, freedom, and the love you need you deserve.", I reply.

He says: "You give me security with your closeness, we will still be able to regulate the freedom and I can clearly feel how much love you give me." "Did you ask because you feel that way?", I ask Reich. "To be honest, yes.", he answers me. I slide further down off the bed so we're eye level before I see his eyes and ask:

"Reich you are the most important thing in my whole life. You brighten up for me, even the darkest day. You give my life the value that was once missing. Your closeness gives me the strength to see the light and the colors that are without Feeling hidden You give me the love to be able to see everything with my heart.

I'll do anything to have you with me and I'll do everything in my power to make you happy for the rest of your life. Reich I love you with all my heart and I will be faithful to you until the end of our days. Please give me a second chance as your lover who will do anything, really anything for you.

Please Reich give me one last chance." Reich smiles lovingly at me and he doesn't think twice before replying: "Soviet, your words move my heart and I am more than sure that I can trust you.

You try over and over again to tell me how much you love me, but every time it seems to me that you can't find the right words and that's the proof that I'm so precious to you that you can't find the right existing word. I'm going to give you a second chance and I already feel that it's the right decision, even if I'm still a little unsure on one hand."

- 1262 words

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- Translation: 6/4/2023

Chapter 51⚠French Kiss⚠

Third Reich's view:

"Thank you Reich! Thank you very much for the second chance!", Soviet shouts before he puts his arms around me and kisses me lovingly on my lips. I place my hands on his warm cheeks as I close my eyes, sinking deeper into the moment as I let the emotions rage within me.

Remembering yesterday's kiss, I move my lips like he did earlier. He doesn't hesitate and opens his mouth quite quickly and I lightly brush his lips and lower teeth with my tongue before touching his tongue. Soviet puts his arms around my neck.

He brushes the underside of my tongue lightly, allowing me to circle his and hear soft noises from him. I stroke and circle his tongue over and over again until I have to pull away from him or I'll run out of breath. I keep my mouth open as I gasp for air.

I look down at Soviet and see a thread of saliva connecting us. He looks up at me lovingly and gently kisses my upper lip. I then kiss his lips briefly before kissing his cheek and resting my head on his chest while lying with my back on him.

He strokes my upper body and stomach while being very careful about my wound. At some point he puts his hands under my top and runs over one side of my chest where the bandage is and over my stomach. These tender touches feel more than wonderful.

My whole body tingles, especially my head. I'm even getting goosebumps from it. I hum a little to show with these noises how good it is feeling. His movements become more and more tender and I stretch my head up and gently kiss his neck.

After a short time someone comes in to bring me food and as soon as I hear the door I freeze for a moment and pretend that I'm asleep and Soviet immediately understands what he has to do. He puts his

hands on my stomach and tilts his head to the side. I'm sure he's also pretending to be asleep.

After whoever brought the food disappears, Soviet sits up and kisses me before looking at our food. We cuddle and kiss after we've eaten for half an hour until Russia comes to pick us up. We are taken in a limousine to some sort of mansion, which is larger than Soviet's mansion, but his mansion is much cozier looking.

There are many doors and again three floors. Soviet walks around as if he already knows everything. "Shall we show you our room?", he asks me. "Yes, please!", I reply relatively quickly. He leads me upstairs and shows me the way to our room on the second floor.

As I enter the room I see a king size bed made of dark wood topped with a white blanket that has a pattern of flowers on it, with two matching pillows. Next to the bed are bedside tables with lamps, whose shades match the ceiling lamp. In one corner are two large closets and next to them a chest of drawers, both painted dark brown.

In the one wall across from me is a large window that is to the left of the bed and has a red curtain. On the left wall is a table with two chairs and a cupboard with a few drawers and another chest of drawers. I look at the wooden floor and the wooden ceiling with a lamp that has a shade with bright colors. I can also see a strange thing behind the bed.

"Do you like the room?", I hear from Soviet. "It looks nice!", I say, whereupon I immediately lie down on the bed. It's quite big and very bouncy. I look up at the ceiling while trying to get used to the smell of the room. The temperature is snuggly warm right now.

I close my eyes and relax on the bed, but moments later I'm pushed into the bed and see Soviet above me, giving me a kiss. I push him off me and to the side so that I'm on top of him and pushing him into the bed. He doesn't even try to fight back, just lets me do whatever I want while he goes along with it.

I was expecting there to be a bit of a fight over who was on top, but he's not even trying to get control. When I get tired of kissing, I

start tickling him. He immediately bursts out laughing while trying to grab one of my ticklish spots, which I always fend off.

At some point he gives up and begs, laughing out loud: "Reich please stop! Please, I can't take it anymore." I stop at that and giggle in delight before I feel two hands under my armpits and he starts moving his fingers in such a way that I start laughing too because it's so tickling. Shortly thereafter I catch his ticklish spots from which he stops tickling me and gives in again: "You've won Reich!"

I stop tickling him and lie down on top of him. I look at him triumphantly, whereupon he kisses me and then snuggles his face on my cheek. "Hey! Lovebirds, how about we plan something for the day?", comes from Russia, who is at the door. I stutter out: "I-I...um...y-yes, of course."

I get kissed on the cheek again by Soviet. I think I'm blushing again. We crawl out of bed and get up. When we get to Russia, he and Soviet go ahead. As I do, I hear Russia whisper to him: "Don't worry, all the rooms are very good at blocking sound." Soviet then looks away a little, as if he were uncomfortable.

I have a hunch as to why Russia said that, but I honestly don't like the idea. It won't come to that and I don't want it to ever come to that. I like Soviet very much, but never in the world will something like that happen! Never! We go down to Deutschland sitting in a kind of living room with a glass of water.

- 1012 words

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- Translation: 6/4/2023

Chapter 52

Third Reich's view:

We sit down with my brother. "Well I had the idea that we could do something together as some of us don't know each other very well and we're kind of like one big family.", he suggests. "Sounds good.", I think. Russia says: "If father is still in favor, then we can start planning something." I look at Soviet and he looks a little thoughtful.

Why is he thinking so much? It's a nice idea. He looks at me briefly before saying: "I'm in too." He doesn't sound that enthusiastic. What's wrong with him? "Well, I had the idea that we would go to the bathing area together and sing, play music and dance in the evening.", my little brother suggests.

I answer enthusiastically: "I am for it and you Soviet?" I look at his face and he replies with a slight smile: "Yes, sounds good." "When are we going swimming?", I ask. "I was thinking in two hours or so, because we have to take care of your injuries first so that they don't get in your way and we also have to get you swimming trunks.", replies Deutschland.

Russia says: "We can do it quickly now, because then we can prepare and maybe everyone can have a little more time for themselves." Then he gets up, then me and my brother follow while Soviet takes a little longer. Russia takes Deutschland by the hand and goes ahead, followed by me and Soviet.

We go together to one of the countless rooms. There are some clothes in the room. We keep going until we get to the pants. I see swimwear in different colors and we choose one that fits and suits us. I have a blue and black one while Soviet one is yellow, orange and red and looks like a sunset.

My little brother helps me find something so the wound won't burn in the water and I can still move a lot, while Russia finds something

for my wings as they are hard to dry. I also get a pair of weird goggles that are supposed to keep the water out of my eyes and allow me to see underwater.

I'm so excited to go swimming. We are back in the room and I look at myself with the so called 'diving goggles' in the mirror, which is in a closet door, when you open it. I see Soviet coming towards me from behind. He wraps his arms around me, rests his head on my right shoulder and snuggles into me.

I'm also starting to snuggle up to him. He carefully pulls me towards him, also in such a way that I turn my body towards him. Soviet pulls me backwards with him, then he falls on his back on the bed and I lie on top of him. He wrapped his arms around my back.

Then he kisses me lightly on my lips. I kiss him too. He says as he begins to stroke my cheek with his hand: "I love you Reich~" "I love you too Soviet~", I tell him back before kissing him. What I said feels right. I snuggle up to him after the kiss. We cuddle for a while until Russia invites us to go swimming.

As soon as we're through the door to the bathroom, I see a map of the facility. There are slides, there is a pool that goes around in circles, there is a pool for swimmers, there is a swimming pool with a bar, there is a pool for jumping into the water, there is one that is round and there is one that I don't understand from the map.

I go with Russia and Soviet goes next to me. We're at the slides. I'm not sure if this is a good start. The water is guaranteed to be cold and I'm the type of person who doesn't jump in right away. "You can slide down any slide you want.", Russia says before he slides down a slide.

I see Soviet going further up and follow him. The slide he's trying to slide has weird big tires on the side. He takes it and lies down in it. I'm about to take one, but Soviet says: "You can come with me too, there can be two of us on one."

I then go to him and he shows me that I have to lie on him and there are handles on the side. I lie down and hold on before Soviet pushes the tire so we can get into the tube. Then he holds on tight

again and we drive through the tube. The tube is colorful and the roof is always removed from the tube and there is a mirror above us from which we can see the whole system.

It's really impressive and really beautiful. The ride is fast but also very relaxing. When we get down there is a fountain of water that gives me some of the cold water that makes me wince. Soviet chuckles at this before saying:

"Reich, we have to get into the water anyway, otherwise we won't be able to move a lot." I hesitate a bit, but then climb off the tire and into the freezing water. It is so cold! Shortly afterwards I feel warm arms around me. "I don't want you to freeze to death.", says Soviet and presses against me, which makes me warmer again until a water fountain comes over us both.

"Sorry!", Russia said, who was responsible for the water. Soviet immediately swims after him and threatens: "If I get you!" I'm getting cold again now that Soviet is gone and come out of the water before picking up the tire that's drifted closer to shore and letting it roll in front of me.

I push it up the stairs and put it with the others before going back and sliding down a smaller slide. At the bottom I end up in cold water again, but I'm slowly getting used to it.

Maybe the swimmer's pool could do more to keep me warm from exercise or I could go scuba diving with my goggles on. I go from the pool to the swimmers pool where my little brother is. I go to his pool, which is as cold as the other pool.

- 1045 words

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Chapter 53

Third Reich's view:

"Why aren't you with Soviet?", asks my brother. "I'm not a big fan of slides and I'm cold so I have to move.", I reply. Germany says: "I thought you wanted to talk to me." "That's why I'm here too. You're still my brother, but I still know you the least of the whole family.", I tell him.

"Ask me anything you want.", comes from him. We swim side by side along the track. I ask him: "How did you get to know Russia?" "I was in a restaurant in disguise and then I saw a young countryhuman a few tables away who looked really nice.

Somehow I couldn't look away from him. Eventually I paid and walked out of the restaurant but shortly after he came out which I didn't notice. It was raining outside at the time.

I was stumbling through the rain and at one point I just felt like I could take the hood off and while I was taking it off the rain stopped for me and I looked up at the sky but all I saw was an umbrella. I saw Russia with it and immediately put on the hood because I was afraid he would hurt me.

I then wanted to run away from him, but he took me lightly by the sleeve of my jacket. I was just waiting for him to hurt me, but he only asked me what my name was. I was very confused and told him what my name was, then he said that I had a beautiful name and introduced himself.

He then wanted to take me home, but when I told him that I currently lived in an alley, he invited me to his house. He was the first countryhuman to take me in, although I went into hiding for a while after that and was afraid that he'd changed because he got a country.

But then I realized that he changed, but for the better. Then it

happened that I was allowed to live with him and I fell in love with him.", he tells me. "It sounds really nice.", I think. "It was, but now I think it's even better, because i am dating him and i want to ask him in a few days if he wants to be my fiancé.

I don't dare to get married yet because we're going to get a lot of criticism and I can't take it at the moment.", he informs me. It's really nice to hear that he wants to make Russia his fiancé. "I can understand well and I'm very happy for you.", shortly afterwards I remember another question, "Where were you taken as a child?"

"I was taken to a nice and hard working family in the country and I stayed there until I heard that Papa lost in the war. I then went to Munich and tried to find out what was going on with the rest of my real family, but it was very difficult.

I then saw with my own eyes how the left-wing parties always tried to find a sore point. They seemed to me like vampires sucking the blood of their victims. I've also met a few partyhumans and statehumans. I remember NSDAP best because she wasn't nice to me at all and she always wanted to make sure I wasn't on the public news.

She was really oddly special since her arguments were unprovable, just like those of today's ordinary politicians. She was also interested in you and tried again and again to make it clear to you, but you weren't interested and didn't know anything about it.", says Germany. "Was she in love with me?", I ask.

He replies: "I think so. In fact, I think she's still in love with you to this day, but I haven't heard from her in a few years." "Why weren't you ever with our family?", I ask, because my dream comes back to me. My little brother answers:

"I wanted to visit you, but I was never allowed to see you and from the age of 36 I was even chased. I really missed you, because you are my family to this day. After most of the family I grew up with died, I had no family until Russia came into my life."

"You've had a really busy life up until now.", I state. He says: "I know, but I'm also kind of happy because I might never have

become what I am today b-" "I AM NOT!!!", I hear Soviet yell. "Ow!", I hear from Russia. As I look, I see Soviet stomp furiously and Russia come to us.

Russia comes to us in the water and Germany is with him so fast that I'm confused as to how he could be so fast. "What's going on Russia?", Germany asks him worriedly while he gently holds Russia's right hand with his hands and puts it on his cheek.

"I saw how jealous he looked at you and asked him about it, which he didn't particularly like.", he replies and briefly kisses Germany's cheek. I would like to know from Soviet what was going on, because why should he be jealous? I get out of the pool and walk in the direction he went.

I find him in the round pool that is bubbling. I climb in carefully. It's not as deep as the other two, the water is up to my ribs and it's pretty hot compared to the previous ones. I go to him through the moving water. He seems very lost in his thoughts. I sit next to him as there is some kind of bench there. The bubbling tickles me.

"Soviet what happened?", I ask him. He replies: "He just got on my nerves." "He said you looked jealous.", I tell him. Soviet replies: "I just want to spend as much time with you as I can." "Soviet, I haven't seen Germany for over a hundred years.

I just want to spend some time with him. You and I are still going to be spending a lot of time together.", I inform him, stepping closer to him and snuggling into his chest as he wraps his arms around me. I continue: "I want to meet other countryhumans too.

I won't run away from you because my heart says I love you. I will be loyal to you and but I don't want you to get jealous just because I want to catch up on what my rebellious little brother has been up to for the past century and I want to meet your son too." He pulls me onto his lap and I snuggle with him.

- 1103 words

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- Translation: 6/7/2023

Chapter 54

Third Reich's view:

The rest of the time we swam together we talked a lot about family. Then Soviet and I rest a bit in the steam bath before we shower and change and then go back to our room. There Soviet lies down on our bed while I lie on top of him, snuggle up against his chest and get tired again. "Reich don't fall asleep!

Dinner will be ready in an hour.", Soviet reminds me. "Please let me sleep for the hour.", I beg him, "I really need some sleep." He strokes my cheek with his hand and says:"Fine, but I can't guarantee that I'll actually wake you up when you're to cute." "Thanks!", I whisper, slowly trying to fall asleep again.

Third Reich's vision in his dream:

Dream 1

I sit on the railing of my terrace and take a stone in my hand, some of which I have previously collected along the way, so that I can use them to get rid of my anger at Soviet. I throw the stone as far away from me as I can. "Dieser Arsch! (That ass!)", I scold. I hear footsteps behind me.

"Was willst du? (What do you want?)", I ask. The one behind me replies: "Ich wollte herausfinden warum du Steine durch die Luft fliegen lässt, anstatt mit ihm darüber zu reden. (I wanted to find out why you're throwing rocks through the air instead of talking to him about it.)" I make it clear to my country leader: "Ich werde garantiert nicht mit diesem Arsch reden! Ich will ihn nie wieder sehen und wenn doch, reiße ich sein Herz mit meinen bloßen Händen heraus! (I'm definitely not going to talk to that asshole! I never want to see him again and if I do, I'll rip his heart out with my bare hands!)"

He leans his arms on the railing next to me and says: "Reich wir beide wissen, dass du das nicht machen würdest. Ich kann gut verstehen, dass

du wütend bist, aber wenn ihr wütend aufeinander bleibt, werdet ihr beide darunter leiden.

Ich weiß, dass du ihn immer noch liebst und du ihm daher am liebsten in die Arme springen würdest, daher könntest du versuchen die ganze ungesunde Wut hinter dir lassen und mit Hoffnung und Liebe zu ihm zu fliegen. Bitte versuche es zu mindestens einmal, denn ich kann dich nicht so sehen. Du bist der Einzige zudem ich Vertrauen habe und ich will, dass du dein 'glücklich bis ans Ende eurer Tage' hast, weil du es verdienst.

(*Reich we both know you wouldn't do that. I can understand your being angry, but if you stay angry with each other you'll both suffer.*

I know that you still love him and that's why you want to jump into his arms, so you could try to put all the unhealthy anger behind you and fly to him with hope and love. Please try at least once cause I can't see you like this. You're the only one I trust and I want you to have your 'happily ever after' because you deserve it.)" This makes me more sad than angry.

I doubt it: "Was ist, aber wenn mein Schicksal kein 'glücklich bis ans Ende unserer Tage' ist? Was ist wenn er mich nicht mehr liebt und e- (But what if my destiny isn't happily ever after? What if he doesn't love me anymore and h-)"

"Wenn er dich nicht mehr Liebt, dann ist es keine wahre Liebe, denn wahre Liebe hält für immer und sie kann niemals zerstört werden. Und du brauchst dir keine Gedanken über das Schicksal zu machen, denn du bist immer noch derjenige, der entscheidet. (If he doesn't love you anymore, then it's not true love, because true love lasts forever and it can never be destroyed. And you don't have to worry about fate because you're still the one who decides.)", he interrupts me,

"Flieg zu ihm, konfrontiere ihn und vertragt euch wieder. (Fly to him, confront him and make up.)" "Glaubst du wirklich? (Do you really think so?)", I ask uncertainly, because I'm not entirely sure about the idea of flying to Soviet. "Ja, wenn du ihn liebst, dann fliege zu ihm. Liebe ist es wert dafür zu kämpfen und das weißt du. (Yes, if you love him, fly to him. Love is worth fighting for and you know it.)", he replies. "Du hast vollkommen recht! Ich mache mich sofort auf den Weg!

Ich brauche ihn! (You're absolutely right! I'll be on my way immediately! I need him!)", I agree and go off the railing into my house to take keys, food, drink, sound, jacket, maps, compass and the piece of paper Soviet left me. Then I go outside again and asked Adolf: "Macht es nichts, wenn ich vermutlich für einige Tage bei Sowjet bleibe? (Doesn't it matter if I probably stay with the Soviet for a few days?)"

"Ich lasse mir schon eine Ausrede einfallen, mache dir keine Sorgen Reich. Fliege zu deinem Sowjet und sei wieder glücklich. (I'll think of an excuse, don't worry Reich. Fly to your Soviet and be happy again.)", he replies. I say thank you: "Danke! Du bist ein echt guter Freund! (Thank you! You are a really good friend!)" "Reich flieg jetzt los oder willst du dich noch die ganze Nacht bei mir bedanken? (Reich fly off now or do you want to thank me all night?)", he says. Because it often happens that I deliver an entire speech out of nothing.

"Gute Idee! (Good idea!)", I tell him before I say, "Bis bald! (See you soon!)" I can still hear him calling: "Guten Flug! Ich wünsche dir viel Glück! (Have a good flight! I wish you the best of luck!)" I fly to Soviet's house with everything and I'm so excited to sing or hum songs from my memory as I fly through the night. I'll fix everything and hug him until I run out of strength. Kiss him like there's no tomorrow.

When I arrive at his house I see through the window that he is sleeping. Shouldn't I fly back home and try tomorrow and not in the middle of the night? No, now or never! But what if he doesn't accept my apology? Should I even be the one apologizing?

Me and he both made mistakes and if he doesn't see his, I still want to be with him and love him. I knock on the door and wait before fluttering over to his window and knocking on it until I see him move. Should I really wake him up? Can't the doubts just stop!?

I'm back at the front door and I knock a few more times. Please open the door Soviet. I want to feel you again and hug you to never let you go. The door really does open and Soviet, looking very tired, is standing there. I should have come later. No, Soviet just had bad luck and I'm here now! "Sowjet... es tut mir leid.

Mein Verhalten war nicht akzeptabel und ich entschuldige mich aus tiefsten Herzen. Bitte vergebe mir. (Soviet... I'm sorry. My behavior was

unacceptable and I apologize from the entirety of my heart. Please forgive me.)", I beg him while looking up at him. "Hem! (No!)", I hear from him. Did I just misunderstand? I ask: "Wie bitte? (I'm sorry, could you please repeat that?)" "No! I will not forgive you Third Reich! Daring to come here in the middle of the night was a mistake!

Get out of my country and don't set foot here again!", he orders me, sounding a little uncertain and afraid at the first few words he said. I come closer to him and beg: "Bitte Sowjet! Es tut mir Leid! Mach was du willst... mach alles was du willst mit mir, aber bitte verzeihe mir für meine Fehler. Ich liebe dich und ich kann nicht ohne dich Leben. Mach alles, aber bitte... Bitte vergebe mir. (Please Soviet! I'm sorry! Do what you want... do anything you want with me, but please forgive me for my mistakes. I love you and I can't live without you. Do anything, but please... Please forgive me.)"

"Didn't you hear? Get out!", he yells at me and pushes me away. "Go away, filthy nazi! And don't ever come back here! I hate you and I never want to see you again!", he yells full of anger or maybe even hatred and slams the door. Filthy nazi? So that's what he thinks of me! "Du verdammter Dreckskommunist!

Ich hoffe du wirst in der Hölle schmoren, denn das ist der Ort wo ein Satanist wie du landen wirst! (You fucking filthy communist! I hope you're going to burn in hell because that's where a satanist like you will end up!)", I roar in anger. How could I be so stupid and love someone like him? How could I be so mad at him I still can't believe it and I can't believe what I just said to him.

- 1484 words

- Original: 11/5/2021

- Translation: 6/8/2023

Chapter 55

Third Reich's vision in his dream:

Dream 2

I see Soviet and immediately jump on top of him, wrapping my arms and legs around him. However, he doesn't seem to be prepared for it, which knocks us both down. I immediately start laughing and kissing Soviet over and over again while he hugs me. We are both overjoyed to see each other again.

"You two do know that we didn't even sign the contract?", I hear from Adolf. "Reich and I haven't seen each other in person for a while, so it'll be a few more kisses and then we'll take care of the contract.", Soviet says before I kiss him again. As he predicted, it only takes ten kisses before I get up and help him up.

Then I brush Soviet's suit smooth and dust free again. He does the same thing to me before he kisses me briefly and goes to the doors in the room. I can see next to me that my country leader is a little nervous. Why? The four of us want peace and this contract will ensure that. Soviet opens the door for us to walk through and thank him.

I see a table with four chairs. Two for me and Adolf and two for Soviet and Josef, who is already in his seat. He gets up and comes over to us. Soviet also comes to us, Adolf and Josef greet each other with a handshake, while Soviet and I immediately hug each other.

But in a way that makes it look more friendly than two in love with each other. We secretly kiss each other on the cheek. After our hug, we see our country leaders hug, but with them it is a sign that one trusts the other. After they hugged, Adolf says:

"I am very pleased to be here today." "I'm also very pleased to be here today.", said Soviet's leader with a smile. We go to our chairs. My country leader took the pack and a pen from a suitcase and handed the pact to Soviet, which he read carefully and then translated everything to

Josef.

I shall hand over the pen to Soviet. Soviet waits to see if something isn't right, but he's happy with it. Both sign the contract before handing it over to us. I also scan through everything a hundredth time before I sign.

Adolf also signs and we stand up again and just shake hands, this time everyone shakes hands. Soviet then asks if he can show me the area. We are given permission to step out of the room filled with joy.

I*t's amazing for me that the two get along well, because Adolf and I have our problems with the other country leaders. Soviet and I go somewhere to hide so we can kiss in peace.*

Third Reich's view:

I'm kissed awake by Soviet. I look at his face. The first memory comes to mind. "Soviet?", I ask for his attention. "Yes, Reich?" I tell him: "I remembered that while I was flying over to you in some argument and you pushed me away and-"

I stop talking when I see Soviet's expression and I snuggle up to his cheek. He puts his arms around me. "I'm so sorry Reich...I didn't mean it as badly as you felt...and when you flew away crying I hated myself for it so much. It was an order that I take care of that you won't come to me anymore and... and should b-break your heart.

Also, the war was coming and I didn't want you to get hurt. I know I was very hard on you, but I didn't mean it. I didn't hate you. I love you like nobody else."

I kiss his cheek and it feels wet. I see a tear slide down his cheek. He clenches his face like he's trying to hold back his tears. I sit up before placing my hands on his cheeks and gently kissing his lips. He also puts his hands on my cheeks.

Our hands touch lightly at our pinky fingers and I place my hands on his, he then takes my palm from my cheeks to his and I slide my fingers between his. "The food is ready!", I hear from afar. I slowly

and gently pull my lips away from his before kissing his forehead briefly.

I take my hands back and stand before helping him up and we walk hand in hand to the dining room. We sit next to each other at the dining table. As we wait for Deutschland to put the food in the middle of the table, Soviet puts his hand on my foot. My stomach feels like a party is about to break out.

"Why are you so red?", Russia asks me. "Um... I... Soviet... Um!", I can't get anything out again. "He's always red and I told him something earlier that he didn't quite understand and I think now he got that stupid joke.", Soviet lies. Deutschland sat down with us after he had finished putting the food down.

"This is homemade cauliflower soup.", my brother says. It's been quite a long time since I last had cauliflower soup. Deutschland takes Russia's plate and gives him a portion before Soviet and I get a turn and finally he himself. I take a spoonful and blow on it first because I'm very sensitive to hot food. When it's cool enough, I take a bite and it tastes amazing!

- 901 words

- Original: 11/5/2021

- Translation: 6/9/2023

Chapter 56 ⚠French Kiss⚠ ◍ Violence / Blood ◍

Soviet Union's view:

After dinner Reich and I go back to our room. He sits on our bed before I crawl onto the bed and pick him up before I pull him over and hug him to my chest. He gently strokes my neck and kisses my lips, sliding his hand over my skin to my cheek.

I kiss after the kiss on my lips, then his cheek. He giggles and snuggles against my chest with a big and delighted smile. He looks so cute! I wrap my arms around him and slide them down his shirt so I can get under his shirt and run my hands down his back. I can tell he likes it.

I could go on like this all night if he likes it that much. I feel him caress my chest. I then carefully remove my hands, from which he stops. I carefully take his two wrists and make sure his hands are under my shirt.

I then remove my shirt so I'm more comfortable and it's easier for him to rub my chest without the shirt getting in his way. He strokes my chest and stomach. His hands are still so gentle, moving gracefully over my body. I then go into his top with my hands from above and stroke his back.

I hear the door open and see Deutschland standing there. Can't he just leave me alone with Reich? I want to spend as much time with Reich as I can and I don't want anyone to interfere! "Sorry if I'm bothering you, but I need your help.", he asks.

Reich kisses my cheek again before sitting closer to the edge of the bed and patting next to him for Deutschland to come to him. He sits next to his brother and I come to Reich and wrap my arms around his stomach while resting my head on his shoulder. "What do you

need our help with?", Reich asks him. "You know I want to ask Russia to be my fiancé.

However, starting tomorrow afternoon, he will be away for at least four days. So I want to ask him in at least an hour, but I'm kinda scared and excited and I don't know why. I feel so unprepared even though I have very little to prepare. I have to, so that I can't prepare everything yet, that I can still prepare.", he says.

Reich reassured him: "Little brother, he loves you, so there's no reason for you to be afraid. But I can understand your excitement, because asking someone something like that changes your life. It's normal to be excited and definitely won't influence his decision. No matter how stupid you would be, he'll say 'yes' because he loves you and you love him."

Deutschland then carefully hugs Reich. Reich hugs his brother back. After a short time they release their arms from each other again. "Thanks! And you're right, no matter how stupid I do it, he won't turn me down.", Deutschland agrees with his brother before saying,

"See you then and I hope I can make it now." "Good luck!", Reich shouts before I kiss his cheek. He then kisses my lips and slowly turns to face me before running his hands over my chest again. His tender hands are like those of an angel.

I carefully take off his top and stroke his fluffy and soft feathers, which puff up even more with every movement I make. I lie on my back and have Reich on me. He looks even cuter from down here with his beautiful angelic body.

I wrap my legs around his waist and then immediately kiss him with my tongue while digging my fingers into his layers of feathers and tracing circles with my fingers. I gently circle his tongue to the circular movements of his wings. I also try to have a little tongue fight with him, which he wins.

I just can't be dominant in his presence, his wonderful shape alone makes sure that everything dominant and strong disappears from me. Normally I hate not being the strong one, but with him it feels good.

I kiss his lips over and over again after our French kiss before he snuggles against my cheek and I use my arms and legs to hug him tightly.

We relax for a while before I take him to a room with a TV and I lie down there, Reich snuggles up to me as he lies on top of me and we have a blanket over us. I'm slowly falling asleep from all the warmth and cuddles around me.

Soviet Union's vision in his dream:

I go to my room in my house and see my Reich sitting on my bed with his back to me. The whole room seems a little dark. I tiptoe to him. I carefully crawl across the bed and towards him, but he looks back at me with an unhappy expression on his face.

"You caught me.", I laugh and put my arms around him. He gets up on it and I have to let go of him because of that. I ask him confused: "Is something wrong Reich." He throws a book at me that I catch. "Read it yourself!", he says, sounding aggressive. What's wrong with my Reich?

I turn the book over and read the title of the thick and heavy book. 'The crimes of the USSR in the Second World War and in the post-war period' is the title on it. Reich really read this book?! Reich walks away with his back to me. He can't hate me for it anymore, can he? He loves me and that in the stupid book was decades ago.

I'm afraid, afraid that he will leave me. I put the book down and stand up before walking over to him and hugging his stomach to keep him from walking out the door. "Reich, I can explain.", I tell him, trying not to sound too scared. He rips my hands off me and pushes me backwards.

He's pissed off at me. "The book is the only explanation I need. You lied to me! You killed millions of innocent people and caused my people to be raped by your men. You are a monster and I can't believe I fell for it a second time.

Even our child died back then because of you, because you couldn't protect her. I'm leaving you and I never want to see you again!", he says, filled with anger and hatred. "Reich please-" He interrupts me by yelling: "I hate you and I never want to see you again!" I run to him, but he

closes the door. I try to open it, but it doesn't open.

I try to fight it with all my strength. A darkness falls over everything so that it's just me and this locked door. I start to cry as I keep fighting the locked door. This door just won't budge. Everything already hurts me and the darkness has started to engulf the door.

Everything hurts. Eventually the door is engulfed in darkness leaving only me, but I hear someone groan in pain. I look around and see Reich to my right. I run to my Reich and see that he is not well. I stand behind him. I see a big puddle of blood under him, but he doesn't have a single injury.

Then I walk around him and I see a broken heart in the blood on his chest. I broke his heart. I did this to him. It was me. I kneel before Reich lying in his own blood. I take the broken pieces of his heart and hold them to my heart.

"It... is... all... your... fault!", are Reich's last words before he stops breathing. I killed Reich. I killed my Reich! I hear softly from a direction I can't identify: "I hope you'll burn in hell, because that's where a satanist like you will end up!...I never want to see you again!" The heart crumbles into red dust and flows through my hands into the blood. Everything is taken over by darkness and suddenly I fall down into nothingness.

- 1347 words

- Original: 11/8/2021

- Translation: 6/10/2023

Chapter 57

Soviet Union's view:

I wake up drenched in sweat, panting heavily and crying. My face is completely wet and I feel a warm hand on my cheek. "Soviet what's up?", Reich asks me. Thank god he's alive! I pull him closer to my face and press my face against his warm chest. His heart is beating a little faster than normal.

At least his heart is beating and I haven't broken it or maybe haven't broken it yet. I know I have to tell Reich what I did. He deserves to know, even if he'll hate me for eternity, it's the right thing to do. Maybe if I do it right, he won't hate me quite as much for it and maybe we can be friends again in 100 years.

I snuggle up to his heart. Reich strokes my head tenderly. "I didn't have a nice dream.", I reply to the question he had asked a few seconds earlier. "I already thought so.", comes from him, "It was just a nightmare. It wasn't real."

I hug him as I snuggle my head on his chest where his heart is. He wraps his wings around me. Softly and painfully, Reich says: "Soviet, could you kindly press your head against the other side of my chest? It's really starting to hurt." I immediately take my head away from him.

I completely forgot that Reich was injured there. "I'm so sorry, Reich!", I say loudly and look up at him. "It's okay Soviet. I almost forgot about the injury too.", he says. I'm say: "I hurt you, but I can't just wrap that up.

I'm no better at hurting you than the countryhumans who want to hurt you." I look down again. "You're better than them. Because you don't want to hurt me and you're apologizing to me and they wouldn't do anything like that. Don't bring this unnecessary guilt on yourself because you don't deserve it.

You're too cute to feel guilty about.", Reich says. He's wrong on this one. I deserve to feel guilty. I ruined the lives of so many innocent people, I didn't treat my family well and I have Reich already had his heart broken once.

He gently takes my chin and I have to look up at him to do it. I look into his beautiful eyes before he lightly places his lips on mine. I love his kisses. I close my eyes and feel his warm and soft lips against mine.

After our kiss, I kiss his cheek before hearing the two homeowners return to their property from a walk. I hear both laughter and kisses. I think Russia said 'yes' and now they're happy about that. I hear them stumbling up the stairs.

They seem to be doing really well. Reich starts giggling. "Reich?", I ask him for his attention. I have an idea that might distract me and might please Reich. He then asks me: "Yes? What's the matter Soviet?" "I'd like to show you how good I can play a harp.", I inform him. Reich says: "Isn't the harp something like the rarest and most difficult instrument to play?"

"Yeah, that's why I thought I could play something on that.", I reply. "Is there one around here?", he asks. "Yes, there is almost everything here. At the time, Russia was planning that he would live with all his siblings in a big villa with everything they wanted, but it was more than half done and Russia wanted to tell them, everyone already bought a house.", I tell him.

Reich switches to the previous topic: "I would like to hear you play a harp." I then kiss his cheek and slowly stand up because everything around me is still sweaty, hot and very wet. Reich gets off me and takes the blanket off me, making it easier for me to get up.

Third Reich's view:

I never thought Soviet could play the harp. I can only play the piano and not very well at that. I'm more of a singer if I'm good anywhere in music. Like my country leader, I'm not a fan of dancing. I can dance, but I'm uncomfortable and I'm not exactly

someone who likes a lot of movement, other than flying and going for a walk.

I much prefer listening to music and humming. Soviet gets up and I go next to him. My injury hurts me from before. Soviet, when I asked him to take his head off my chest, acted like it was some kind of crime. Something is going on, otherwise he wouldn't have reacted like this.

Could it be that he's still feeling guilty about what happened before? That was ages ago. It happened and there is nothing he can do about it. I hope he doesn't feel so guilty because of it. I hope it's just a guess. Unfortunately I don't know anything else that I can connect with it.

I run into one of the wooden doors because I'm deep in thought. "Are you alright?", Soviet asks me worriedly, holding me by my shoulder. I start laughing out loud. I actually bumped into a door. How deep could I be in my own thoughts for this?

Soviet joins me in a little laugh too, but it sounds more forced. "I bumped into a door!", I laugh at myself. "I don't really understand you right now. Why are you laughing about bumping into a door?", Soviet asks confused.

I turn to him and he looks more concerned. I then laughingly ask him: "Soviet, how often does it happen that someone isn't careful and runs into a door?" "I can't believe it.", he replies. What's the matter with him? It's funny, isn't it or has humor changed completely over the past eight decades?

"Isn't it funny that I wasn't paying attention and I bumped into a wooden door?", I ask, giggling as my laughter vanishes from Soviet seriousness. "I don't think it's funny Reich. I'm more scared that something happened to you.", he replies. My giggles are gone now and I look to the side a bit because my laughter from just now seems rather awkward.

I glance at Soviet, who also looks away, but looks more thoughtful and guilty. What happened to Soviet? He seems so strange to me today. He gets jealous quickly for no reason, he's a lot more serious

than before and I know from my gut that he's hiding something from me. What's wrong with him?

- 1065 words

- Original: 11/9/2021

- Translation: 6/11/2023

Chapter 58

Third Reich's view:

Soviet looks at the door again and opens it. I go in carefully. Soviet closes the door after he's in the room too. I see some instruments after he turns on the light in the room. Soviet rubs my back briefly before getting two chairs. I sat down in one of the two chairs.

For a while he plays various songs on the harp that I don't know. He's really good at it. I watch him, fascinated, as he gently strokes the strings. I don't think I could do something like that. Eventually Russia comes to us with a few hickeys on his neck. "I don't want to disturb you both, but the hall is already prepared.

Dad maybe you could play the harp there.", he says. Soviet says: "If you haven't already had so much fun that there's only three of us, then I'll bring the harp into the hall." Russia blushes and clarifies : "T-That hasn't happened before. We just kissed." "I can tell by the hickeys on your neck.

Admit that they weren't just simple kisses.", Soviet demands of his son. Russia puts his hand on his neck and opens his mouth to say something, but he can't get anything out and says: "See you soon." Then he disappears again and Soviet giggles a bit. Then I help him transport the big harp.

There is also a piano, violin and guitar in the hall. We put down the harp. I go to the piano. Maybe I could try playing it. I sit down on the stool and look at the smooth and black wood. I rest my fingers on the smooth keys. The piano is as good as new. I press the keys down and let the notes come out of the piano.

I play a love song on it that's just buzzing around in my head again. I whisper the verses, but I sing louder and louder the longer I play. At some point I sing and play my soul out of my body. I'm starting to cry as well while playing the last notes.

I hear applause and turn to Soviet, his son and my brother. Soviet Union comes up to me and kisses my mouth before saying: "That was the best music I've ever heard." He sits next to me and hugs me. Deutschland and Russia come to us.

It would be nice if we could all play together, but everyone lives in very different times. I snuggle up to Soviet and get another kiss on my cheek. "Papa is right, you were incredible.", says Russia, who is holding Deutschland's hand. Each of the two has a silver ring on their ring finger. Nice to see they're engaged.

Deutschland also agrees: "I'm lucky to have a brother who can sing with so much heart and play the piano." "If you keep being so nice, I'll get embarrassed.", I say, giggling. Soviet hugs me even tighter and says: "I'd like to see you blush if you are embarrassed."

He kisses me gently on my cheek again. I snuggle up to his cheek. Russia lets go of my little brother and gets the violin. He sits down and starts playing a song. Deutschland picks up the guitar and sits down. Soviet lets go of me, gets up and walks in front of me.

He bows slightly and extends his hand to me before asking, "May I ask you to do this dance?" I take his hand and stand up and say: "With pleasure!" Wait a minute, why do I feel like this? I am usually someone who is extremely reluctant to dance. I dance for Soviet because I want him to have a nice evening.

We go to the middle of the big room and I start dancing. Soviet is a much more agile and elegant dancer than me. We don't dance a uniform dance, but different dances that fit the part of the melody.

When the music stops I hug him and place my lips on his while he has one hand on my cheek and his other hand around me. After the kiss I snuggle up to him. He wraps his arms around me and puts his head around mine like he's protecting me. I also wrap my wings around him.

The evening passes and a few hours later we all go to bed very exhausted. Soviet is in bed and I crawl over to him and put my head on his shoulder. He put his arm around my stomach and I feel his deep breaths on my head.

I slowly move to his lips, kiss him and wish: "Sleep well and have a nice dream." "Remember something nice and have a good night's sleep.", he wishes. I fall asleep relatively quickly.

Third Reich's vision in his dream:

I sit at the same table as Great Britain. We stare at each other while neither makes a sound. He doesn't even blink. "Britain, you know why I'm here.", I break the silence. "I told you before I won't think about it again. I want war! Go back home if you're just here so I can tell Poland to stop provoking you. You're going to declare war on him! Whether you want it or not.", he says. I make it clear to him: "I will not fight Poland's innocent people!

Poland and its politicians deserve to be punished, but not the innocent people in their country." "Don't you want to save your own people from Poland or make sure that East Prussia gets everything the people there need.", he asks. I partly agree: "Yes, but not by force. Violence is not a solution! Violence only creates needless victims."

Soviet Union's vision in his dream:

I'm at my wedding. When I want to go to the altar, he is not there. I don't understand. We've waited for this moment for years and now he isn't there? Certainly not. I send people to look for him and look for him myself, but I can't find him. Did Reich really let me stand in front of the altar? Why would he do such a thing?

We've been preparing for this day for ages. I love Reich and Reich loves me don't he? We've been through so much together and then he lets me stand in front of the altar. There's definitely a good reason. Maybe he got sick or missed the time. I'll check on him at home.

I walk my way home. I slowly enter my house. "Honey? Reich are you here?", I call and go into the living room. He is in front of the window. What is he doing here? I walk over to him and put my head on his shoulder. I snuggle up to him and put my arms around him. "Reich why

aren't you at our wedding?

Did you miss the time or do you have something on your mind?", I ask worried. He doesn't move. I look at the expression on his face. He looks out the window a little irritably. I kiss his neck, maybe that will get him a little down from whatever is going on with him, he asks, "Why should I marry you?"

I giggle: "Maybe because we love each other? Why else? I want to be with you forever and you want that too, don't you?" He looks at me with an ice cold look. I get chills down my spine. What's the matter with him? He is always so loving and caring. Now he just seems withdrawn and cold.

Did I do something wrong? "Why should I love you? What should I love you for?", he asks coldly. "W-What do you mean by that?", I ask. He turns to me and immediately I feel myself getting smaller. "Do you think I would love you? You are a criminal who ruined the lives of millions of innocent people!

If you want someone to love you, go to a criminal like Britain, you would get along with him. I will go back to my country because my future wife is waiting for me there.", he says and turns you towards the door. What did he just say? I can't believe it.

"Please Reich give me a chance! I love you! I can't change the past, but I know that I want to spend my future with you. I love you! Please give me another chance! You can do anything with me have what you want! Money, kids, whatever you want, just please stay with me.", I offer him. He says: "I'm not interested in any of this.

What I want is love, but someone like you doesn't understand that." He's right, I don't understand love. I love him, but the truth is he doesn't deserve me. He deserves someone much better. I sit on the floor and hang my head. He walks out the door. Now I'm all alone in my ancient run down house like I deserve.

- 1475 words

- Original: 11/10/2021

- Translation: 6/12/2023

Chapter 59 ⚠French Kiss⚠

Third Reich's view:

Slowly I feel the warmth around me more clearly again. I slowly move my hand and feel that nobody is lying with me. I can still feel the mattress moving underneath me. I open one eye and look up at Soviet, who walks away from the bed and opens the door for the balcony.

I roll over to the warmest part of the bed and try to wake up. When I feel awake enough, I get up and open my eyes. It's the middle of the night. Why does he wake up in the middle of the night? I get up and go to the balcony door. I see Soviet outside. I slowly open the door. Startled, Soviet turns to me.

After realizing it's just me, he looks a little to the side. What's the matter with him? "Why are you still awake at such a time?", I ask. Soviet tells me: "I had a nightmare again." I close the door and walk to his left. "What's on your mind that makes you have two nightmares in one day?", I ask.

Like him, I lean on the railing for support, but my back is against it while he stands with his chest pointing to the railing. He replies: "Nothing, neither of the two dreams have anything to do with each other." "I never said they had to have anything to do with each other.", I make clear. Soviet Union turns his head away from me again.

I put my left hand on his. I ask him: "Soviet please tell me what's going on. I know you're hiding something from me. I want to know what's going on so I can help you. I love you and I want you to be honest with me." "I can't tell you yet, Reich. I'm not ready. I'm not ready to lose you again.", he whispers.

"Soviet, you won't lose me. I'll stay with you.", I tell him encouragingly as I put my hand on his heart. He looks at me and I

smile at him. "I can't tell you right now because I'm scared and unprepared, but I promise I'll tell you as soon as I can.", he promises me.

I say: "That's good enough for me." I kiss his cheek gently and he smiles lovingly at me. "Shall we try to sleep again or do you need some alone time?", I ask. "I've been alone for far too long.", he says as he turns his body to face me. I open the door for him and we both go back inside.

After he closed the door again, I sat down on the bed. He comes to me and says: "Unfortunately, I'm too heavy to sit on your lap." I stand up from it and say: "But I'm not too heavy for you." He sits down and I sit on his lap before we snuggle and cuddle and kiss over and over again.

At some point I'll get incredibly tired again. Soviet kisses my neck, which tickles me. Feeling his tender lips lightly on such a sensitive place as my neck is something special. Something in me already wants more, but it's enough because I'm too tired to find out what the next level would be.

I yawn, gaping my mouth wide, then Soviet places his lips on mine. That reminds me of our tongue fight. I try to do it with Soviet and win relatively quickly, then I explore his mouth again. I stroke the skin of his chest during our French kiss.

He makes little noises that sound kinda cute. He detaches his mouth from mine and gasps, from the lack of air. I lick my lips and get a little idea. I pull up Soviet's top a little and slip into the top as well.

Luckily it's big enough for both of us. I then kiss his neck and at one point he gasps. He looks at me, blushing and I chuckle before kissing him again until I get too tired and rest my head on his chest. He takes off the top and wraps an arm around me before taking me onto the bed and under the covers with him.

Third Reich's vision in his dream:

Dream 1

I'm being held tight by Soviet. "And how is my darling?", he asks before kissing my cheek. I answer: "Good and you?" "More than good!", he replies. "Reich, could you concentrate for once. You have the whole day to ask yourself thousands of questions. Because if you're not careful, I'll win.", says Adolf.

"Do you really think you could win against me, the master of Mensch ärgere dich nicht? I can already tell you that with concentration and without it, I will win against you.", I am convinced. He says: "We'll find out. All you need is a six and I need a four."

He rolls the dice and gets a three. Then it's my turn. I grab the dice and offer the hand with the dice to Soviet. I ask Soviet: "Would you please lend me your luck?" He kisses my hand and says: "There you are!" "Thank you so much Soviet!", I say thank him. My country leader asks: "Can you guys stop this?

Because it's not going to change the game and I'm already impatient." "You're always impatient. We'll see in a moment if my Soviet gives me the luck to win against you!", I say and throw a six. "I won with that!", I make clear.

"What? How?!", asks Adolf, confused. He watches with a big shocked expression while I move the wooden figure. Soviet and I start laughing while he keeps his eyes on the field.

Dream 2

I sat down with my two children. They both lay their heads on my lap while I read them a story. Both have almost fallen asleep, whereupon I stop reading and carefully lift GDR into his bed and put his blanket over him. I lift FRG and carry her to her bed. I still kiss both on the forehead and wish them a good night.

When I come out of the room, I am hugged and kissed on the lips. "You're so good with children.", says Soviet. "But you're good at too.", I think. Soviet replies: "Wouldn't it be nice if we... well... if we had another child?" "What do you mean?", I ask him.

Soviet kind of tries to say it: "I mean we both... we both could try... you know." He blushes. I answer him: "I know what you mean and I would love to try~"

- 1080 words

- Original: 11/11/2021

- Translation: 6/12/2023

Chapter 60

Soviet Union's view:

I wake up again the next morning. I see my sleeping Reich upon me. He looks so calm and peaceful. It's already day. I was able to sleep without a nightmare this time. Today I finally have to tell Reich what's going on. I love him and he deserves to know what's going on. Should I really tell him? Going on living by not telling him will continue to torment me and make me feel bad.

I can't go on living like this. I love Reich and if he knows everything about me and that doesn't make him love me anymore, then... he can find someone better than me. I will then drink myself comfortably to my death. Reich moves a little. He's so cute! How can he be so cute? I feel like I'm starting to cry.

Why is Reich just so cute he can make me cry? He's so so beautiful, so incredibly sweet, he's so... so incredible! I would like to stay with him forever. It also hurts inside to know that I can't stay with him forever. I might listen to the advice I've been given.

I love Reich and I want everything for him to be happy, but I can't really give that to him and he certainly doesn't want to stay with someone like me, so I have to let him go. He must be happy. I'll keep him safe and make sure he's surrounded by people who make him happy.

Reich's head moves and he snuggles against me. He runs his hands over my body. I'm sure he's awake. "Good morning Reich.", I whisper to him. "Good morning to you too Soviet.", he whispers back and smiles. I ask: "How did you sleep?" Reich replies: "Very good."

He reaches his hands up to his face and wipes the sleep from his eyes. Reich looks at me with those beautiful sky blue eyes before he

puts his hand on my cheek. He gently strokes my cheek. "Why are you crying?", he asks me as he wipes away my tears. I answer him: "I'm crying at your incredible cuteness."

Third Reich's view:

He's crying because of my cuteness? That's really sweet! Am I really so cute that it makes him cry? I feel my stomach tingling. I think he looks a lot cuter. "I still think you're way cuter than me.", I say back. Soviet says: "Trust me Reich, there is no one in the world remotely as cute and sweet as you~"

There's something about his particular emphasis and I feel myself getting warmer. "You need to know because you got to meet more people than I did.", I utter, pulling myself closer to his face before kissing him. "Breakfast is ready!", I hear from my little brother.

I pull my lips from his and put my forehead against his. I say: "Looks like we're going to have to go to breakfast." "After that, we'll sit in front of the television and watch films of your choice.", decides Soviet. "Gladly!", I answer and stand up slowly. We put on new clothes and go downstairs. We sit down, Russia eats a sandwich and my brother joins us.

"Do you want breakfast cereal or what Russia has?", he asks. "Cereal for me, please.", I reply. Soviet demands: "The same thing that Reich has for me." We sat down at the table. Soviet puts his hand on my leg again. I put my hand on his hand and run my thumb over his hand.

Deutschland puts everything in front of us, we say thank you and eat. Then we help with the dishes before we sit down on the sofa. I sit on Soviet's lap and he explains what's happening in each of the films so I can choose one. We watch an animated film together. After the movie I feel like I would like to try to animate or draw again.

"Soviet? I'd like to draw something.", I inform him. He calls out: "Deutschland!" My brother comes to us. "What's going on?", he asks confused. "Your brother wants to draw.", Soviet tells him. Deutschland says enthusiastically: "Brother, I have a whole room for

it and I want to show you everything."

"Do you draw too?", I ask him. "Do I draw? Drawing and animating is my life!", exclaims my little brother. "You can animate?", I ask enthusiastically. He offers me: "Yes, I do small animations or small animated stories. I could show you how it works if you want." "I'd love to!", I exclaim.

I look at Soviet, who looks happy. "Aren't you going to be jealous?", I ask him. He puts his lips on mine and says: "Maybe a little, but go live your dreams." I hug him and ask: "Where can I find you?"

"In the library or in our room.", he replies. I put my lips on his again before telling him: "I love you." "I love you too, my angel~", he says. Did he just call me his angel? I think it's really cute. "Did you just call me your angel?", I ask.

"Um... it... it just slipped out on me.", he tries to find an excuse. "I like it.", I admit. "Really?", asks Soviet. I reply: "Yes, I like being called that by you." I kiss him again before I get up and walk away with my brother, smiling.

Soviet Union's view:

Reich goes with his brother. Hopefully I have enough time for my plan. I immediately make my way to the library and look for specific books with what I've done inside. I read the books and mark each page with what Reich needs to know with a piece of paper.

It takes quite a long time. By the fifth book I hear the doors opening. I put the books aside, title side down. "There are quite a few books here.", Reich states enthusiastically. I'm like: "It's also a library." Reich sits on my lap and I kiss his neck. "My lips are up here.", he chuckles.

I kiss him on his mouth. "What are you actually reading?", he asks, holding out his hand to one of the books. I hug him so he can't get to the book anymore. "I'll show you in the evening.", I claim. "Soviet, is it really that difficult to tell me what's going on?", he asks me. I answer him: "Yes, it is very difficult for me."

He kisses my cheek. He says: "No matter what it is, it will not change anything in our relationship for the worse." I snuggle up to him. He has no idea and that hurts so much. "Reich?", I ask for his attention. I have to tell him. He asks: "What's up Soviet?" "I... well... I... doesn't matter." I can not say it.

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- 1116 words

- Original: 11/12/2021

- Translation: 6/14/2023

Chapter 61 ◍ Violence / Blood ◍

Third Reich's view:

I don't think it's unimportant. Why won't he tell me? Doesn't he trust me? Or is it too difficult for him to tell me for some other reason? Why did he draw my attention to his words when he couldn't say anything? "Please Soviet tell me what's going on.", I ask him. He says: "I thought I was ready, but I can't tell you yet."

He remains silent for a while and then lets go of me. "Go back to your brother.", he tells me. I will not go! I speak against it: "No, Soviet I will not go yet." "But you will go!", he commands me. He can forget that! I repeat: "No! I'll stay with you."

He angrily repeats: "Go now!" "No!" "Go!" "No!" "GO!!" "No!" "Reich, you will leave this room immediately or I will drag you to your brother!", he threatens me. I give in and step off his lap and a few steps away from him before stopping. How dare he send me away!?

Soviet Union's view:

I don't like it that hard to my Reich, but I've got no nerve for him. I glare at him and he glares back at me. "Go away!", I tell him loud and clear. "No!", he answers again. I repeat more kindly: "Please go!" He shakes his head. That stubborn countryhuman! My patience has ended here.

I get up and go to him. I see he gets scared easily. I grab his shirt and drag him out of the library. I take him to the room where he was before with Deutschland and yank the door open. Deutschland

sits in the room, a little shocked by the door being ripped open, and looks at me in confusion.

I drag Reich in the last bit before I let him go. I then go outside and slam the door before resting my head on the door. "Reich what happened?", I hear Reich's little brother asking him confused. I don't hear anything about that for a little while. I hear crying. I already know it's Reich.

"I pissed him off.", I hear from Reich. He's clearly the one crying. I'm so sorry Reich, but I had to do it this way. You didn't upset me, that was myself. I hate myself for what I just did, but it's for your good my angel.

Third Reich's view:

It's been about two and a half hours since our argument. I go to the library to talk to Soviet, but he's not there. I go to our room. "Soviet?", I ask, but I get no answer. Is he on the balcony? I open the door to the balcony, but he's not there. I go back in our room. Where is he?

Maybe in the bathroom? As I walk past the bed, I notice books on it. How did I not notice that earlier? There's a note there too. Can I take this or is it private? I take the note and sit on the bed. When I open it I can read that it's for me.

Reich my angel,

I'm sorry I haven't been

very kind to you before,

that's because I can prepare

something for you that

I can't get out of my head.

Yesterday I even had two

dreams about you finding out

on your own and I

breaking your heart with it.

I love you Reich and

I lost you back then because

I ruined the lives of

many innocent people.

I didn't want it to happen again.

So I went and marked the

places of my crimes in the

books for you. Please don't

hate me. I don't know if

I'll ever come back,

but I hope you live happily ever after.

I'm sorry,

Your Soviet

He is gone? He just left like that? I pick up one of the books and scan the marked pages. I look at one book after the other. What he did back then is more than horrible, but it's just orders that he had to carry out and it's been ages.

I'm no longer angry at him for not listening to me. I'm angry at him for running away and now I'm going to find him and bring him back. I have to let my little brother know first. I run to the door and yell through the whole house: "DEUTSCHLAND?!" "What's going on?", I hear in the distance.

"I WILL FLY OUTSIDE AND BRING SOVIET HERE!!", I yell before heading to the balcony, spreading my wings and taking off. Soviet

is going to have real big problems with me now! Unfortunately, I can't say how long he's been gone, but I'll try to ask people in the area.

I fly to one of the roofs of one of the houses and look for people. Spotting one in the distance, I flutter closer to him and land, covering my face. "Добрый вечер! Не могли бы вы помочь мне, пожалуйста? (Good evening! Could you please kindly help me?)", I ask the woman.

She turns to me and says: "В чем вам нужна моя помощь? (What do you need my help with?)" "Ищу человека по имени СССР. Ты видел его? (I'm looking for a person named USSR. Have you seen him?)", I ask. She answers me: "Нет, я никогда раньше не сталкивался с СССР. (No, I've never met USSR.)"

"Спасибо в любом случае! (Thanks anyway!)", I say before stepping away from her and getting up in the air again. Someone must have seen him. I fly on and see a man on a bench. Again I ask: "Добрый вечер! Не могли бы вы мне помочь? Ищу человека по имени СССР.

(Good evening! Could you please help me? I'm looking for a person named USSR.)" "Да, я его видел. Он пошел в паб в конце улицы. (Yes, I saw him. He went to the tavern down the street.)", replies the man. "Огромное спасибо! (Thank you very much!)", I say before I run there.

It doesn't take me long to get to the tavern. As soon as I open the door, I see Soviet sitting on one of the chairs at the counter. Thank god he's fine! He's drinks a whole bottle at a time. What is he drinking? I go to him and hug him. "Soviet, it's me your angel.", I tell him.

I hear he's drunk as he asks: "My angel? My Reich?" "Yes, it's me.", I say as I pull down the wings. So I am pulled closer by Soviet and kissed by him. It's a rough kiss and I taste the terrible alcohol. I can't stand the taste of alcohol. "What did you drink and how much did you drink?", I ask. He laughs and says: "Drink what?"

I see the bartender and I ask him: "Сколько выпила СССР и что он

пил? (How much did USSR drink and what did he drink?)" "Т-Третий р-рейх! (T-Third R-Reich!)", he stutters. "Да, я Третий Рейх, но, пожалуйста, ответьте на мой вопрос, прежде чем вы взбеситесь. (Yes, I am Third Reich, but please answer my question before you freak out.)", I ask him.

I see that he is afraid of me. He replies: "У него было восемь сортов ирландского виски. Я вызвал сюда врача несколько минут назад. (He had eight Irish whiskeys. I called a doctor over here a few minutes ago.)" "Огромное спасибо! (Thank you very much!)", I say before turning back to Soviet.

He wobbles in his chair. I put my hands on his cheeks. "Soon a doctor will come and help you my big one.", I inform him. "I don't think so!", I hear from somewhere in the room. I look around. A woman with black hair is standing there pointing a gun at me.

Her voice sounds eerily familiar to me. "Hands in the air.", she commands me. I slowly raise my hands up on it. Soviet stands up and approaches me before kissing me. I push him back into his chair before raising my hands up again. Nothing must happen to the Soviet! "What do you want from me?", I ask her.

"You have to do something for us and if you don't, your beloved Soviet Union will die.", she replies. Why did I just ask? "Go to your left.", the person orders. I walk past Soviet and to the left until she tells me: "Stop!" She looks at Soviet and approaches him. "You're an employee of the witch.

You scared the angel and hurt him. Shame on you!", says Soviet. What does Soviet mean by that? He also says: "You won't get too close to my angel, otherwise... Hik... otherwise you'll get in trouble with me! He's mine!" She puts the gun to his head.

I beg her: "Please don't hurt him!" "Open the door next to you and go in.", she commands me. I do what she says before she comes to me. She then puts her gun to my head, making me tremble with fear. We are behind the door of the room where Soviet is.

"One peep and I'll decide to cut your head off you or Soviet.", she threatens me. I hear someone coming into the building. This is

actually the best chance to escape, but how? I see an umbrella to the side which I'm reaching for as I've had my hands behind my back since I opened the door.

I carefully grab the umbrella and smack her in the back with it, leaning forward to avoid catching a bullet should she pull the trigger. I grab the door and yank it open before being shot in the back. I fall over and can't feel or move my legs from the pain.

I scramble my arms away from her, but eventually something holds me back and I feel a weight on my back, pinning me to the ground. I hear a hit and the weight is gone. I look up and see Soviet sitting down next to me and I grab onto him and pull myself towards him so that my head is on his chest.

"Господи СССР, мы должны отвезти вас в больницу. (Mr. USSR, we have to take you to the hospital.)", I hear from somewhere. "Я не хожу без своего любовника рейх. (I don't leave without my beloved Reich.)", Soviet says before kissing my cheek. He also hiccups briefly.

I hear the doctors coming to me and feel them hook up some equipment and lift me up on it. I have my eyes closed while I am carried away. And listen to Soviet's voice reassuring me. I am laid down somewhere and feel my head resting on something soft.

I feel big hands stroking my face. "My angel~", Soviet whispers. I snuggle up to him and try to relax. I stretch my hands up to him and he takes them and kisses them. I feel better and better as we drive into the unknown.

- 1769 words

- Original: 11/13/2021

- Translation: 6/15/2023

Chapter 62

Third Reich's vision in his dream:

Soviet snuggles up to me. He kisses my neck and puts his hands under my shirt. I stroke his back. "Do you think we can ever get married?", I ask. He stops kissing my neck and says: "Probably not, but it's not that bad. As long as we're together, I'm happy."

"I'm happy too while we're together.", I agree, "I feel so lucky to be able to kiss you. You know what? I'll do that~" I press my lips to his and hug him more until his back hits the sofa and our lips part.

Soviet chuckles away. I take his wrists with my hands and make sure to support myself with my hands. I move my body over him and kiss him lovingly. He wraps his legs around my waist. After the kiss I ask: "Didn't you have enough yesterday?" "Reich it's never enough~" ,he purrs and I kiss him in return, but a little rougher.

Third Reich's view:

I am woken up by a bright light. Where am I? I'm lying in a bed again. I feel the bed. It's not the bed in Russia's house. Soviet is next to me either. I'm trying to wake up as fast as I can to find Soviet. I can open my eyes even when the sunlight is very strong.

I straighten up and find myself in a white room. I look around and realize I'm in a hospital. There is another bed next to me and Soviet lies on it. I immediately get up from the bed and go to Soviet, in whose bed I lie down. I'm lying next to him. Soviet sleeps peacefully.

I would love to kiss him, but then again, he's way too cute and relaxed. I'd rather let him sleep. I take another deep breath and then relax on his chest. A little later he moves his hand to me and carefully and tenderly feels my face.

"Reich?", he asks quietly. I answer: "Yes, Soviet?" "Shouldn't you be with your brother?", Soviet asks. "Aren't you supposed to lie in bed with me in your son's villa and cuddle with me?," I ask him back. He asks me uncertainly: "Aren't you mad at me?"

"I was a little angry that you ran away, but you're so good at saving lives that I'm not too angry with you anymore.", I reply. "Saving lives? What happened?", he asks, concerned and confused. I tell him: "A woman with brown hair wanted to get something through my help and when the rescuers were there for you I ran away but she shot me in the back so that I couldn't move my legs.

She stood on me and you got her off me and calmed me down until I passed out from the pain." "Aren't you mad at me for what's in the books?", asks he me. I crawl closer to his face, cupping my hands on his cheeks before saying: "I've been mad at you about this for far too long.

I love you Soviet and I forgive you." He puts his arms around me. When he is about to say something, I kiss him. During the kiss, I stroke his warm cheeks while he puts his hands under my shirt and over the skin of stroking my back.

He goes deep under my shirt and I move my hands to his chest. After our kiss, we don't move our hands and look deep into each other's eyes with a big smile. "I've missed you.", I whisper, as my mind runs through how much I've missed him for so many incredible years.

He says: "I couldn't live or love anymore when I couldn't see your beautiful eyes, feel your soft lips and hear your angelic voice. I needed you. You are everything I need and everything I want. I... I..."

He can't get the words out and his tears are streaming down his face while I'm no better. There are no words that can describe what is going on inside me, I try to formulate it somehow, but it doesn't do any good and so I give up and put my lips on his while I put my hands on his cheeks again.

He also puts his hands on my cheeks. "Are you two okay?",

Deutschland asks as he enters the room. I keep kissing Soviet and don't let this moment take away from me. My little brother has to wait until we're done with that kiss. Soviet and I kiss for a long time before slowly parting our lips.

I kiss him briefly before turning my head to where my brother is looking. I put my hands on Soviet's shoulders as he puts his hands on my neck. He looks a little like he wants to apologize because he thinks he's disturbing us, but first I answer: "Don't worry, you're not disturbing us.

We're fine or Soviet?" "Reich's right, we're fine.", he agrees and kisses my cheek. I put my head on Soviet's neck, but keep looking at my little brother. "You look really cute together.", my brother thinks. I smile a little more at that. Only now do I remember my gunshot wounds.

I have no bandages on me. I take a hand off Soviet's shoulders and feel my chest, but there's no more injury there and then I don't feel any more injury on my back either. "My injuries are gone.", I state.

He reminds me: "As I said at the time, there is a way to make any injury go away in minutes and scars to heal as well." I put my hand on Soviet's neck and snuggle up to him.

"When you two are done cuddling, we can go back to the villa.", my brother informs us. Soviet asks: "Give us a few more minutes." "Come out when you're done.", my brother says before he leaves the room. Soviet snuggles back into me and gently kisses my head. I raise my head again and kiss him.

Soviet strokes the back of my neck down the back of my neck while I draw circles on his chest with my hands. After the kiss, we say "I love you~" at the same time, we giggle at that and put our lips together again. I can't stop kissing him. I can't stop feeling his lips on mine.

- 1045 words

- Original: 11/15/2021

- Translation: 6/16/2023

Chapter 63

Soviet Union's view:

We're just driving back. I rested my head on Reich's lap as he gently caressed my head with his fingers. "You have to know that someone else will be in Russia's house because she has to stay there until Russia has discussed with her. Unfortunately, FRG has to stay with us for a few days.", I hear from Reich's brother.

Reich stops stroking me. I look up at him. I see his fear. I then put my hand on his cheek. I stroke his cheek and snuggle my head against his stomach. Germany assures us: "She is guarded by ten people and we have hundreds of people armed around the house. Nothing can happen to us."

"W-Why is she even here?", Reich asks. "She was the one who hurt you badly yesterday. And Soviet knocked her unconscious with one punch.", Deutschland informs us. Didn't Reich tell me about a woman before? They must have gotten my potion. "But it was a woman with brown hair who attacked me.", Reich agrees.

As I thought. His brother replies: "We don't know why, but a few hours later she became FRG." "I was experimenting on a potion that would allow Countryhumans to become human. I wanted to start a new life with it.

I was working on prolonging the effect and reducing some side effects, such as nausea or dizziness.", I say, "I'm sure they took my experiments with them." Reich lays his head on my chest and I put my arms around him. FRG is really not what she used to be.

Reich whispers: "My little girl is... is..." "A monster.", I complete his sentence. He nods to that. She just is. FRG is a monster! She kills innocent people, and not because they're orders. She has been seduced by the force, as I have been for a while.

Luckily I still had enough feeling and reason left to find my way out

of it. My Reich must feel terrible that his daughter has become what he has been trying his whole life to prevent. "Brother, we will make sure that everything will be fine again.", Deutschland tries to calm his brother down.

"She's my daughter and... I love my little girl. What does she have against me? I gave her everything and yet she's... like this. What did I do wrong?", Reich asks. My angel must not blame himself for this. It's not his fault, he's a good father. I tell him: "Reich, my angel, it's not your fault.

You were a great father. She's a horrible daughter, because what kid tries to kill his own father? It's not your fault Reich." "Soviet is absolutely right brother. She's horrible.", Deutschland agrees. The car slowly stops.

I unbuckle my seat belt and get out of the car with Reich. We hold hands and he puts his head on my arm. Deutschland opens the door for us and we go inside. We sit down on the sofa together. Reich sits on my lap and kisses my face. "Where is she?", I ask Deutschland when he comes over with glasses of water.

He places the glasses on the wooden table and replies: "She has an extra room at the other end of the building." Then he sits down with us. "I wish Russia was here.", he whispers. I tell him: "I can understand that you miss your fiancé. Unfortunately, he still has his job."

"I know that makes me even happier when he comes home and spents time with me.", he says. I lightly stroke Reich's head because I know he likes it. Excited, he closes his eyes and smiles more. His head is one of the most sensitive parts of his body.

"Reich should we go to your monster daughter or are you too uncomfortable for that?", I ask him. "As long as you're with me, we could go to her, but I need to stay as close to you as I can.", he demands. I tell him: "You can be as close to me as you want." I kiss his cheek. I quickly massage his head and then I stop.

If he's still the way I know him, his body is tingling so bad now he has to shake it off himself. I'll wait a minute. He's still raising all his

feathers on his wings and squinting his eyes shut. As predicted, he shakes his whole body briefly, from which his feathers slowly settle on each other again and he opens his eyes.

It only works with some types of touches and he always looks a bit like a bird or a dog to me and that's what makes this little thing so cute. I still can't find anything that isn't cute about him.

Every little detail of his body, every behavior, pattern, every little movement, every word and sound is cute. I'm pulled out of my thoughts when I feel two warm hands on my cheeks and lips on mine. I slowly lean backwards because it relaxes me even more.

After the kiss, Reich gets up from me and offers me his hand for me to get up with his help. I take his hand and he pulls me up. After I stand, I take our glasses and walk behind Deutschland with Reich. It takes a little longer than I thought to get there.

Deutschland entered the room. Reich presses against my chest. I gently wrap my arms around him and kiss his forehead. "You can do it.", I whisper to him and let him go again. He grabs my arm. We go in together. There's a big table between us.

The ten people stand around them. Deutschland sits down on one of four available chairs on our side. I sit down in a chair and put the glasses on the table. Reich sits on my lap and hugs me while I wrap my arms protectively around him.

- 971 words

- Original: 11/16/2021

- Translation: 6/17/2023

Chapter 64

Soviet Union's view:

"FRG you know why we are here, but I repeat it so that those who are not clear about this can understand what we are about to talk about. FRG tried to kill their father Third Reich and has him more than once physically badly injured.

I don't have to talk about whatnshe did to her father psychologically, because I think everyone can imagine that the poor man is not doing well. So Federal Republic of Germany, why did you do this to your father?", Deutschland asks. Deutschland glares at her sternly and angrily. I look down at Reich and whisper to him: "If it gets too much for you, we'll go."

He nods and looks up at me slightly. I kiss his forehead briefly before listening to what his daughter has to say. She says: "First of all, I wouldn't describe him as my father. I use the expression every now and then, but when I look at both meanings of this meaning, neither of them apply for me.

I don't see him as a father figure and nobody can even confirm that I'm related to him." I interrupt her: "You are related to him. You used to be dying to find out if you were related and you are one third related to him the rest is Ireland and America.

Ireland gave you the gold in your flag and you got a little bit of the character from America." "If that's true, then Greater German Reich is related to me, but I don't see him as a father. It was an order that he should be killed and the order was that I should kill everyone else in the German family, because only through me will there be a real country again.

I've got one already, only two more to go and being a countryhuman, no law or regulation applies to me. So you still can't do anything about it.", she clarifies. "W-Who did she kill?", Reich asks me.

I look at him. Confused and wide eyed, he looks up at me. I don't want to tell him. This will only hurt him more. He asks me: "Please Soviet tell me." "She... She poisoned her brother GDR.", he answers. He looks at me shocked. "He's right, I killed him. Didn't you know that?", she asks him a little provocatively.

I see Reich's eyes go from shock to angry. Normally he would burst into tears now, but his eyes are burning with anger. When he tries to get up, I let go of him. He stomps across the table. People move aside as it's not their job to keep him away from her.

Reich looks pissed off. His teeth are clearly visible and incredibly menacing. He has his wings out of his clothing and spreads them out in such a way that he appears larger and more menacing. He's incredibly good at appearing as vicious and aggressive as he can, but the truth is he's shy and tends to withdraw when something doesn't suit him.

I think that's the time he was the second most angry I've seen. He yells at his daughter as I get up and slowly walk over to him: "FRG I RAISED YOU! I GAVE YOU AND YOUR BROTHER EVERYTHING I COULD GIVE YOU! I LOVED YOU BOTH!

I GAVE EVERYTHING FOR YOU TO BECOME STRONG AND CARING. NOW... now I can't find a better word for you than a monster. I... I..." I put my arms around Reich, who already has tears running down his face. I hug him to me.

I look at FRG, who mainly still has her cold and unfeeling gaze, but I see a lot of sadness and guilt hidden in her eyes. I put my hand under Reich's chin, bringing my face down to his and kissing his lips gently to help him calm down and not tense up quite as much.

Reich then presses himself against my chest and cries while he clutches at me. I'm going back to our place with Reich devastated. He hugs me as strong as he can while I hold him protectively. Reich is already clutching me so hard it hurts a little, but I let him keep doing it because he'll be better later.

I have a suspicion that we should go somewhere else for now so that the atmosphere is more comfortable for him and he can calm

down. I therefore ask Deutschland: "Do you mind if we go to another room?"

"No, I don't mind. Just go and take care of my brother.", he replies and I leave the room together with the crying Reich. We go to our room where I lay down on the bed with him. We can both calm down better by lying down than by sitting or standing. I rub his back and gently kiss his head.

I'm not good at cheering him up with words, especially something like this, since I don't know what to say to him. He continues to cry for some time until I feel him getting heavier, then he is quiet. I see his breathing have calmed down as if he were asleep. I whisper to him: "Are you sleeping?" I don't get an answer.

I'm more than certain that Reich is asleep. How can he go from crying to sleeping so quickly? I wish it was that easy for me. At least I don't have to see my poor Reich so sad anymore. I carefully wrap my arms around him and try to relax so I can fall asleep too.

Reich hugs me. Is he awake? I gently kiss his forehead. He then pulls himself up on me and gently places his lips on mine. I enjoy our brief kiss. "Soviet? Somehow I have the feeling that something is wrong.", says Reich. What does he mean with that?

"What do you mean something's wrong?," I ask him. He says: "Somehow I felt that something was wrong. For me the aura in the room where we were was somehow strange." "How was the aura?", I ask him. Rich is still better at perceiving auras and emanations. For me it was a room like any other.

"The aura was menacing. I felt like someone was going to jump at me and want to kill me. But when I yelled at FRG, that didn't change. It kind of scares me. Could you please go to Deutschland and bring him here?", he asks me. "Yes, I can do that for you.", I say before kissing his lips and slowly and carefully setting him down on our bed.

- 1087 words

- Original: 11/17/2021

- Translation: 6/19/2023

Chapter 65 ◍ Violence / Blood ◍

Soviet Union's view:

I slowly walk out of our room and back to the other room. I'm still not entirely sure what Reich meant, but whatever is going on, he knows something is wrong and I trust him. I knock twice on the door and come into the room. "-doesn't work that way!", I hear when I come into the room from Deutschland.

He turns to me and asks: "What's going on?" If Reich's right and something's wrong, I should probably make up a lie. I lie: "Reich and I have a little problem with the TV. Could you please help us with the problem?" Deutschland looks briefly at FRG before she goes to me and briefly turns back to FRG: "Excuse me for a moment."

He walks out of the room and I shoot the door. "What's up with the TV? I was just getting a lot of information from Deutschland.", he complains, but I hear he doesn't want to sound annoyed. "The TV thing was a lie.

Reich feels something is wrong, so I want you to come into the room with me.", I tell him. "I already had a feeling something was wrong as well. Normally you don't hear a word from countryhumans like FRG and she answers me question after question like she has nothing to lose or... that she knows that not a word gets out.

Let's go to Reich quickly." I lead the way, but Deutschland is getting faster and faster. When I get to the room, I see Reich on the bed hugging his legs. He never normally sits like this. Something must have happened or been going through his head. When he sees us, he sits back down normally.

"What's up Reich?", I ask him. He bows his head and says: "I just

had to think back to the old days." I sat down next to him and put my arm around his shoulders. "Tell your brother how you felt in the room.", I tell him. "I felt threatened, as if someone could jump at me at any time.", he says.

"I also just noticed that something isn't right. But I can't say what's going on and I should actually tell people that we're going to break off the conversation for now and continue in the next few days, not that they're going to wait for me.", says Deutschland.

Reich says: "Do that. I know that something is wrong." "No one doubts that my angel.", I tell him as I snuggle up to him. He hugs me too. "Then I'll make sure they're notified.", says Reich's brother before he goes out again. Reich puts his head on my neck and kisses me gently. It feels beautiful and calms me down.

Third Reich's view:

I know something's going on here, but I have to make sure everyone stays as calm as possible. I don't want it to panic because I might be wrong or worse, I might be right and were panicking beforehand. I trust my feelings, but sometimes my feelings can be wrong.

I want to rest and relax here with Soviet so that everything stays as calm as it can be. I look up at him and see that he is enjoying my kissing on his neck. His neck has soft and sensitive skin that feels nice against my lips. He slowly leans back with his back on the bed.

I lie down lightly on top of him and continue kissing his neck as he strokes my torso. After a short time he tries to take off my shirt. I position my body in a way that makes it easier for him. When I'm no longer wearing a top, he runs his hands over my skin and starts kissing my chest.

"You look hot~", he purrs while looking at my torso and blushing. I'm not familiar with that expression, but I know it's a form of compliment and his reaction in particular confirms it. I smile and kiss him. I hear the door yank open and slam shut.

Soviet looks at the door and widens his eyes. What's the matter now? I turn my head to where Soviet is staring in shock. I see my little brother holding his hand on his neck. His hand is covered in blood and blood is pouring down the area he is covering with his hand.

He has tears in his eyes and is breathing frantically. I get up and run to him. I don't know what to do when I stand in front of him. "We have to get help!", shouted Soviet. My brother says: "I've already called for backup." "W-Who messed you up like this?", I ask worried.

"People have been countryhumans the whole time. One grabbed me and put a knife to my neck. I caught the knife stupidly when I escaped.", he tells us briefly, "Where are we hiding or how do we get out of the building? They'll find us here quickly."

"Maybe over the balcony.", says Soviet. I suggest: "You wouldn't expect it as much if we go outside the room and hide there, but then again, it's also very risky." "If we go outside, maybe I could get a first aid kit and take care of this wound.", says my little brother.

I briefly go back to the bed and put my top back on before deciding: "If there's someone in sight, we'll try the balcony, otherwise we'll try to find a safe room where nobody can get to us." Then I go closer to the door and open it slowly.

I look around at it, but I don't see anyone. There was smoke on one side, but I can't see any danger. I slowly creep out, looking over and over to both sides of the hallway. I crept to the wall and crept along the wall. Only now do I feel how fast my heart is beating.

I suddenly hear: "THERE IS THIRD REICH!!!" I immediately turn to the voice and see Netherlands. I'll start running immediately. I spread my wings so easily that as I run I keep jumping and flapping my wings so that I push the air behind me and thus gain even more speed.

I push off the wall and walk down another hallway. Luxemburg is standing in front of me and is now walking towards me. I keep running towards him and flap my wings so much that I jump over

him. I hit the ground unharmed and keep running. Today they won't get me!

I keep running and listen: "Here is Germany, grab him boys!" It was Britain who said that. My brother is in really big trouble! I have to save him! I run in the direction where the voice came from. Why did Britain actually say 'boys'? Are there all sorts of countryhumans here or does he still have some people here to support them?

- 1134 words

- Original: 11/30/2021

- Translation: 6/20/2023

Chapter 66 ◍ Violence / Blood ◍

Third Reich's view:

I haven't heard from my brother. No cries for help or anything that might sound like he's worth it or he's running away. I'll check to be sure. I have to protect my little brother from harm. I quickly arrived where Britain is. He pointed a gun at me and Deutschland is nowhere.

He tricked me! I immediately start running again, in the opposite direction. As I'm about to run around the corner, I feel something sharp pierce my shoulder. I push off the walls to be faster. He can't get me! I rip the sharp something out of me. It's not a sphere, but then what is it?

Not much blood comes out of the wound and it doesn't hurt badly either. Really strange. I run back to Soviet and my room. Deutschland and Soviet are gone, but a trail of blood leads to the terrace. I walk out and look around. Maybe I can get a better view on the roof. I spread my wings and flutter up.

Suddenly I feel my legs go to sleep and it spreads. My wings get it too, from which I have to cling to the roof. It also gets my fingers, so I try to hold on with my arms, which is hard. My arms fall asleep too and I slide off the roof.

I don't fall far down before someone grabs me. Somehow I get tired. What is wrong with me? I'm pulled up onto the roof. Surely Soviet saved my life again. I look up and see FRG grinning maliciously. Damn...

Soviet Union's view:

"Where's Reich?! I need my Reich!", I say. "Soviet Union be quiet!",

whispers Deutschland next to me. I can't stop, I need to know where Reich is! I can't leave him alone! He needs me! He hardly knows his way around and there are countryhumans everywhere. I think there's about 200 countryhumans out there after my Reich and his brother.

Deutschland opens the closet doors and pulls me with him. "We have to go to the basement.", Deutschland whispered. I hope Reich is safe somewhere. After he lets go of me, I run after him. We run to a hallway I don't know yet. I look back, fortunately no one is coming.

I stop. Shortly thereafter, I hear Deutschland come to a standstill and say: "Soviet Union, come with me! We're not safe here." "But Reich isn't safe either and that's why I have to find him.", I object.

Deutschland is worried: "Soviet, if they already have him, then they are after us." "No, they're only after you.", I contradict him. "They're after you too, you're their best leverage to make my brother do what they want.", he argues.

"You will hide and take care of your wound while I look for Reich!", I make it clear to him one last time. He gives in: "Okay, but take good care of yourself." "I will.", I assure him before running away.

Where would I be if I were Reich? Definitely on the roof, because that's where I could be least reached. So I run back into the kitchen and sneak through the living room. Now I have to climb the stairs to the attic. I peek out the living room door. On one side of the corridor are France and Scotland.

On the other side, towards the front door, are England, Ukraine, India, Argentina and Lithuania. I then look towards the stairs as Britain descends with my Reich slung unconscious over his shoulder and wings tied.

WHAT HAS HE DONE TO MY REICH!!!! I'll get him back, no matter the cost! I charge out the door and ram into Britain while pulling Reich from his shoulder into my arms. I run with Reich in my arms. Luckily he doesn't look hurt.

Some try to block my way, but I hold Reich against my chest and stomach while stretching my head forward in such a way that I'll ram my head into them if they don't step out of my way. I feel something dig into my back, but I can't do anything now.

I must get Reich to safety before I attend to my well being. The other countryhumans avoid me so I can keep walking. Nothing and nobody can stop me anymore! I walk along the path. I can't stop! Suddenly I trip over my own feet and land hard on the stone path.

I come up with my knees and with my elbows, also my chin got it lightly. I put Reich down gently, luckily I protected him with my arms. He looks completely unharmed to me. I get up immediately. My knees are shaking and giving me a sharp pain.

My trousers are torn at the knees and I can clearly see the bloody wound. There are also traces of blood on the stone. My elbows aren't much different. Only with my chin I can't tell what's going on. I have to get out of here with Reich! I take Reich and hug him tightly in my arms, even though it's incredibly painful.

I try to keep walking, but I can feel my toes going numb. I have to keep running as far as I can! I put Reich's back against mine, even though the object on my back makes it more problematic. I hold my Reich by his arms that he doesn't fall from me. Now I don't have to worry about him as much.

I keep running until my feet fall asleep and I fall again. The pain from my legs flows through me. My elbows also hurt so bad they're almost giving up, even though I've let go of Reich and used my hands to keep myself from falling.

I fall forward. Everything hurts so much! I could almost cry, but only almost. I look behind me and see the countryhumans getting closer and closer. I will protect Reich to the end. I love him and I will never let anyone hurt him. He's mine! I pull Reich towards me and push myself slightly off the ground.

I make sure he's underneath me. I look down at him. He still has that calm look. Reich is breathing calmly and is completely unharmed, just like it should be. I hope he wakes up soon, spreads

his wings and flies away from here. My legs are slowly falling asleep.

I also see blood dripping down Reich's cheek. Where does the blood come from? I wipe it off Reich's cheek with my hand and turn my head away slightly before checking my neck for an injury. I touch my chin more carelessly and reach into the fresh wound.

It burns like hell and I grumble slightly from the excruciating pain. The wound is deep. How could I have missed it? I look behind me and see grinning Britain coming towards me. Where is Deutschland? And why does Russia always take so long when the situation is critical?

They won't get my Reich! Never! I look at Reich and lie down on behind him and wrap my arms and legs protectively around him. I'm afraid. I'm scared like never before in my life. I feel a tear form in one of my eyes.

"It's alright dad, we'll take care of it.", I hear from the other side, people running to the countryhumans while Russia comes to me. I calm down. "Where is Deutschland?", he asks me. Shouldn't he be asking where his fiancé is or how I'm doing, but I don't know what else he could ask.

"He's in the basement.", I whisper before laying my head on the stone walkway. I'm so tired and slowly nothing hurts anymore, none of my injuries. I shut my eyes. Why doesn't anyone come and take us? They will probably come. Slowly everything goes black and I can't feel anything anymore before I can't perceive anything anymore.

- 1296 words

- Original: 12/3/2021

- Translation: 6/20/2023

Chapter 67 ◍ Violence / Blood ◍

Third Reich's vision in his dream:

Dream 1

I'm lying on the floor of my bathroom. Big tears run down my face. Why? Why did he have to do this to me? Everything hurts mentally and physically. How is it even possible that everything hurts at the same time? Soviet, that idiot! Why do I still love him to this day even after he broke my heart a month ago?

I hate him, I want to yell at him and punch him after punch, but on the other hand I want to be close to him, hug him and kiss him. Why does everything have to be so difficult? "Reich?", I hear from my country leader as he opens my bathroom door and the light comes into the dark room.

I remain in my position lying on my back. He won't be able to change anything! "Ist das immer noch wegen Sowjet Union? (Is that still because of Soviet Union?)", he asks. He should know himself that Soviet is responsible. I'm say: "Du hattest recht damals, dass ich aufpassen sollte, dass er mir nicht mein Herz bricht. (You were right then, that I should make sure he doesn't break my heart.)"

He comes closer to me and slowly sits down on the floor to my right. "Drittes Reich du hast das richtige gemacht. Ihr wart glücklich zusammen und nichts und niemand konnte euch das nehmen. Ihr passt mehr als perfekt zusammen. Las ihn nicht so mit dir spielen! Geh zu ihm und versohle ihm seinen Allerwertesten!

Du kannst dich nicht so von ihm verletzen lassen. Du bist der stärkste Countryhuman, den es gibt und du schaffst das. (Third Reich you did the right thing. You were happy together and nothing and no one could take that away from you. You are a perfect match. Don't let him play

with you like that! Go to him and spank his behind!

You can't let him hurt you like that. You're the strongest countryhuman alive and you can do it.)", he says. I disagree: "Nein, ich habe zu viel Angst es noch schlimmer zu machen. (No, I'm too scared to make it worse.)" "Reich du musst wieder auf die Beine kommen, diese Menschen, dieses Land, deine Familie und deine Freunde brauchen dich.

Du kannst dich nicht ewig verstecken. Du bist mein bester Freund und als dieser bitte ich dich deine Kraft zu nehmen und eine Entscheidung zu treffen. Eine Entscheidung für dich und alle um dich herum. (Reich you need to get back on your feet these people, this country, your family and your friends need you.

You can't hide forever. You are my best friend and as this I ask you to take your strength and make a decision. A decision for you and everyone around you.)", he tells me. "Meine Entscheidung ist, dass ich Sowjet Union nie wieder sehen will! (My decision is that I never want to see the Soviet Union again!", I yell. I cry even more about it. Adolf replies: "Reich das ist die falsche Entscheidung und du weißt es noch besser als ich. (Reich, that's the wrong decision and you know it better than I do.)"

Dream 2

I wrapped my legs around Soviet's stomach and back while kissing his chest because he's bare-chested. He has his arms around me and is enjoying it. "Bruder? (Brother?)", I hear from behind. I take my lips off Soviet's skin and look back at Weimar, who is staring at us in shock.

I put my hands on Soviet's cheeks and kiss him gently. When I'm done kissing I say: "Erzähle es ruhig der ganzen Familie. Ich liebe Sowjet Union und wenn ihr ein Problem damit habt, werde ich in Zukunft bei ihm in Moskau leben, denn ich werde ihn niemals wieder verlassen. Ich gehöre ihm und er gehört mir. Mehr als meinen großen Sowjet brauche ich nicht.

(Feel free to tell the whole family. I love Soviet Union and if you have a problem with that, I will live with him in Moscow in the future because I

will never leave him again. I belong to him and he belongs to me. I don't need more than my big Soviet.)"

Third Reich's view:

I'm slowly waking up, dizzy and freezing, the ground is hard and cold, making it harder for me to wake up. What happened? Where is my family? Is everybody fine? "Brother? Are you awake?", I hear from my little brother. "I'm tired.", I say briefly. "I can understand that.", he says.

"Soviet?", I ask. "He's still unconscious from the tranquilizer dart." "Tranquilizer dart?", I ask because I have no idea what that is. He explains to me: "An arrow that causes your whole body to fall asleep involuntarily. You were also hit by such an arrow. Only I was better knocked unconscious."

I slowly open my eyes and see the unconscious Soviet on the ground. He has chains around his neck, wrists and ankles. I try to move my arms but they are pulled to the ground. Considering my hands, I see that like Soviet, I have chains on my wrists.

I look at Soviet again before asking: "Brother what happened?" "We've all been caught by Britain", he says, "and we're going to die in a few hours." Die? I do not wanna die! "But I don't want to die!", I say, frightened.

"I don't want that either! I want to go to my Russia... There has to be a way out!", he says. Only now do I see that Soviet has blood on the floor. He has two visible injuries, one on his knee and one on his chin. My poor Soviet. How did we get into this situation? Soviet slowly opens his eyes. I shout in fright: "Soviet!" "Reich?", he whispers.

"Yes, it is!", I reply. I sit up more, I'm getting colder and colder. I slide as close to Soviet as I can without hurting my neck from the chains. I can't get to him. "Reich where are we?", he asks me. I inform him: "We have been captured."

"What?!", he asks horrified, "We... We can't be captured, Russia was there." My brother says: "It wasn't Russia. It was FRG that used one

of your experiments. They caught me with it too." "W-What does that mean for us now?", Soviet asks.

"The three of us will die.", says Deutschland. He widens his eyes at that. "W-What?! No! I... I... The..." Soviet stutters in panic. He quickly looks from side to side while hanging his head. Then he looks at me and pushes himself forward with all his strength so that the chain pushes him back so hard that he screams.

Inside, it hurts so indescribably to see him like that. "Soviet! Stop! Calm down!", I beg him, "It hurts me so much to see you hurt yourself." Soviet stops and gets on his knees, although he lets out a small whimper. I wish these chains wouldn't separate us. I have to go to Soviet and calm him down, otherwise we won't achieve anything except for harming himself.

I push my hands as far away from myself as I can. Soviet does that too and our hands touch. We intertwine our fingers. I look into Soviet eyes. His panic slowly subsides. "I don't want you to die.", he whispers. Only then do I notice how close our faces are to us.

I purse my lips and close my eyes while trying to stretch as close to him as I can. A moment later I feel Soviet's lips touching mine very, very lightly, but that's enough to make me forget everything around us. As soon as our lips part, I open my eyes again, but tears well up and run down my cheeks.

- 1272 words

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- Translation: 6/21/2023

- I'll make the next chapter so that you can skip it if you have a problem with what I'm trying to write.

Chapter 68 ⑱Sexual Content⑱

Soviet Union's view:

I still can't believe we're going to die. I still had so much to do or experience with Reich. I want to raise a child with him, I want to grow old with him, I want to spend every second of my life with him until the end of my life.

The last one seems to be coming true, but I don't want to die yet and I even less want Reich to die. Reich still has many years ahead of him, he has to save his country, he has to get to know his little brother better. My Reich is crying. "Why are you crying my angel?", I ask him. "I don't know.", he replies in a whisper.

I look at Deutschland, who is standing closest to the cell door and ask him: "Can't we do whatever we want in the last hours of our lives?" "I'll ask.", he says, then turns to the cell door and calls out, "Hey! Netherlands! I have a question!" "What's up?", says a voice.

"Can we actually have our chains removed so that we can do whatever we want to do within these four walls for the last hours of our lives?", asks Reich's brother. "I'll ask.", Netherlands says before disappearing again.

I sat down, everything still hurts me. I look at Reich and think what could be the last thing we should do? I hope it won't be the last, but it seems so. What should we do to change our minds?

"Yes, you can.", says Netherlands, who is back, as he opens the door and throws a key at Deutschland before closing the door again. Deutschland frees himself from the chains before he goes to Reich and frees him to run to me and hug me. I immediately feel warm again.

Deutschland also frees me before I hug my Reich. I snuggle up to

him. "I'm looking for an exit.", Reich's little brother informs us. I let go of Reich a liettle bit and put my lips to his. He puts his hands on my cheeks during the loving kiss.

Now I know what's the last thing I want to do with Reich, I just need his permission. "Reich I know what the last thing I want to do with you is.", I tell him. He asks curiously: "What is it?" "I want to do with you... y-you know... from back then, which made me pregnant with you...", I stutter, not knowing how to phrase it.

"If that's your last wish, but I don't have a clue anymore.", he says. I see he's blushing. I purr: "I'll show you~" His face turns even redder. He looks so cute when he blushes.

"I'll order you two blankets and a pillow and I'll order earmuffs and a bottle of water so I can continue to spend my time discovering a way out.", comes from Deutschland, who walks to the door and orders Netherlands here.

Reich presses his face against my chest. When I saw the expression on his face earlier, it seems to me that he is scared. I wrap my arms around him and snuggle my head against his before asking: "What's up Reich?" "I-I'm a little scared and concerned about your request.", he replies.

"So what is it?", I ask him, kissing his cheek. "I'm just scared. I have no idea how to do it and I don't know what to do.", he tells me. "Reich, I'll show you what you have to do. Everything will be fine. If you don't want to, you can say it at any time.", I inform him.

Then I feel a blanket land on my face, then a pillow flies against my shoulder and the second blanket hits my back. I look at Deutschland, who says: "You can do whatever you want. I'll be in the corner and examine every single stone."

He then goes to a corner and sits with his back to us, putting on earmuffs and feeling the wall. I release Reich after a kiss on his cheek and grab a blanket that I put on the floor to make it more comfortable. I put the pillow and the other blanket aside. I sat down on the spread blanket. "Come here.", I ask Reich.

He crawls over to me and kisses me. I smile throughout our kiss and slide my hands under his shirt so I can stroke his chest. After our tender kiss, Reich puts his hands on my cheek before kissing me again. I slowly open my mouth so he knows what I want.

He opens his mouth and I go into his mouth with my tongue. Reich's tongue gently touches mine and I enjoy it. He's as tender and careful as ever. I continue to stroke his warm chest. It also goes under my top. These gentle and soft hands on my skin feel like heaven.

I sink into the moment. There is nothing more for me than my Reich and me. Eventually I run out of breath from our kiss and have to pull my lips away from his. Our upper lips and tongues are still touching as we take deep breaths. I stare into his beautiful eyes.

I see out of the corner of my eye that he has a deep red face. I step closer to him and wrap my legs around his waist so we're closer. I carefully pull off his top and take off my own on top of it. I stuck out my chest proudly before wrapping my arms around Reich's neck exploring his chest with my lips exploring every little part of his torso.

His skin is delicate and soft. Not a single scar and not really a bump. I run my tongue up his collarbone to his chin. He's panting slightly. I want to hear more from him. I find the perfect spot and bite gently before sucking. A louder gasp comes from him, but it sounds like he's trying to make sure I don't hear it.

I look up at his face and see that he's covering his mouth. Not with me~ I take his hand away from his mouth and press my lips to his before moving my tongue back into his mouth. I slowly lie back while pulling his torso with me.

I press my waist closer to his while having a tongue fight with him and losing. Then I stroke his upper body and walk more and more to his pants. I broke our French kiss again because of lack of air. I move my hands to his stomach as I look at his face. I'm incredibly warm.

When I carefully slip into his trousers and his underpants, he

twitches, because he didn't expect it. He gets even redder in his cute little face. I run my hands around his pants, but stay close to his stomach so it doesn't move too fast for him. He likes things to be slower while I like things to be fast.

I can feel that my body is already ready, but I can clearly see from the tense expression on Reich's face that he is still a bit too tense. Then I spread more hickeys on his neck and upper body. Now he can't keep his mouth shut because he's holding himself off the ground.

I still have a little pain from a few hours ago, but it's almost gone. More and more I can feel my body just screaming for it to want Reich inside me. I haven't felt like this in almost eighty years. I'm already very impatient. It's only now that I realize we haven't used words for a while. "How does it feel so far?", I ask.

"G-Gut. (G-Good.)", he says briefly. It sounds like he doesn't know what to say. I purr: "I love you, my Reich~" Shortly afterwards I hear from him: "Ich liebe dich auch mein Sowjet~ (I love you, too, my Soviet~)" He has never, in the time when we were together again, emphasized what he said so much and something tickles in me from it.

I ask him, since everything inside me can't wait any longer: "Can we get started?" "J-Ja. (Y-Yes.)", he says. He still sounds a little unsure. I will undress first and then him. I slowly pull my pants off from under him and toss them over to the pile of clothes where our tops are. Then I take off my underpants and throw them on the pile of clothes.

I am now lying completely naked under him. He's red in the face and doesn't dare look down at me and I see that he's biting his lower lip, which makes me giggle. "You're welcome to look~", I purr kissing his cheek. Slowly he looks at me from up to down and looks at every tiny millimeter of me. When he catches his eyes on my aroused cock, he turns so blood red that I'm already worried that he might faint.

I then thrust my chest and waist toward him before whispering: "I'm still yours~" We then have another French kiss as I slowly and

carefully pull his pants off. As we pull away and I look down at him at his underpants, I can see that he's aroused as well.

"You like what you see, I see~", I purr. He turns his head to the side in embarrassment, that's a clear answer for me since he's not even thinking about what he's doing. I chuckle away and slowly pull his underwear off before gently rubbing Reich's legs, stroking more and more between his legs, knowing he needs a few more light touches to relax further.

I stroke his body several times before gently stroking Reich's sensitive member, which makes him gasp. I want it to be nothing new for him and to get rid of his doubts because I can still see and feel that he is not relaxed.

Eventually he relaxes enough that I wrap my legs around his waist, but I then move Reich's arms and legs into a comfortable position that makes it a little easier for me. I also make sure he leans on me. A heat is around me and this heat goes to my head. I carefully take his member again and position it slightly in front of my entrance.

I have to take a short break myself because I feel like I need this for a moment. "Get inside me slowly~", I tell him when I feel ready enough. Slowly and carefully, Reich pushes himself into me. I gasp a little and keep moaning. Reich is slow and I hardly feel any pain, but maybe it's just the lust, which has already taken over most of me, but I'm still trying as best I can to keep a cool head.

When Reich is in me, I have to wait again for a moment. I inform him after a short time: "Now thrust into me lightly~" He easily slides out again and thrusts into me, from which I moan softly. Reich is so quiet. I smile up at him. He smiles at me too. I want to hold on to him. I wrap my hands around his neck and tongue kiss him again.

After the French kiss, I demand from him, panting: "Harder~... My angel~" He thrusts into me more roughly. I moan a little more and stretch out my pelvis even more. Saliva drips from the corners of my mouth and I arch my back, barely able to control myself. Over time, without my asking, he speeds up and thrusts into me harder. At some point he hits a certain point from which I moan loudly

with pleasure and claw at him more.

He's heading towards that spot every time he thrusts into me. Maybe he knows how to do it again. At some point he pushes in me so hard that I feel like I'm in heaven. He gets more and more out of his rhythm. "I-I'l c-come so-soon~", he gasps. I think I'll come before him.

I enjoy his last thrusts inside me before I come and I'm getting tighter for him and moaning he rams into me with one last hard thrust and also comes and fills me with his cum. He stays inside me for a little while before slowly withdrawing from me, which makes me whimper. Now I'm incredibly exhausted and tired.

Reich lays on me. He too seems to be tired. I take the blanket and put it over us so he doesn't get cold. I place the pillow under my head and wrap my arms around my Reich, who kisses my lips one more time before closing his eyes and nuzzling against my chest. I love him. I close my eyes too and quickly fall asleep.

- 2108 words

- Original: 12/7/2021

- Translation: 6/22/2023

- This is the first time that I write something like this and probably the last time. I wanted to try to write once before, but I never dared. I have no idea about such things and so I mainly tried to write it similar to the books I've already read.

Chapter 69

Soviet Union's view:

"Soviet wake up." Deutschland shakes me awake. "What is it?", I ask him confused. My abdomen hurts a bit, but it's bearable. He replies: "We only have half an hour left." "Half an hour for what?", I ask confused. "Until the three of us get killed.", I get as an answer.

I thought that was a bad dream! I... I can't die yet. I open my eyes and look up at him. "Have you found a way out?", I ask. Deutschland says with a hanging head: "Unfortunately not. I searched for three hours." Three hours? Really long.

I turn my head to Reich who has his hands on my chest and his face on my neck while my arms are still around his body. We're both naked and I see the hickeys I gave him. I think my hickeys suit him well.

His breathing tells me he's relaxed but not asleep. I lightly kiss his forehead and snuggle my face against his to wake him up. "What's the matter, Soviet?", my Reich asks me. I answer him: "We don't have long until we have to say goodbye to each other." "Soviet, I'm tired, can't you fly home in a few hours?", he asks.

I think he had some memories again. "Reich, my angel, we are in the twenty first century and we will soon have to say goodbye forever.", I point out to him. Reich crawls a little further up me and wraps his arms and legs around me before making it clear: "I can't and won't say goodbye forever.

You are mine, I love you and want to be with you forever." "Reich I would love to, but we can't. I love you too and how I love you, but we will be killed.", I explain, "I want to be able to change something, but I'm too weak for it." "You're not too weak Soviet.

You do everything for me and do your best. Even if you can't achieve something on one try, I will help you to achieve what was previously unattainable on your second try. So if you have an idea, stick with that idea and I'll help you.", Reich says.

"Reich please open your eyes.", I beg him. He takes his hands off my chest and wipes the sleep from his little eyes before looking at me. I put a hand on his cheek, but still I can't smile, like something has stolen my joy.

Reich comes closer to my face and gently kisses my cheek. "It's 2017 and we have been caught and we're going to be killed soon?", he asks to catch up. I nod in response. He asked: "We were having fun a few hours ago while my brother was looking for a way out because he couldn't find it?"

"Exactly!", I answer him. My Reich looks down and closes its eyes more. Deutschland tells Reich: "I got something for you too, brother. I don't know who it is from, but someone gave me this letter for you." Deutschland gives his brother an old letter. I also look at it curiously while Reich reads it. I know I shouldn't do this, but I'm a little too curious.

Reich, mein alter Freund,

es tut mir leid, dass ich mich nicht von dir verabschiedet habe, da ich ursprünglich dachte, dass ich wieder zurückkommen würde, jedoch wie du bemerkt hast, hat man mich entdeckt. Ich wurde um die halbe Welt gejagt. Ich wurde vor einer Woche gefangen und sitze in einer Zelle. Man hat mich schlimm zugerichtet, aber glücklicherweise kann ich noch klar denken und kann noch schreiben. Falls ich es nicht überleben sollte, wünsche ich dir alles Gute und vergesse bitte nicht unsere Freundschaft. Ich wünsche mir, dass du in Zukunft immer noch der dickköpfige, beherzte, unbotmäßige und ausbündige Countryhuman bleibst, der mir die besten Jahre meines Lebens beschert hat. Bitte sorge dafür, dass unser Traum für ein Deutschland, dass wieder alles was es und seine Menschen ausmacht zurückkommt. Außerdem, wenn du und Sowjet Union euch wieder zusammenfinden solltet, habe ich eine positive Entdeckung für dich und ihn. Ich bin einem Countryhuman über dem Weg gelaufen. Ihr Name ist Deutschrussisches Reich. Sie

scheint nach ihren Erzählungen her, die Tochter von euch zu sein. Sie ist auf der Suche nach euch beiden. Sie hält sich hauptsächlich in Mitteleuropa und Osteuropa auf, auch hinter ihr sind sie her. Ich hoffe ihr werdet sie finden, sie ist noch ziemlich jung. Um die zehn Jahre ist sie. Sie ist ein äußerst vorwitziges, altkluges, höfliches, lebhaftes Kind. Ich bin ein paar Wochen mit ihr zusammen gereist und ich bin unglaublich fasziniert und erstaunt von ihr. Ich wollte sie am liebsten mit zu dir nehmen, doch sie hat sich irgendwann von mir verabschiedet und ist ihren eigenen Weg gegangen, was sehr mutig von ihr war und ich bin auch sehr froh darüber, dass sie alleine weitergezogen ist, da man mich gefangen hat und sie bestimmt immer noch frei herumfliegt. Ich weiß, dass ich auf sie aufpassen sollte, da sie nur um die zehn Jahre alt ist, aber wenn sie sowieso nicht auf mich hört, konnte ich leider nichts machen. Ich hoffe eines Tages werdet ihr euch finden und eure große und glückliche Familie haben, nach der ihr euch so gesehnt habt. Reich kümmere dich gut um deine Familie, sie sind alle so großherzig, dass ich schon öfter dachte ich gehöre zu deiner Familie dazu. Ich wünsche dir und deiner Familie alles Gute. Ich hoffe ich kann dir vielleicht noch auf Wiedersehen sagen. Ich bin stolz darauf mit dir befreundet zu sein.

Dein alter Landesanführer und älter Freund Adolf

(Reich my old friend,

I'm sorry I didn't say goodbye to you as I originally thought I'd be back, but as you've noticed, I've been spotted. I've been chased halfway across the world. I was caught a week ago and I'm in a cell. I was badly beaten up, but fortunately I can still think clearly and write. If I don't survive it, I wish you all the best and please don't forget our friendship. I wish that in the future you will still be the stubborn, plucky, insubordinate and outspoken countryhuman that gave me the best years of my life. Please make sure that our dream for a Germany, that everything that makes up Germany and its people, comes back. Also, if you and Soviet Union do get back together, I have a positive discovery for you and him. I ran into a countryhuman. Her name is German-Russian Reich. From what you've told me she seems to be your daughter. She's looking for you two. She is mainly in Central and Eastern Europe, they are also after

her. I hope you will find her, she is still quite young. She is around ten years old. She is an extremely cheeky, precocious, polite, lively child. I have traveled with her for a few weeks and I am incredibly fascinated and amazed by her. I wanted to take her with me, but at some point she said goodbye to me and went her own way, which was very brave of her and I'm also very happy that she moved on alone because I was caught and she's probably still flying around free. I know I should take care of her since she's only around ten years old, but if she doesn't listen to me anyway, there was unfortunately nothing I could do. I hope one day you will find each other and have the big and happy family you have longed for. Reich take good care of your family, they are all so generous that I often thought I belonged to your family. I wish you and your family all the best. I hope I can say goodbye to you. I'm proud to be friends with you.

Your old country leader and old friend Adolf)

I can not believe it! Reichs country leader found me and Reich's daughter and run into her? I thought she was dead... I didn't think so with conviction, but I believed it very strongly, because why let her live unless... Maybe I know why she was or is still alive.

Who says she's still alive today? This letter was written seventy years ago. Reich snuggles into my chest and whispers: "She survived." I kiss his forehead tenderly and stroke his cheek with my hand. When I see his face he looks happy. "And I even met her without knowing it was her.", he whispers.

He saw our daughter? Where? When? I hope she's okay. Unfortunately I won't be able to see her anymore either. I can't say which of the three of us it hits the hardest. Me and Reich have a daughter that we have to look for, but Deutschland doesn't even have his fiancé here and can't even say goodbye to him.

- 1459 words

- Original: 12/7/2021

- Translation: 6/23/2023

Chapter 70

Third Reich's view:

We have a daughter and I even met her recently. Walking through the hospital at night after FRG injured me. GRR is guaranteed German Russian Reich. Actually, because she is my biological daughter, it means that when my brother and I are dead, she gets the country and not FRG.

But if I mention any of this, I will be tormented and my brother and Soviet will be tortured or killed and I cannot take that risk. What should I do? I want to protect Soviet and my brother, see and protect my daughter and protect my people no matter if they think bad about me or not. What do I do now?

I could leave everything as it is, then I protect the daughter of me and Soviet and I also protect my people. If I sign a contract, I will only be able to protect my daughter. I believe that Soviet, me and my brother must die so that we can save the people and Soviets and my daughter.

I don't really think anyone will come here because it's definitely so heavily guarded that you can't set foot on the premises without being noticed. I don't believe that anybody will get us out of here. We will die here, but at least together, as a family.

I snuggle up to Soviet's chest. I will not die without a fight and I will not die in fear. Together we will show that we will not let ourselves be defeated. Soviet tenderly kisses my forehead. I turn my head to his face and place my lips on his.

I love Soviet's lips, I love his lips on mine, I love the feeling that flows through me through him, I love him and I will not let my Soviet be harmed. I put my hands on his cheeks after putting the letter aside and he wraps his arms around my back.

I will not allow anything to happen to my family! I love my family

and I will make sure everyone is safe. "Five more minutes.", we hear through the door. Five minutes until they find out what I'm giving for my family. For now, I want to enjoy our final minutes with my family.

Soviet then takes a pair of underwear from our pile of clothes and says: "These are your underpants, because I think they are too small for me." "I don't know, you can see if it suits you too.", I joke. He smiles slightly and says: "Let's find out."

He takes my pants under the covers where we are lying and tries to put them on while I am lying on top of him. "Definitely too small.", he says before carefully putting them on. He takes his underpants and puts them on himself. I take his top and put it on myself.

It's way too big for me, but I get the sweet giggles from Soviet from it. I giggle along before I take it off again and put on Soviet top. I then realize that I put it on him the wrong way round and start laughing. At first he looks at me confused until he realizes it himself.

I didn't think dressing each other's clothes could be so entertaining. Does it come from the five minutes? Soviet puts my top on before I take care of his inverted top. Then we put our pants back on. I still would like holes in the top so I can stretch out my wings.

We sit down on the blanket we were lying under earlier. "Brother, sit down with us!", I ask him. He smiles slightly at me and comes over to us from the wall. After he sits down, I say: "I want to snuggle up to my family one more time." I hug my little brother and hug him tightly before Soviet hugs us and kisses me.

Everything is comfortably warm and snuggly while I'm in the middle of our cuddle circle. We hug each other and cuddle with each other. I am infinitely happy to have my lover and my brother here. I've got tears welling up in my eyes again. The cell door opens.

"Don't be afraid.", I whisper. I really feel like I have to give them strength right now. "Get out!", we hear. I rub Deutschland on the back and kiss Soviet on the mouth before we get up. I help up

Soviet. "Do we have everything?", I ask the others before picking up the letter and stuffing it into my pocket.

Deutschland gives us the bottle of water and we all take a few more sips before he takes the key and we go outside. I notice that Soviet is a bit slower and slow down. I put my arm around him. He also puts his arm around me.

My little brother walks on my left side and I put an arm around him too. We walk down the halls together. We arrive at a larger room. There's Britain, FRG and a few other countryhumans and a few people whose faces I can't make out yet through their helmets. We go into the room and stand together.

"Why don't they have chains?", asks Britain FRG. FRG says: "I'm sure they've already finished with their deaths and-" FRG is interrupted by Britain: "That doesn't explain why they don't have chains!" "They just want to do whatever they want in their cell in their last hours before they die.", she explains.

Britain asks angrily: "Who allowed that?" "I did because I thought it wouldn't be a problem.", she replies. "No problem?!", comes from the big countryhuman who menacingly approaches FRG. "I... um...", she stutters as she crouches and walks backwards.

"You have orders to obey and my orders were not to let them go!", he yells at her. I let go of my brother and my lover and approach Britain and my daughter. He can't be like that to her. I know that FRG still has a heart deep inside her. I see Britain staring at me with hate.

He doesn't scare me. I scold him: "Hör mal zu du aufgeblasene Witzfigur! Es ist nichts passiert, während wir von unseren Ketten befreit sind oder? Also las meine Tochter dort heraus, denn es ist nichts schiefgelaufen. Du kannst uns immer noch umbringen. Es hat die Situation nicht verändert, also sei still und bringen wir es endlich hinter uns.

(Listen you pompous clown! Nothing happened while we were freed from our chains, right? So let my daughter out there, because nothing went wrong. You can still kill us. The situation hasn't

changed, so shut up and let's get this over with.)"

When he gives in, I go back to the two, who look at me in astonishment and delight. I go to Soviet because he looks more scared. I hug him and snuggle up to him. He puts his arms around me and kisses me lovingly. I kiss him again, but when I want to let him go again, he hugs me even tighter.

"Reich I'm a bit scared.", whispers Soviet. I then run my hand down his cheek before kissing him lightly on the lips. I look into his eyes and I still see fear and uncertainty. How I would like to take his fear away from him. I suddenly hear clinking chains from the hallway.

- 1212 words

- Original: 12/8/2021

- Translation: 6/26/2023

Chapter 71 ◍ Violence / Blood ◍

Third Reich's view:

The jingling of the chains is getting louder and I can also hear a sort of growl. Is that a prisoner like us? I look at the open door. Shortly thereafter, someone is pushed in here. She's lying on the ground, has chains all over her and even a muzzle. It is clearly visible that she is afraid.

I slowly let go of my Soviet and get closer to that one. "Third Reich stay away from her!", Britain commands me. I make it clear to him: "And why should I listen to you?" I come to her I think she also thinks I'm one of the other countryhumans that are here. I lean towards her and slowly sat down. She's a little confused.

I see an injury on her arm. The injury looks not good and must be very painful. I'm sorry for her. I slowly stretch out my hand to her. I want to show her that I am not a threat to her. She looks at my hand with those sky blue eyes that remind me of my eyes.

She has red skin, but I can't quite see her flag through the muzzle. She looks me in the eyes. I don't know why, but somehow she looks familiar. She then quickly crawls over to me and claws at my chest while shrinking. I gently stroke her trembling body.

Her body is hot. Maybe she is sick. Soviet comes to us and has the key from Deutschland. He frees her from the chains. I hear Britain threatening, but I'm more focused on the girl. Freed from her chains, she looks at her wrists in disbelief before looking at Soviet. I carefully remove her muzzle.

She snuggles into me even more. Her reactions seem more like a child to me than a grown woman. She doesn't even want to show us her face. Only now do I see that she has red wings with white tips. I'm the only countryhuman with wings that has white flight

feathers. Soviet looks at the unknown countryhuman as if he knows her.

I stretch my wings out from under my shirt and wrap my wings around her for warmth. Enthusiastic, she snuggles up to my feathers. She really comes across as more like a child, in my opinion. I suddenly hear a loud shot. I freeze and frantically shake my head around.

I see that my little brother is slowly getting on his knees. I see blood splatters around him. Since I have the unknown countryhuman with me, Soviet gets up for me and goes to my brother, who is now lying on the ground and grimacing in pain. "Deutschland how do you feel?", Soviet asks him.

He says: "As good as you can feel when you are shot in the stomach." Soviet carefully removes his top and looks at the injury. I suddenly feel something cold on my head that makes me freeze with fear. I get chills down my back. Soviet looks at me and gets a very scared look on his face.

I have a hunch that Britain is next to me with a gun to my head. I pull my head away from the gun barrel and use my weight to push his arm down. I grab the gun and shove it away from us. I'm releasing Britain. He yells at me, but I still don't listen to him.

I stroke the girl's body soothingly again to make her relax a little more. She looks at me and I recognize her flag. It's a mixture of my flag and Soviet flag. Is that German-Russian Reich? She looks down uncertainly. I hug her back to my chest with my wings.

"Du weißt wer ich bin? (You know who I am?)", she asks me. I answer her: "Ich glaube schon, dass ich anhand der Erzählungen über dich und ich anhand deiner Flagge erkennen kann, dass du meine Tochter bist. (I think I can tell from the stories about you and from your flag that you are my daughter.)" She looks up at me and I smile. She also smiles before snuggling into me. "Reich I need a little help from you.", comes from Soviet.

I hug my daughter before letting go and standing up with her. I then wrap my wings around her and take her hand before we go to

my injured brother. "Use your hands to take the bullet out of his wound.", he says.

I stick my hand in a deep wound? I don't think I can. I'm probably hurting my brother more than helping him. "Reich, my hands are too big and I have to keep the wound open. Please, you make this work a lot easier for me.", comes from Soviet. I'm still staring at the open wound and an uncomfortable feeling rises in me.

I'm helping my brother with it and showing Soviet that I no longer have such a big problem with blood and life threatening injuries. I save my brother with it and afterwards we flee. Because I can't take care of every new wound. I go to the injury with my shaking hand.

Another hand about the same size as mine is at the injury. "Papa las mich das machen. (Papa let me do it.)", says GRR. I take my hand away Her hand was calmer and would certainly do better with it. She bends over the injury and gently puts her hand into the injury. My brother makes painful noises, which I can understand.

My focus now is on Britain, who is yelling at the other countryhumans. He has got an anger problem. He waves his pistol around and scares the others. "Ich habe es! (I have it!)", comes from German-Russian Reich. I take a quick look. Her hand is covered in blood and in her hand is the bullet.

"You did wonderfully!", Soviet praises her and smiles before repeating, "You did wonderfully my daughter." She gives him a satisfied smile before putting the bullet away. I'm sure she could use a bottle of water now for her bloody hand. Soviet is still trying to cover the wound so that nothing can get to it.

Then Soviet hugs her. She freezes at first, but before long she hugs him back, unaware that she is bloodying his clothes with her hands. I crawl over to them and hug them. Soviet is so overjoyed that he is in tears, which I can understand very well. Soviet kisses his daughter's cheek and then kisses mine on the lips.

- 1077 words

- Original: 12/9/2021

- Translation: 6/27/2023

Chapter 72

Third Reich's view:

We should die and instead me and Soviet will find our daughter. I hug the two of them. I am so happy! I never want to let go of these two. I also close my eyes to enjoy the situation even more. Soviet kisses my cheek before he hugs us even more.

"Endlich sind wir zusammen. (We're finally together.)", Soviet whispers. I then gently kiss his cheek and our daughter's cheek, who also kisses us on the cheek. Our hug is warm and snuggly, just the way I love it. Suddenly I hear another shot and we all look to Britain.

FRG holds her hands towards the ceiling with the gun. There's a bullet hole in the ceiling. "Federal Republic of Germany, what the hell are you thinking of?", Britain roars at her. He elbows her sideways so that she falls to the ground. Britain takes her weapon.

"If you weren't the only one with the genes of Deutsches Reich's family who would halfway listen to my commands, I could now threaten to kill you if you made your next mistake. You have no idea how incredibly lucky you are have.", comes from him. She looks down at herself and seems ashamed.

Soviet Union's view:

I see Reich staring at FRG. His look tells me he feels sorry and doesn't like the way Britain has treated her. I understand that Reich raised her and loves her as if he were her father, but after what she did to him, I don't quite get it. She tried to kill him! To be honest, I don't really feel sorry for her.

I still want her to get her just punishment. Nobody can hurt my Reich. "Soviet Union!", Britain draws my attention. "What do you

want?", I ask him annoyed. Britain said: "I'll give you one last decision!

Either you will come to our side and we can either deal about Third Reich, Deutschland or German-Russian Reich or we will kill the four of you without any negotiations." Reich said: "He will not negotiate with you, especially if he only has one can negotiate from us. We're a family-"

"I offered it to him and not to you!", he scolds. "The four of us are a family, it's all or nobody here!", I explain to Britain. "As you wish!", he says, whereupon he orders, "shoot them!" Reich helps his brother into a sitting position. We sit down together.

Reich takes his brother's hand and he takes my hand too. GRR presses against my chest. Reich puts an arm around me. I see people surrounding us and taking care of their weapons. I feel Reich put his lips to mine briefly before he says: "I want to kiss you while we die."

"I'd too.", I quietly say. "Ich liebe dich mein Sowjet~ (I love you my Soviet~)", Reich says as he looks into my eyes. "Ich liebe dich auch mein Reich~ (I love you too, my Reich~)", I say before I close the gap between us with my lips. I close my eyes in fear because I don't want to see Reich die. The fear flows through me.

I just got my Reich back, after an endless long time and he will be taken from me again in a moment. Why is life so unfair! I love him! Why does he have to be taken from me again? Tears form in my eyes. I hold my daughter tight to me. I found her again and again she is taken from me.

Everyone I love is taken from me. Now I know again how it feels for Reich when he wants to go to his family. We've both been robbed of the ones we love the most over and over again. I just want to have a simple and beautiful life with Reich and our family. Why do we just have to be countryhumans?

Third Reich's view:

There it is, the end. I never thought it felt so awful. Maybe it seems

that way to me because I haven't really enjoyed my life. When I was with Soviet, I first really enjoyed life. Even in the darkest times, we were there for each other.

I want to enjoy at least a few more years with my family, but I guess I can't seem to do that anymore. I open my eyes and see tears streaming down Soviet's eyes. It makes me all the sadder. I'm not afraid of death, I'm just afraid that one of us will die in agony.

Family is the most important thing, my father taught me that. He always said the most important thing for a German was his family and he was absolutely right about that and now that I've lost a family and gained a new one I know more than ever that he was right.

I'm just grabbing the courage to get up and not crouch down like that and also to help my family up. It's my end anyway, so I'll do it. I break my lips from Soviet and run my arm down to his hand, which I take. Soviet opens his eyes and looks at me. I smile at him and stand up slowly.

My brother and my daughter look at me with big eyes. My daughter slowly gets up, and then my brother and after a moment's hesitation, Soviet too. We are all standing now. Deutschland is stands with the help of me and Soviet. My daughter is clinging to me. Soviet kisses me again. I glance at the people who are about to pull the trigger.

I look Soviet in his eyes. He cries even more than before. I'm ready, but he's not. He's scared and panicking. I put my right hand on his cheek and wipe away his tears. Then I hear about ten shots. Soviet narrows his eyes in fear and I wait for us to either feel the pain or just drop dead.

I wait, but instead I hear: "Deutschland?!" After a short time comes from him: "R-Russland?... Russland! (R-Russia?... Russia!)" He lets go of us and I hear him run. I break away from Soviet's lips and see my brother jumping at Russia and he has so much momentum that they both go down and Deutschland kisses him. I giggle with relief at the sight.

Soviet then hugs me and pulls us as close to him as he can and he's pretty strong. He kisses me over and over again on the lips, on my cheeks or on my forehead. I'm slightly exhausted from the excitement. Soviet lets go of us and slowly lies down on the floor, relieved and exhausted.

Poor guy! Me and our daughter come to him and I lay on top of him and I gently kiss his neck. Our daughter hugs us and Soviet puts his arms around us. Soviet needs rest from all the fuss. I can understand him well, after all we almost died. Luckily only almost.

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- 1145 words

- Original: 12/11/2021

- Translation: 6/28/2023

Chapter 73 ◍ Violence / Blood ◍ ⛀Death⛀

Third Reich's view:

"Shall we carry you out of here?", someone asks. I turn my head to whoever is smiling at us and see America. Then I look at Soviet again. He replies: "No, I can get up right away." I lay my head on his chest. He is warm and we are more than happy that everything is fine now.

I kiss him again on his lips and kiss our daughter's forehead. Soviet straightens up a bit and we get up. I hear a growl from Britain. I look over to him and see that all the countryhumans that were in the building are here except FRG. All are arrested and can neither defend themselves nor flee.

"You're all going to be in trouble.", comes from Russia, who was visibly angry and has my brother in his arms. I take my daughter's hand and take Soviet's left arm, which I snuggle up to and cuddle with. He looks at me and kisses me again. We go to America, Deutschland and Russia and exit the building. We're going to a limousine.

"Russia! We haven't found FRG and the experiments of the USSR are no longer there!", shouts a man running towards us. Russia orders him: "Search the whole area, they cannot vanish into thin air." Then he turns back to us: "We'll go to the hospital together, my darling and dad, we'll take care of your injuries."

"My injuries aren't that bad, they'll heal in a week or two.", says Soviet. "Dad you can't even walk normally.", comes from Russia. "The reason I'm walking like this isn't because of my injuries!", Soviet complains to him.

A moment later I see that Soviet is just starting to think about what he just said and seems a little more nervous and getting a deep red

in the face while I'm not feeling any better. Russia looks at us in confusion before apparently understanding and saying: "Then we'll get you something for the pain."

I'm glad Russia isn't going crazy like I would have thought, but like my brother he's calm. We get in the limousine and drive off. I hug my daughter and hold her tightly to me. Soviet has put his arms around us and gently kisses the back of my head. Across from us are my brother and his fiancé.

Deutschland lies with his torso on his lap while Russia caresses, kisses and snuggles him to the delight of my brother. We need some time, but no one has a problem with that. We're just glad everything's fine. Russia then takes Deutschland somewhere while the three of us go to the room my little brother is being taken to.

We sat down and GRR sits on her father's lap. Wait a minute, if Soviet is the father or no... I'm the father... right? It's complicated... Who's the father now? Mothers can only be women. Soviet was the one who had to take over the women's part... Soviet and I are fathers. Or do we make it so that we decide based on the designation of our countries, so he is the motherland and I am the fatherland?

It's complicated, too complicated for me, I'll talk to Soviet and my daughter about it later when we're back at the villa. Hopefully Britain, FRG or anyone else won't just appear out of nowhere. I just want to have a wonderful time with my family. I really hope they will stay with me forever.

I hear the door slam open, which pulls me out of my thoughts. Then I look to the door and see FRG pulling a gun on Soviet and GRR. Speaking of the devil! Soviet turns to her too and gets a fright. I can see his fear, he's holding our daughter in such a way that if she really harmed them, it would only hit him.

Why does it always have to be about me? My Soviet or someone else in my family always has to suffer. "Third Reich, get up and walk to the window with your back to me.", she orders me. I wouldn't normally think that way about my daughter... but that damn witch is getting on my nerves!

I do what she asks of me and stand up slowly before looking at Soviet one last time. I think it's the last time because she's bound to take me and then I won't see him for a while until he comes marching up with a whole arm to save me because she can absolutely forge-

I hear a loud bang behind me, my birth daughter makes a frightened noise. Did she shoot me? D-do I have any injuries? I hope it hit me! I hear someone go down. Oh no! I turn to see what's going on. My knees can no longer hold me.

I fall to the ground, but I keep my hands on the ground. Once again I look at the horror scene in front of me. I don't understand what happened. Tears flow down from my eyes. My daughter is similar, but not like me. I feel a lot worse because I hold Soviet so deep in my heart that he's the most important thing to me there is. First I have a family again and then the one I love most in the whole world is taken from me.

Soviet still has his eyes open as he looks down with his lifeless eyes. His blood spreads from the wound in his head. Blood spreads on the floor. I crawl closer to him. I put my hand on Soviet's hand. He c-can't die! He can't give me back my memories and then just die! He can't win me over a second time and then leave me!

She can't do that to me! My anger accumulates and hate takes over me completely. I am grabbed by FRG and pulled away. She would like that! I'll give her a sip of her own medicine! I bite her arm hard and she screams. I sink my sharp teeth deep into her arm.

She tries to hit me, but I dodge and pull my head back in such a way that I rip out a sizeable piece of flesh from her. I hear her screaming and crying. Then I press her, with all my weight on her. I rip open her clothes so I can reach her wings.

I rip out one tuft of feather after another with my hands and my mouth. I bite her wing and bite so hard I hear her bones snap. I grab her left wing with my arms and yank at it. I am grabbed and dragged away from her.

Since I can no longer let out the hate anywhere, I try to tear myself

free. I'm being pulled further and further away from her. I am locked in a rather dark, empty room. I let what I can't control do what it wants and demolish the room before I can be myself again.

I have this horrible taste of blood in my mouth and unfortunately it's not my own. I try to spit out the blood, but I can't wipe away the blood that's left on me. I turned into a monster and not only did I attack my daughter, but my birth daughter had to see it too.

I think it's really over with me now. I'm sure the only part of my family I have left will hate me. I lie down in a corner and lie down before slowly falling asleep on the cold floor because there is no bed.

- 1251 words

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- Translation: 6/30/2023

Chapter 74

Soviet Union's view:

Everything is warm and I am no longer in pain. Did i die? I cannot and do not want to die! I have to go to my family! They need me! What if Reich becomes what I was after we broke up or worse?! I open my eyes and realize that it's relatively bright. "You're finally awake!", comes from Russia.

Did he die too? How did he die? "Russia how did you die?", I ask him confused. "I told you he'll think he's dead.", I hear from America. From Russia comes: "Somehow he died. But he was lucky that his soul was still in his body."

I'm amazed why Reich doesn't hug me. Where is my Reich? "Do you know where my Reich is?", I ask. I try to get up a bit, but then someone holds me back and gently pushes me back onto the bed. "Dad stay down, your body needs to regain its strength a little.", I hear from Russia, who had pushed me back onto the bed and wrapped the blanket around me more.

"Where is he?", I ask. "Reich is locked in a room because he attacked FRG. Your daughter is sleeping in the bed next to yours.", explains America, "It's quite late and we'll be going to bed soon too. I suggest that you just go back to sleep and we'll take care of Third Reich tomorrow."

Immediately I ask: "Is he alright? Does he have a warm place to sleep? Does he have enough to eat and drink? Does he have anything to occupy himself with? Does he-" "Yes, he has everything he needs, don't worry, he's fine.", Russia tries to calm me down.

I'm still restless, but I have to trust my "son" more. I feel strange calling him my son, but I could try calling him that. If he sees me as his dad, then I can also call him son. I'd like to sleep with Reich, but if he's okay then I don't have to worry.

Maybe I could arrange for my daughter to sleep with me for that. "Son, could you please make sure I have at least my daughter with me?", I ask him. He answers me: "Um... Yes, I can organize it." Shortly thereafter, her bed is driven to me. I put an arm around her.

She wakes up briefly, smiles at me and rolls closer to me. She quickly falls asleep again. Everyone wishes me good night before they walk out of the room and turn off the light. I'm still too worried about Reich and want to look for him to put him to bed. I get up slowly so my daughter doesn't wake up.

Shortly thereafter, I sneak through the hallways and find a room that is dark and has a few bloodstains on the floor. There is no bed in the room and nothing in general except for a few scratch marks. I also find a black feather. Was Reich here? "I knew it!", comes from behind me.

I turn and see a dark figure, but I know it's America by his voice. "I knew lying wouldn't work and you would still check.", he says. I get more confused, but also more irritated: "What do you mean and where is my Reich?"

"We don't know where he is.", tells America, who walks into the room, "He beat up FRG pretty badly and got locked up here. The doctors have treated FRG and she's fine, but then she probably kidnapped him." "I have to save him!", I say resolutely.

"We don't know where they are and we're still searching. We've captured Britain and the others so there's not much she can do. Please rest until tomorrow morning and then we'll all gather together and plan everything, but first you're sleeping because you're still a little weak.", he says. "No, I'll look for him on the spot!", I make it clear to him.

"But-", he tries to talk, but I cut him off. "No buts, I'm looking for my Reich now!", I grumble. America then asks me: "What about your daughter?" "She's more than legal age. She can do without me and she'll understand that I'm looking for her father.", I say before I leave the room.

"Soviet you need to rest! You almost passed away! Your body needs

rest.", America stands in my way. I push him away and get faster. "I don't need any rest! All I need is my Reich and I'll get him back! Right now! So don't stand in my way anymore!", I explain to him before I look for the exit of this building.

I stomp outside, but as soon as I'm almost to the road, I feel exhausted and have almost no strength left. Maybe America was right after all. But now it's too late, I have to pull myself together. I need Reich! I need him! I can't hold on any longer and fall to the ground where I keep crawling.

At some point my energy runs out, but I try to keep moving forward. America is in front of me at some point. "Soviet Union we're doing the search and tomorrow you can work with us, but now we're taking you to your daughter.", he says before someone gently lifts me by my legs and America picks me up by my arms.

I am carried inside and laid gently on the bed. I pull my daughter to me and watch her sleep for a short time. I'm getting a little more tired too, but I'm trying to stay awake. I want to save my angel. I love him and I have to save him! I hope he's fine.

- 938 words

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- Translation: 7/4/2023

Chapter 75

Third Reich's view:

I slowly wake up on the floor. Luckily I've been lying here for so long that this part where I'm lying isn't too cold anymore. Why should I get up too? I could lie here my whole life and it wouldn't matter. Maybe then I really will stay here forever. They'll probably think I'm a monster now, but I couldn't control myself after... after FRG took my Soviet from me.

Why did she do that?! I didn't even fight back. Still, she killed him. At least now I know that FRG really isn't my daughter, she's a monster that tried to kill me and killed Soviet. Why am I just now realizing she's a monster? Anyway, she's not part of my family.

She can go back to hell where she came from, I never want to see her again. I hate her! How she has become is in her nature and not up to me. I raised her completely differently. GRR is my only daughter and I'm guaranteed never to see her again because everyone thinks I'm a monster.

What if I really am a monster? No, I did nothing wrong, she killed him and I attacked her through my fear, hatred and anger. Have I maybe made a mistake? I see light pouring into the room and a shadow. "Just leave me the fuck alone!", I scold.

"That can-", I know that's FRG, I recognize that voice immediately. I jump up and lunge at her, but she closes the door and I almost bang on it. If I see her again, I'll make sure she ends up in hell again! Because this is where a killer like her belongs! I go back to my place and lie down.

Then the door is partly opened again. "Reich, I want to-" I interrupt FRG: "No matter what you want from me, you can forget it! All I want is to send you to hell!" She says: "Okay, I'm going back to my old plan." She takes chains and opens the door wider as she approaches me.

I jump at her again but she dodges and when I land on the ground she jumps on top of me before immobilizing me with her weight as I try to avoid her getting off the ground. She encircles my wrists in her chains before getting off my back and dragging me with the chains.

Outside the room, she attaches me to a support beam in the room. "I'm going to keep you here as a hostage now so I can get Britain here so he can give me my orders.", she says. "I didn't know you couldn't even think for yourself without Britain.", I provoke.

She disagrees: "I can think without him but I'm not exactly sure what to do with you myself and Britain always has a plan." "You can just kill me, then you would make me and everyone else on this planet happy.", I suggest.

"No, then I don't have full power over your father's land.", she contradicts, "And I don't think you'll give me the land voluntarily. Unfortunately, we're trapped in this hut, so I can't force you." "Why do you absolutely need me for this company occupied land? You have power and to the people the land are already on your side.

I can't even go anywhere without a disguise. What more can I do than hide? I could never talk to people again. Then why do you need a contract now or the death of my family?", I ask annoyed.

She replies: "Because we have to keep an eye on you and killing you means your brother gets the land and therefore it will make our problems worse. And why did you say the death of your family? Not all of your family die." "Yes! My brother and my daughter GRR.", I make it clear to her.

She's still waiting. Does she expect me to count her as part of the family? I raised her, but that doesn't mean she's family to me after what she's done. "Didn't you forget someone?", comes from her.

I make it clear: "No, my father is dead, one of my brothers is dead, my adopted son GDR is dead and the man I developed feelings for is dead. My brother and my daughter are still alive." "Are you trying to make me feel sorry?", FRG asks me. "No, you've certainly had your pity drained from Britain.", I answer her.

I lean more against the wood and stare at the ceiling. "By the way, how did you keep coming to us?", I ask, because we've been constantly reassured that my family and I are safe, but we've still gotten into trouble time and time again. "Your brother alone wouldn't do us any good, and neither would your daughter alone, so we never really tried very hard.

Besides, Russia has no idea how many of his people actually work for us. And the potion that USSR created is an even better help to us, luckily he wrote down the recipe.", comes from her. I feel my sadness washing over me and I feel like I'm about to cry. "Soviet ...", I whisper, "My Soviet..."

FRG comes closer to me and says: "He's worthless, what do you find in him at all?" It is enough! I kick her in the shin so that she falls and grab her with my foot, making her look me in the eyes from below. "He's the one I love the most in the whole world!

Love is a feeling you can't choose, it just happens and this man has stolen my heart for the second time! A heart doesn't care what's on the outside, it has its own world that no one will ever fully understand, but you don't understand that because you've been trained to listen to commands and not follow your heart like I wanted to teach you!", I yell at her before pushing her away from me.

I really start to cry. In that short time I rediscovered my love for Soviet and then he gets killed. I have an emptiness inside me like I've never felt before. What should she know about love! She is a countryhuman who has everything pre-programmed to obey orders and not to understand or even feel such complicated feelings as love.

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- 1045 words

- Original: 1/19/2022

- Translation: 7/5/2023

Chapter 76

Third Reich's view:

My anger withdraws from my body again. I pull my legs closer to me and rest the back of my head against the wooden beam. "Can you love?", FRG asks me, sounding less neutral, more towards annoyed. "Yes... Yes I can love.", I answer her.

She comes closer to me and looks into my eyes. It's only now that I realize how big she's gotten. She is almost as tall as me. She already has wrinkles under her eyes and looks like she hasn't slept with bags under her eyes. She says: "That's proof why I'm not unsympathetic." I give her a confused look before asking: "What do you mean by that?"

"I might tell you later, but none of us are unsympathetic. Don't say I no feelings. I never chose to be a countryhuman.", she says before leaving. I don't quite understand what she means. But I may have gone a little too far.

I remember from her childhood that she has feelings. Why did I say that before? "Yeah, I won't call you that anymore. I just think that because you killed the one I started loving again, I'm not in the best of moods because of it.", I admit, looking down.

I smile slightly and say: "He really, in such a short amount of time, made me fall in love with him a second time. I would have liked to have spent more time with him, but that would probab-" She cuts me off an angry tone: "Just stop it! Love is so disgusting!"

I look at her and ask her: "Haven't you ever fallen in love with anyone? It-" "No! And I don't want to either. I don't get it. I hate love!", she scolds. I think someone instilled in her that love isn't good, they always do that so you don't develop compassion or charity for innocent people.

Love is just so incredibly strong and positive that dark forces hate it

more than anything and cannot understand love because they cannot love. Luckily I know that love is the most beautiful feeling you can have and the more often you feel love, the more beautiful it feels. "Believe me, once you really know what love feels like, you want to feel that way forever.

But it's your choice, you're an adult and you have to find out for yourself.", I tell her. She doesn't say any more and sits on a sofa before staring at the clock. Maybe I should think a little and im figure something out in my head because I'm sure I'll have to wait until it gets a little busier.

Why do I actually have pointy teeth? I don't know any other countryhumans with pointy teeth, except FRG and Britain. Not even my little brother or my father have or my father's had, pointy teeth, of course Mama didn't have any either, because she was human. So how do I get pointy teeth?

Maybe FRG knows more because she probably knows more about countryhumans genetics than I do? "FRG?", I ask her for her attention. "Yes?", she asks. "Why do I have pointy teeth and my father and my brother don't?", I ask. She answers me: "Suppose your father lied to you about something and I'm actually very similar to you."

Then she focuses on the clock again. Why would my father lie to me? He loved me and that's exactly why he wouldn't lie to me. Soviet Union loves me too and has lied to me at least once or he has at least lied to me. But he always somehow revealed the truth.

What else does she mean by the fact that we are so similar? "Are you still clueless?", she asks me. I nod, to which she says: "Soviet Union has something to do with it too, but his brother doesn't." "Soviet has a brother?", I ask, puzzled. "Yes and if you look closely, your Soviet is the adopted son of the Russian Empire.

Shortly before he died, he gave birth to his only biological child, when his adopted son was already working in his company for around sixty or seventy years. Soviet Union raised his brother as supposedly his son, he also thinks he is Soviet Union's adopted son, but Soviet is actually his adopted brother.

This brother has fallen in love with the only real countryhuman from another country and tries everything to protect and help him. It's so obvious now you'll figure it out on your own.", she tells me. I ask skeptically: "How do I know you're not lying to me?"

"Seek the answer from your brother once he's here and ready to answer your questions.", I get as an answer. I don't think I'll find the solution now, because out of all of Soviet's children, I only got to know Russia better and I don't know the others. I'll think more later.

First I'll try to convince FRG to give me food because I'm really hungry. "FRG, can I please have something vegetarian?", I ask her. "Can you stop asking so many questions?!", she scolds before getting up and walking into a room. I didn't think it would go that fast.

Shortly afterwards she comes over with bananas and apples. I thank her: "Thank you, but how am I supposed to eat this without my hands?", She rolls her eyes before freeing one hand and tying the other even tighter with the rope. She doesn't trust me. Then FRG walks away from me and I start to eat the first apple.

After I'm full, I want to talk to her again because I'm bored, but I know she has a problem with it. I then simply think about what FRG meant by that from before, because that's still buzzing around in my head. I would have liked more answers.

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- 962 words

- Original: 2/19/2022

- Translation: 7/6/2023

Chapter 77 ◍ Violence / Blood ◍

Soviet Union's view:

I feel someone snuggling against my chest. Is this my Reich? I put an arm around him. "Good morning Papa!", is what I hear from that person. I rub the sleep from my eyes and look at my daughter. I give her a soft smile. She cuddles up to me even more. Because of this she somehow reminds me of my Reich.

I hope he's fine. "...you definitely won't do that Deutschland!", I hear Russia yelling in the hallway. "Russia, understand! I'm the only purely German countryhuman there is! If someone gets him out of there, it'll be me!" Deutschland protests much calmer than Russia.

I'd rather see what's going on there. I kiss my daughter's forehead before I get up and open the door. "What the hell is going on here?!", I ask. "Nothing!", comes from Russia. Deutschland pushed him aside and ordered me: "Soviet, please put something on and we'll save my brother!"

Third Reich's view:

I'm bored again because there's nothing to do here and I can hardly move. "Couldn't we play chess or Mensch ärgere dich nicht or just do a puzzle if you like?", I ask her. She scolds: "Can you stop annoying me?! You're not here for fun! You're my hostage!"

I ask: "Hostage? And what about the whole killing thing?" "If you used my tips from earlier, you wouldn't ask the question anymore.", FRG pauses a little before continuing, "I'll trade you for the one I really need before I'm captured by Russia because you bring me nothing!"

Why shouldn't I bring her anything? They've been chasing me for so

long now, I don't think I'm useless. "I'll give you another tip, if that's not enough, you're really stupid!", claims FRG before asking, "If you're really the countryhuman who's something like the throne successor to German Empire...

Why haven't they already forced you to hand over your power to me or someone else? Why were you allowed to live in America and mostly left alone? Why did you have to be taken away after the war and I had to take over your company?

Why did your country leader go to the imperial family in 1933 and didn't manage to arrange for the company to be dissolved?" After a short pause, during which I just sit in silence, trying to add it all up, she says: "You are like me and have pieces of Britain's DNA in you. You're not a complete German countryhuman.

This is your brother of whom you are the adoptive brother. We've been after Deutschland all along, because once he's dead, the company will stay forever!" "You're wrong this time! A company cannot completely replace a country.

The country can only be taken over by someone else, better said, someone like me can take over the country and then we will have the people completely to ourselves. We could make laws and those who don't listen to us will have their heads cut off!", laughs Britain, coming in from the door.

We caught him! H-How can he be here now? I can't even process what was said by FRG right now. "Forgive me United Kingdom!", FRG pleads, bowing so low that she hits the ground. "Stay in this position!", orders Britain.

FRG doesn't move a bit, not even her gaze wanders around, meanwhile Britain comes closer to me step by step. "So we meet again!", comes from him while he looks down at me. I absolutely cannot stand him. I ask: "How's that old bastard doing torturing innocent people?"

He bends down and grabs my neck roughly with his left hand, because FRG has re-cuffed my hands I can't do anything but try to bite his hand or somehow move out of his grip. The more I try to

free myself, the more he digs his fingers into my throat.

I'm starting to notice not only that my neck hurts, but also that I'm getting dizzy. I already know that if he continued like this I would pass out from the dizziness I get. But then he lets go of my throat and I cough to replace so much of the used air with fresh air.

"Don't you ever call me an old bastard again!", he yells annoyed in my face, so that I pull my head back and squint while my ears settle. "So FRG, where is Germany?", he demands sternly from her. She replies: "He's on his way here to be exchanged for Third Reich."

"Why isn't he here yet?!", Britain scolds angrily. "The exchange offer came to them late, but Deutschland will have taken his adoptive brother so much into its heart that he will hand himself over.", FRG explains to him. I object: "Why would he turn himself in? He kn-"

Britannia grabs my neck as before and yells so hard in my right ear that I can hear it high-pitched: "HAVE I GAVE YOU PERMISSION TO TALK?!" My ears are ringing and my head hurts like hell. My sense of balance is gone and the world feels like it revolves around me. The neck feels crushed.

I hang my head after he lets go of me because I'm still trying to move my hands to the painful areas out of reflex. I'm amazed myself why I don't even have to cry from the pain. Unfortunately, I now have to wait until my body has calmed down again.

I don't understand a single word of the information the two are exchanging. Looking at them wouldn't do me any good either, since I can't read lips. Now I remember why I never stood up to Britain. He's still way too strong for me, just with his voice he makes me deaf.

- 939 words

- Original: 2/20/2022

- Translation: 7/8/2023

Chapter 78 ◍ Violence / Blood ◍

Third Reich's view:

Suddenly I feel my right arm being held. I look and see Britain holding a syringe containing a clear liquid. Unfortunately, I think I already know what's inside. It's definitely that something they invented that attacks the heart, stomach and intestines. I don't know what it is or what it's called, but people like to use it as a threat.

You die within a few hours of it because it robs the nutrients from those organs. Only traitors are given something like this so that before they die, they teach, through the pain, to obey and not fight back if they are ever reborn. I'm pulling on the ropes that hold me tied up and trying to somehow move more, but FRG tied me up so tight I can't really move.

Panic spreads through me as Britain, with a malicious smile, grabs my arm and tries to position the needle. I look at FRG, who is staring at us uninterested. However, looking deep into her eyes, I see her fear. I feel how the sharp needle runs along my skin. This is the end!

With just a little pressure, the needle gets under the skin. Now I can't do anything anymore, the needle is in me and every moment he pushes the poison into me. At least I'll be reunited with Soviet Union after the agonizing few hours, that's the only good thing about the situation. I can feel the liquid being pushed into my blood.

This cold liquid feels so unsettling. I'm scared of the torments I'll endure. If only I had never loved! If I couldn't love like every other normal Countryhuman I wouldn't be here now, Soviet wouldn't

have been killed and I never would have fallen in love with him!

He would continue to be able to look down on everyone and everything with pride and I would be written off as the killer that I was. Then we'd be normal, we'd at least be friends and drink the blood of children together to stay young forever-...

What the... How do I come up with this garbage?! I'm not like that and I would never be like that or even want to be like that! Where does this come from in my head? It's not my fault and even if I was, I was just trying to make a difference! I'm sure I improved some things because I broke through the walls and let my heart go its way trying to build bridges.

I have to stay positive! Soviet would usually try to cheer me up and tell me everything is fine to make me feel better. Part of my family is still here and I have to stay strong for them. Britain takes the needle out of me and tapes something clear to the insertion site.

I'm afraid! I'm scared of what's in my body now. Why am I so helpless? I feel so weak. I see Britain going away from me and going to FRG. What will happen to me?

Soviet Union's view:

We're in the car, driving to where we're supposed to go. Russia looks at Deutschland with an uncertain look. I can understand him well because Deutschland has a risky plan that we didn't really agree to, but what else should we do? She has my Reich! I hope he's fine.

"I still don't find the plan very reassuring.", Russia said more quietly than usual, with his head on Deutschland's shoulder. Deutschland turns his head from the window to him before kissing his cheek and saying: "You know we have to save my brother fast and no one else has a better plan.

Let's give her what she wants. I know you're going to get me out of there." Deutschland snuggles against Russia's cheek and puts his hand on Russia's hand. After a kiss on the cheek, Deutschland whispers: "I know everything will be fine." He moves a little from

Russia's Head away and positions his face in front of his fiancé's face.

Both look into each other's eyes and Deutschland puts a hand on Russia's right cheek and strokes it. Russia smiles slightly and puts his lips on Reich's brother's for a few seconds. I miss my Reich so much! Our daughter was flown to Moscow because that's the safest place for her while we head straight into danger.

I fold my arms and stare out the window of the car. I just want to be able to see and hug my Reich healthy and well again, that's all I ask. Then I hear two clicks across from me and when I look, the two fiancés are already sitting next to me, fastening their seatbelts again.

Deutschland hugs me from the left and Russia puts an arm around me from the right. "We'll get him out there!", Deutschland assures me with a hopeful smile. The way he smiles reminds me a lot of his brother. I give him a slight smile as well.

Third Reich's view:

It's still spinning and I have a hearing problem, which doesn't surprise me for someone like Britain. He's such a screamer anyway. I lean back a little and rest my head lightly on my shoulder. I see someone in front of me and feel a hand my size stroking my head, the hand is relatively cool.

I close both eyes to focus on the touch because everything is spinning and I want to focus on something so I can better perceive my surroundings again. The dizziness makes me feel like I'm being dragged into darkness, so I open my eyes again.

I see that the one in front of me is FRG. She looks a little to the side. She looks at me while I just smile at her. "He went way too far.", I can hear from her, "I-I know I made a mistake.

You raised me and the only really good time I've had in my life so far has been with you and my brother. Britain took my brother to show me how to behave. He had to die right before my eyes and now he wants to do the same to you and I can't even do anything

about it!

I have no connection with Deutschland. He was only then the uncle who was never there. Britain wasn't really after you or Soviet, he's after Deutschland all along because he can get revenge on Russia and some other reasons I don't know.

I wanted to make him proud because he trained me after I got separated from you. I just wanted to do something right for him. I went the wrong way and after all that, when you still called me your daughter and put yourself in front of Britain, I realized even more that I don't really want to hurt you, I even want to protect you.

I didn't actually kill Soviet Union... Well... At least I think they brought him back to life. My plan was a little different, but everything worked until Britain showed up. Now you have a newly developed poison that is worse than the old version.

I didn't want that to happen to you." She narrows her eyes and moves closer to me before pressing her head against my chest and sniffling. She then lets out in a tone that sounds like she's crying: "I'm so sorry... Papa!" She snuggles up to me like she did when she was a little girl.

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- 1225 words

- Original: 2/21/2022

- Translation: 7/10/2023

Chapter 79 🍥 Violence / Blood 🍥⛔Death⛔

Third Reich's view:

I rub my chin over her head before kissing her head gently. She looks me in the eyes with tears in her eyes. I immediately try to calm her down even further, giving her a smile before kissing her cheek to make her feel better.

She wraps her arms around me and snuggles against my cheek. I wrap my arms around her and run my hands a little down her back. I kiss her head tenderly as she snuggles into me. I'm glad to have my daughter.

Soviet Union's view:

I'm standing next to Russia who can't stop kissing Deutschland and the most uncomfortable part is that Russia's army and I have to be here and watch them. I would have fewer problems with it in the limousine, but here it's incredibly uncomfortable for me. Russia will get him out of there anyway.

There is no way out for FRG and that's why Russia exaggerates with all these kisses. I see and know that they love each other, but they exaggerate beyond measure. "Are you going to finish here? Deutschland is only gone for a few minutes and then you'll have him back.", I complain. "Papa!", scolds Russia and gets a kiss on the cheek from Deutschland.

"Your father is absolutely right Russia. I won't be there long, so just kiss me one last goodbye and we'll have a relaxing evening after that.", Deutschland says before kissing. After the kiss, he lets go of Russia and walks off. Russia comes up to me and puts his head on

my shoulder.

Surprisingly, he confessed to me: "Papa, I'm scared." I put an arm around him and reassure him: "He'll be right back with you my son." He hugs me then and I put my arms around him. I don't think he's ever reacted like that. Usually there are hardly any hugs and we are a few steps apart.

Does he really love Deutschland that much or is he just so worried about him? Maybe it's just so amazing to him that I called him "son" for the first time.

Third Reich's view:

FRG explains to me: "It's a poison they created that inflicts excruciating pain while attacking your brain and leads to death within a few days, luckily no one has managed to die from it, but instead from dehydration or cardiac arrest to die since the body cannot do anything.

The pain is so severe that you can no longer move your body and because your whole body is fighting this poison, you are conspicuous for minor illnesses that can also shorten your life. Fortunately, it cannot be transferred. Only traitors get this death penalty.

Unfortunately, you must be one of those traitors... I'm trying to make amends for my mistakes and I'm starting to help you find an antidote for this poison." She looks me in the face again and I hug her again, before she gets up. She gives me her hand to get up.

I hear a click or some similar sound. Britain stands a few yards from us, pointing a pistol at her. Appearing unfazed, he says: "Do you really think it would be that easy? I'm one of history's greatest criminals, do you really think you could defeat my latest creation with something as simple as an antidote?

I was really hoping that just one of you Germans would be different and more like the rest of me and the other Countryhumans. You cling too much to fairy tales." Without any emotion, Britain pulls the trigger. Without a loud bang, the bullet shoots through FRG's

head. Blood spurts immediately from the point of entry and also from the point of exit.

She just falls down in front of me. I crawl over to her and look into her eyes. The pupils are fully open and she stares motionless into nothing. I can't handle the situation. What's going on here? What happened? What is happening at this moment? I hear roars in the distance, but all I focus on is my daughter's corpse in front of me.

Why? Why did she have to die? Why did Soviet and FRG have to be killed? Just when everything seems fine everyone is taken away from me. I stroke the cheek of her still warm body. My tears flow again. Shortly afterwards I feel something cold on my head. I don't even bother to look back.

"Bye!", I hear from Britain. I can feel something piercing my head, but I don't even get a chance to feel the pain. I immediately fall down on my daughter's corpse and before everything goes black, I hear a seemingly distant voice from Deutschland: "No!"

Soviet Union's view:

"How long will it take!?", I scold, "I want to see Reich now!" "Papa don't be so impatient! It could be just a few seconds or a few minutes.", he says, "We're a safe distance from the house and if we weren't that far, it would be really dangerous for us if something should go wrong."

Exactly at that moment, the ambulance rushes from the direction of the house to the street with blue lights flashing. A woman comes to us and reports: "Russia, we only found Third Reich and FRG. Both were shot in the head, while Third Reich still has one or two more injuries.

We can probably only save one of the two because there is only one MED bed in the hospital and it takes about 40 minutes for one. The nearest hospital with an MED bed is in Moscow and we need a two hour flight for that." Russia looks at me and then at the woman before ordering her: "Third Reich should be placed in the MED bed and FRG after him, because they still has a small chance."

The woman nods and runs off to deliver the message. Russia takes my shoulder and says: "You will be taken to the hospital, while I will ask about Deutschland." Then he starts running and I go in the opposite direction. Actually I wanted to say something like "see you later", but he was gone too quickly. Then I look after my Reich now.

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- 1014 words

- Original: 3/3/2022

- Translation: 7/13/2023

Chapter 80 ⑱Sexual Content⑱

Third Reich's vision in his dream:

Dream 1

"No, Britain, I won't!", I yell at him, "I would never do that to him!" He sneers at me while saying: "Either that or you can say goodbye to Berlin forever, because all that's left of it will be a crater full of ash." I look at him in shock.

"Besides, what do you care if he's already broken your heart anyway. You'd have his company on top of that, so your life would be so much easier and more comfortable if he changed his mind about you.", Britain agreed me, "That would be the greatest deal of your life."

Dream 2

"Ist das dein verdammter Ernst!? (Are you fucking serious!?)", I yell at Adolf while I have his neck between my fingers and pin him against the wall. I bare my teeth at him and growl aggressively. "B-Bitte Reich... reden wi-wir darüber. (P-Please Reich... let's ta-talk about it.)", he begs. I yell at the top of my voice: "DU HAST AN ALLEM SCHULD!! ICH HASSE DICH!!!! (IT'S ALL THE FAULT OF YOU!! I HATE YOU!!!!)" "Bitte las mich reden. (Please let me talk.)", he pleaded. "Wieso noch reden?! Du hast meine Zukunft mit Sowjet zunichte gemacht!

Wir wollten eine Familie werden, wir hatten so viele Pläne für die Zukunft und jetzt... jetzt will er mich nicht einmal mehr sehen. (Why still talk?! You ruined my future with Soviet! (We wanted to be a family, we had so many plans for the future and now... now he doesn't even want to see me.)", I sob, tears already blurring my vision. I let go of him as I start to shaking and I sat on the ground to hug myself and I also wrap my wings around me.

"Reich, du musst verstehen, dass es hierbei nicht nur, um dich und Sowjet geht. Die Zukunft unzähliger Menschen steht hier auf dem Spiel, wenn wir Britannien weiter angreifen würden, würden die Menschen in den Städten so oft bombardiert werden, dass es niemanden mehr dort gibt, der dort leben könnte, aber wenn wir im Osten angreifen stellt Britannien seine Angriffe gegen uns ein und wir müssten nur wie weitere Male zuvor versuchen das Land von Sowjet schnell zu erobern oder zu mindestens so weit zu gehen, um noch ein weiteren Versuch zu starten Frieden zu schließen.

(Reich, you have to understand that this is not just about you and Soviet. The future of countless people is at stake here, if we continued to attack Britain the people in the cities would be bombed so often that there would be nobody there's more there that could live there, but if we attack to the east, Britain will cease his attacks against us and we'd just have to try, like other times before, to quickly conquer Soviet's land or at least go as far as to have another try to start making peace.)", he says, "Ich weiß, dass es dir das Herz bricht, aber bitte höre auf deinen Verstand, Reich.

Es sind hier mehr in dieser Entscheidung involviert als du und dein Sowjet. (I know it breaks your heart, but please use your wits, Reich. There is more involved in this decision than you and your Soviet.)" "Woher weißt du, dass Britannien sich an seinen Abkommen hält? (How do you know that Britain is keeping to his agreements?)", I ask him. "Ich glaube, er kann sich besser an sein Abkommen halten, als mein alter Arbeitskollege. (I think he can keep his agreements better than my old colleague.)"

Dream 3 (🔞Sexual Content🔞)

"Please, Reich~", Soviet purrs, hugging me from behind and sucking my neck after his sentence. "Sure~", comes in response from me before turning to face him causing him to stop sucking and slowly let him fall backwards and I stand over him and look down at him. He looks up at me with a grin.

I stroke his chest and his face, which I kiss shortly afterwards. Slightly hesitantly I reach out to Soviet's underwear, which I take off and then I

try to remember all the steps because the mood is heating up. I kiss Soviet's neck until I find a very tender spot that I gently nibble and play with his skin, wanting a change from the past few days.

And he likes it a lot, not only that, he enjoys it. I take two fingers and put them in my mouth to coat them with my spit so my fingers can go inside him better and Soviet has less pain.

I add extra saliva to make it even easier for him and take my fingers out of my mouth again before I put them between his legs and gently push my fingers into him. He contracts slightly, but after I start running my fingers along the mucous membrane, he starts panting.

Soviet looks happier now, clearly enjoying this touch, even his skin turns to goosebumps. Slowly I press my fingers deeper into him and no longer caress his tender skin, but push it further apart with my fingers so that I prepare him for the clearly heated part of me.

I put up to three fingers in him. After I see that he's starting to enjoy that, too, I slowly and gently remove my fingers from him. I wipe my fingers on my pants, which I pull off before I see my aroused member.

I'll be much more loving this time, we have all the time in the world and I've had my lovemaking experiences for the past few days. I look at Soviet, who looks between my legs for a moment before he looks at my face with a lustful grin, now I also see that a lot of blood is running through his face because his whole face has turned blood red. As I would say, he's literally hot~

Then I lean towards his face and we kiss again because during the act, we never kiss because we want each other to get enough air. I ask one last time: "Are you ready, Soviet?" "Yes, Reich, I'm ready.", comes enthusiastically from Soviet. His voice shows me that he can't wait any longer.

So I take my hands, spit in them so I can salivate my cock for Soviet before carefully positioning my stiff member in front of his entrance. Just from the touch of our sensitive skin, we both need to take a deep breath because some of the heat is already between us and only increasing.

Looking up at his face, he gives me a smile before I slowly start to slide

into him, but very slowly for Soviet, so he can get used to me faster. Halfway into it, I pause for Soviet. I kiss his chest tenderly because I love being so gently and Soviet likes it too. Soviet spreads his legs a little more apart.

"You... You can keep g-going!", Soviet Union asks me, sounding so sure as I do it. It's so nice to see that he enjoys it as much as I do. I still find it unusual to have so much heat around me and especially around my member, but it feels amazing and makes me feel even more that Soviet is not just part of the family, he's also a part of me.

Then I do what he asked me to do and then shoved my entire length into him. When I'm all in him, Soviet groans briefly and I felt that the mood is about to get as hot as in a volcano. Soviet squeezes his pelvis so I know I can drive up.

I pull my cock out of him a little before gently ramming it into him, earning a moan from him, which only turns me on even more. Nevertheless, I continue with my small thrusts. I tilt my head at him as I begin to pant from the heat, increasing in temperature as it spreads through my body.

The thrusts coming from me are slowly getting harder and harder, but I'm still gaining strength faster as well as my speed. Soviet stretches his back fully as he lies beneath me moaning in pleasure. That moan is like music to my ears. The lust in his eyes, in his body language and his sounds makes me so happy.

"I love you~... Reich~", Soviet only gets out while panting and moaning heavily. It comes back from me: "I love you~... too~... Soviet~" I'm thrusting into him very deeply. Where is Soviet's special place? So that I can reach it better, Soviet stretches his pelvis towards me as best he can. I'm almost deep enough. I just have to find the right spot.

I don't have to look far for that until Soviet screams with lust. He clutches the sheets and starts panting harder as his saliva flows out of his mouth and lands on the bed, but I can't hold back my panting and drooling either. I love that feeling and I love him even more.

I also clutch the sheets even harder as I start penetrating the spot. With faster and stronger thrusts I penetrate my partner more and more, who is

only moaning and panting. I feel that we are reaching the climax of our lovemaking. We squeeze into each other as hard as we can.

Soviet can't stop moaning my name. I feel like I'm in heaven, but shortly thereafter I can't hold back any longer and come with a last moan in Soviet, who then comes on the mattress with a loud moan. For my partner, I stop thrusting into him.

My body has a problem with it, but it's more important to me that Soviet likes it. I'm about to kiss him, but he puts his lips to mine faster than I can react. Satisfied, I lie down on top of him and place my hands on his glowing cheeks as I enjoy the kiss and my love makes me realize again that we are the center of the universe right now.

After the kiss, he wraps his arms around me and turns to the side before making sure my head is close enough to his chest that I can hear his heart still beating fast.

- 1679 words

- Original: 9/1/2022

- Translation: 7/13/2023

Chapter 81

Third Reich's view:

I'm slowly becoming aware of my surroundings again. Everything is getting warm again and I have a slight headache, but it's nothing too bad. I move my arms so that the blanket or whatever was on top of me was closer to my face because I like to be warm. Suddenly I feel a gentle touch on my left cheek.

As the fingers run lightly against my skin, I feel the warmth and the size of each finger. If I paid more attention and thought more carefully, I could figure out whose hand is stroking my cheek, but I'm too relaxed to bother, instead I enjoy the tenderness and smile a little.

The hand strokes my cheek so gently, but I still feel that this hand is shaking slightly. I feel another hand on my other cheek, but it's just laying on my cheek while the thumb lightly brushes my cheek. Suddenly something warm touches my lips. Is someone kissing me?

I just assume that someone is kissing me right now. Comparing the lips more closely, they feel familiar, in a positive way. I purse my lips. We kiss for a while until the one takes his lips from mine. He takes his hands off my cheeks and gently presses them under my back and pulls me up.

I get even warmer, especially when I feel the cozy clothes I'm snuggled into while someone is hugging me. Its smell reminds me a lot of Soviet, that's why the smell relaxes me so much. The hug is soft and light, yet warm and snuggly.

"I finally got you back!", I hear Soviet whisper. But that can't be Soviet! Every movement is like Soviet's, but he died... what about me? Didn't I die too?... I am completely confused. Are we here in heaven? I still have a headache, so I'm not in heaven.

Isn't there a hell where you don't come out, but you come in? Then it would have to be unbearably hot or so cold that you freeze to ice and not pleasantly warm and cozy. Wherever we are, the main thing is that I'm with Soviet. I tenderly kiss his cheek before gently asking him: "Where are we Soviet?"

He also kisses my cheek gently before replying in a relaxed voice: "We're in the hospital because FRG shot you in the head, luckily you're fine." Then he presses against me and snuggles his head on my chest. FRG shot me in the head? I thought it was Britain.

"I thought it was Britain who shot her and me in the head.", I say to Soviet. He repeated: "Britain? He's locked up with the others." "I don't know how-", on that I am cut off by Russia. "Did he take Deutschland with him?" I hear him thinking out loud.

Outraged I say: "Don't tell me that my brother went into the hut?!" "He wanted to hand himself over to FRG for you and afterwards I should look for him with twenty tracking devices, but apparently Britain has found every one of the devices. I-I have to save him! Who knows what will happen to him?!", Russia sounds so worried and anxious that is new to me.

I hear him running out of the room before Soviet yells after him: "Russia?" After a short time being quiet, he said: "Like father, like son."

Soviet Union's view:

I do everything for Reich and my son does everything for Deutschland. I hear giggles from my Reich. Apparently he agrees with me. "Doesn't that mean even more that we belong together just like our two family members?", he says. What a beautiful thought.

I bring my head back to his and tenderly kiss his soft cheek. "Yes~ But please, let's turn all the excitement into a one-time adventure, because to be honest, I want to have a relaxing time with you and our daughter for the time being. And get to know you even better.", I say.

"But my brother and your son have priority right now. We can later

enjoy our togetherness and our time with our daughter.", he says. I agree with him there. "I think you're right Reich, but honestly there's nothing we can do right now, especially since you're going to have to stay in bed for a few days.", I tell him.

To which he complains: "Why am I always the one who has to be in bed?" "Because you always throw yourself into an adventure.", I laugh. He giggles after a short while. "My adventurer~", I purr. Then he giggles harder and presses himself against my chest.

After we're done with our giggles, he asks me: "What about FRG?" Actually, he can't care what's wrong with her, because she wanted to kill him. Anyway, nothing prevents me from answering him: "She died because she was helped too late, because I asked them to take care of you first."

Shortly thereafter, I hear crying. Wait a minute! Reich is crying because of her? She almost fucking killed him and not just once. My Reich presses against me while he cries. To make him feel better, I hug him and rub his back gently to calm him down.

- 853 words

- Original: 9/2/2022

- Translation: 7/15/2023

Chapter 82

Third Reich's view:

My daughter really didn't deserve that! S-She could have been herself again. She could have been the FRG that she once was. FRG, proud that I was her father. The one who loved mythical creatures and would have liked to be one herself. The one who only claimed to have nightmares just to be around me. She was the smartest and most affectionate of the two.

FRG used to read me books at night because she wanted to read more than anything else in the world. I would love to kiss her forehead again to put her to sleep and sing her a good night song. I want to tell her that I love her and will do anything for her because she is my daughter and I love her unconditionally. No matter what she did, I love her.

I want to hold her in my arms and kiss her cheek like everything is fine. I love her so much! I raised her. She is still my daughter! I cling to Soviet and cry without end. i want my daughter back I should have died and not her! I keep pushing myself against Soviet, who tries to calm me down by stroking my back.

"Can I see her body later?", I ask him curiously. "Yes, you can, but later please.", he says, "I want to cuddle with you and rest with you." "Yeah, some rest would be nice.", I agree. I wipe my eyes so I can open them and look up at Soviet, who is smiling lovingly at me.

I also give him a loving smile. I snuggle up to his chest and put my hands on them as well. He has his arms lovingly around me. I love Soviet tenderness so much. Something feels strange about my right arm. I look at my right arm and see nothing. "Is everything alright Reich?", he asks me a bit concerned. "I had something injected in my arm from Britain.", I tell him.

He removes his arms from my back to gently place his hands on my arm. I have to smile a little from his focused looking expression. "I

can't see anything.", he says with a smile. Fortunately! And I already had a bad fe- "Ah!", comes out. Something hurts in my arm. Soviet immediately asks me worried: "What's up?"

"There's something wrong with my arm.", I tell him, which he takes a good look at. Soviet says: "I can't see anything, but I'll let my son know so he can help you." He gets up and I cling to him and ask: "Soviet, could you please take me with you?" He wraps an arm around my back and holds me with one hand on my butt.

"You're welcome!", he says happily and lifts me up. I hold on to his neck. He runs through the hallways and we get to a few people. "Could you please tell Russia that Reich has a problem with his arm because Britain injected something into him?", I ask them. The three nod and one runs off.

"Thanks!", Soviet says before we go back into the room and lie down there, before I snuggle up to him and shower him with kisses, but still have to take a break every now and then. Shortly thereafter, a doctor comes back to us and takes us to do some tests on me, but they find nothing useful. I'm getting more and more scared, but luckily I have Soviet with me to calm me down.

Somehow I'm getting weaker and weaker over the course of the examinations and slowly my body starts to hurt. As I go to bed, Soviet walks around in circles, worried. I'm sure he's bothered by my problem. I, on the other hand, don't even fully realize that I have something unknown in my body and don't even know how to remove it or how dangerous it is.

Soviet hugs me when I'm back with him. As I can tell he's scared to death for me. Am I too tired to feel the same? Is it good that I'm scared but not as scared or panicked as I should be? Have I almost died too many times for this? I am also still confused as to what is real and what is not. Did my daughter really die? Has my brother really been kidnapped?

I'm confused by everything. I want to have a normal life again with Soviet and our families. Does everything always have to be so difficult? I want to go home and finally have a quieter life. I kiss Soviet's cheek and lie down with him before laying on top of him

and snuggling lovingly because I want to sleep on top of him. He's so soft and cuddly, like a giant teddy bear.

I enjoy being cuddled up against his wonderful body. I also give a big yawn, which Soviet chuckles affectionately. I am delighted by his loving giggle and I kiss his lips lovingly. He loosely wraps his arms around me and I snuggle into his chest before finding the perfect position, lying down and slowly falling asleep. However, I do not have peaceful sleep because every little noise keeps me from sleeping and falling asleep.

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- 868 words

- Original: 11/16/2022

- Translation: 7/17/2023

Chapter 83

Soviet Union's view in his dream:

I go for a relaxed walk outside. I feel the warm air against my skin along with a slightly warmer breeze. I am walking along a beautiful path. It's a dirt road and some stones and there are also trees around me. I continue along the path and sitting in the grass I find Reich.

He's looking up at the sky looking so elegant and I just want to go up to him and kiss him and cuddle him. I come closer to him with wide eyes and a big smile and take off my hat for him. Shortly thereafter, he turns his head more towards me and smiles happily when he sees me. He raises the feathers and I think I can see hearts in his shining eyes.

I run to him and sit down next to him. I look at him happily. My Reich raises a flower crown of golden flowers into my field of vision and stretches closer to me before placing the crown on my head. As he steps back a little, I look at the crown and then back to my Reich. I put my hand on his cheek and he wraps his two warm hands around my hand.

I lean towards him and tenderly bring our lips together and kiss him lovingly. We kiss for a while before parting our lips and smiling at each other. Moments later, I wrap my arms around my husband and pull him onto my lap as he laughs happily.

I giggle in delight and hug him. He's so cuddly! I hug my partner tightly. I love my Reich so much! He's my cuddly Reich and I shower him with millions of kisses.

Third Reich's view in his dream:

I shower Soviet with kisses and enjoy my time with him. We went all the way up the mountain together and look at the peaks of the other mountains. I snuggle up close to him, warming up more and more with his body heat. I press myself tightly against my partner while he has his

arms around me.

I take a deep relaxed breath and kiss his warm lips lovingly. I enjoy our time together. But suddenly I hear devilish laughter. Soviet roughly presses me against him. "Soviet, please stop.", I ask him as gently as possible, although I want to yell at him with fear.

He just hugs me tighter and I finally look up at him and see my partner's empty reddish eyes. "Soviet?", I ask, scared. "I have to kill the Third Reich.", he says in a very strange way. What?! Does not work like that! My memory is not like that!

The world around us is engulfed in blackness and first part of the world wraps itself in a checkerboard pattern. In the blackness I see a red eye looking down at me. I'm getting more and more panicky. I realize it's a dream.

Wake up! Wake the fuck up! I just don't wake up! I'm sorry for this, but I'm kicking Soviet between his legs. He lets go of me and I push off of him and fly up before the world around me disappears. Soviet's body melts and briefly I recognize a demon before it turns to bone and dissolves. I notice that my memory of the beautiful scene with Soviet has disappeared or at least I can't remember and the one from just now disappears too.

How can that be? I knew it before! What is happening with me? "Do you feel like you're forgetting everything~", a voice I can't recognize purrs, "This is my parting gift to you~ If you fall asleep one more time, you'll forget everything and I can do with you what I want~ You will become my doll and unlike what you have recently experienced, I will completely destroy your memories and kill you from the inside!"

I panic more and as I look around I startle myself at the red eye behind me before the eye turns into a mouth and swallows me.

Soviet Union's view:

When I wake up, Reich is still sleeping peacefully on top of me. There is nothing and no one sweeter than my Reich. I am happy to

have my Reich with me. I try to move as little as possible so that my Reich doesn't wake up. I smile at him before closing my eyes again for a moment.

This calm is so good. Reich jumps up out of nowhere without warning. He's breathing frantically like he's just had a nightmare. I hug him from behind. When he notices me, he clutches at me, while also crying lightly. I notice that his skin is a little pale.

"What happened?", I ask worried. "They want to take my memories! If I sleep, I'll die!", he cries, terrified. I hug him while he cries. "I'm going to die!", he cries, scared.

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- 806 words

- Original: 12/17/2022

- Translation: 7/30/2023

Chapter 84

Soviet Union's view:

I'm just shocked by his words right now. I press my Reich to me and stroke his back with one hand. Reich won't stop crying. So far his dreams have brought back his memories, so he should have either got new memories back or it could have been a message.

I will do everything to save him, but first I have to calm him down. I gently kiss his tears away. After a while he calms down again. "We have to find out how they want to kill you!", I say to him. "What about the liquid inside me?", he asks.

I say to him: "I'll talk to my son about the situation." I slowly release him, but he's clinging to me even tighter, so I pick him up and carry him out of the room with me. I go to a phone and call my son but he doesn't answer. I roll my eyes and ask the doctors for results which they can't give us yet because they don't have them yet.

We can not wait anymore! "Can someone please make a list of all countryhumans, partyhumans, statehumans and companyhumans who know about remedies or poisons and where they learned everything?", I ask one of my son's helpers. "I'll arrange your request.", he says.

"Thank you very much!", I say before going back into the room with Reich and laying him on the bed before kissing his face. He giggles happily, which makes me happy. I keep kissing him to distract him and he really enjoys it.

Hearing him giggle is something very special for me, but unfortunately the thought of losing him comes back to me, so I lay my head on his chest. "What do you have Soviet?", he asks me confused. "I'm constantly afraid of losing you and each time it gets harder and more confusing."

He says: "Do you think it doesn't seem the same to me? Soon I won't

know anymore what is left and right." "Do you mean that politically or not?", I ask him. "Whatever is or should be easier.", he says. He kisses my forehead.

I smile and I tell him: "When we don't have to fear for each other anymore and our friends, our family and friends of our family, make sure we're safe, we'll live in my house and take care of ourselves and our daughter.", I take his hand in my hands and ask him: "Let's be the family we wanted.

We have a big beautiful house, friendly neighbors.", I purr to him, "and maybe in the future we'll have a lot of children~ who we're going to bring into the world~ and we'll take good care of them. Besides, I still have to propose to you, to marry you and to love you until the end of our days. I want to grow old with you." "Soviet, that sounds so nice!", he says and hugs me tightly.

I see a big smile on his face. Nice that we have the same wish. I hug him back tightly. "We should, but don't overdo it, we're not the youngest anymore, after all!", he says, which makes me chuckle. "We can exaggerate a lot as far as I'm concerned~", I purr, grinning cheekily.

I add: "Maybe you'd just let me be the dominant one and we'd have kids twice as fast~" He pulls away just to look at me with a look and a flushed face that says, are you serious? I giggle at his reaction and he giggles with me. We hug tightly again and put our lips together.

He's the best thing that could have ever happened to me. I love him so incredibly much. I want him with me forever. I want to have a family with him. I still have many beautiful places to show him. I'm not ready to let him go! I will fight to make him healthy again! I will do everything for my beloved Reich!

We'll never be torn apart again! I want to fulfill all his dreams! And that he gets to know his brother better. Maybe Russia and I could organize a double date and then we will have a nice time with our partners.

And I hope that this family will grow and that we will have a long

and wonderful time together. He takes his lips from mine and kisses my face, which makes me giggle. Hopefully I can save him or help him not to die, because I want our life together to really start first.

I snuggle up to him and hug him tightly, making him giggle loudly and I smile broadly. We keep doing this for quite a while before the one I gave an assignment to comes up to us and gives us a piece of paper with everyone's name on it. Reich sits up with me and looks at the piece of paperr name.

Let's go through the list together. Reich suddenly points to the name 'NSDAP'. "What is she doing in the list?", he asks me. "She was tutored sometime after you left Britain on p... poisons and maybe antidote making too!", I remember.

"How did you forget that? And how do you know that?" My Reich asks me in amazement. I answer him: "I was there when he invited her to teach something like that. I too can forget something old for once, right?", he agrees with me. "Let's find out if she's still alive!", I say. But he says: "Why can't we look for one of the others?"

"Because maybe we'll have more chances with her to help you than with a stranger.", I explain to him. "I honestly don't want to see her again.", he says. I tell Reich: "Let's at least try!" "If she doesn't live too far away, we could go and ask the old bitch for help.", he admits. I can see he's not entirely sure. "We can do it!", I encourage him.

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- 982 words

- Original: 2/12/2023

- Translation: 7/30/2023

Chapter 85

Third Reich's view:

He's right! At least we can try. Soviet kisses my cheek and hugs my cheek. I start to smile slightly. "Let's take care of it!", he says and carries me out of the room again. He asks one of the people if they could take us to the NSDAP. I'm so glad to have Soviet with me. I really hope that she can and will help me.

Shortly thereafter we are sitting in a car to get on a plane that flies to Ukraine. I didn't expect that she was still in Europe. Soviet and I read books and watching films. I also exchange caresses with him from time to time. When we land we get back in a car and drive into the countryside and to a larger house.

Soviet gets out first because like a gentleman he opens the car door for me and bows a little. I think it's so cute of him, but also over the top. I kiss him and take his hand before we go to the building. It should be a tavern. He lets me in. I'm more uncertain, but it's too late to turn back. We trot along the hallway and hear voices which we follow.

"You get that!", laughs a woman full of glee. "If you win another round, get ready to die!", a man hisses angrily. I peek into the room where NSDAP, Switzerland, Berlin and an unknown with a blue and yellow flag with a trident in the middle are sitting playing a game of cards.

I've never seen a statehuman, a partyhuman, a countryhuman and a stranger at a table. Soviet whispers to me: "Do you want to go ahead or me?" "You please.", I reply, feeling a little uncomfortable. Soviet kisses my cheek briefly before entering the room. The stranger notices him first and passes on the message that Soviet has entered the room.

Everyone looked at him silently and one by one. NSDAP looks sideways unenthusiastic to Soviet. She has slight wrinkles and her

blue eyes have become very greyish and look like fog. She would look more friendly if she smiled. "What do you want here, communist?", she asks annoyed and puts a smoking cigarette to her red lips.

I didn't realize earlier that she was smoking. Since when does she smoke? "I would like to ask the Nazi for some help.", he replied. The unknown and they start laughing and the rest get on. My Soviet makes it clear: "This is serious!" She stands up before walking towards him and blowing smoke from the cigarette in his face, making him cough.

"Why should I help you?", she asked him, "As you can see, I have more important things to do here than taking care of such a joke as you." She then kicks him between the legs, causing him to wince and my Soviet to cramp up in pain. He makes such painful noises that I stomp into the room in a bad mood.

She first looks on in surprise, wide-eyed, then stands up straight, then raises her arm as if reaching for a high shelf, but with her hand outstretched. Honestly I think it's nice that she would like to greet me in a fancy way but I don't want to hear about it as she hurt my Soviet and we're running out of time.

I take her arm and I'm getting a stunned look from her. She still tries to greet me: "Heil m-" "I don't want to hear about it right now, I'm running out of time." I make it clear to her and she also stops after I have interrupted her. I look at Soviet and put an arm on his shoulder. A tear or two runs down his cheeks.

My poor Soviet! "What do you need my help with, my Führer?", asked NSDAP. I say, "I'll tell you in a moment, but I also need Soviet Union with me." He looks at her in a bad mood. "Does that have to be?", she asks, not particularly enthusiastic. "Yes, it has to be like that!", I answer her. I can see Soviet wanting to yell swear words, but I look at him so he doesn't.

I help Soviet go to another room with me. NSDAP tries to show their bad mood and their respect for me at the same time and it doesn't work very well. Soviet sits down, still in pain, so I rub his arm and back. She sits straight across from us and waits while

sitting still.

"NSDAP I came to see you because Britain injected something into my body, I don't know what it is and I heard in my last dream that next time I sleep I will die. A red eye-", I stop talking briefly when the NSDAP looks at me in shock and wide-eyed and I continue to tell:

"... said that I will lose all memories and I will become his doll and he will kill me from the inside." "Why didn't you tell me that in detail?", Soviet asks. I answer him: "I was panicking too much at that moment." I notice that NSDAP is trying to sneak out of the room.

"NSDAP?", I ask, because I don't understand why she's trying to run away so suddenly. "I-I can't help you.", she claims anxiously. I ask her: "Please at least try! My life is at stake!" She turns to me with a frightened expression and says: "I'd like to help you b-but I can't!" I beg more desperately: "NSDAP you are the only one who can help me!"

"Please Greater German Reich don't do this to me. I'm already trying to avoid them and fled here. I beg you! Please don't involve me in this, I have enough problems with them.", she begs again. "Please help me?", I ask her again. "I'll be killed if I help you.

They brought you to life and they have the right to take your life away. It's none of my business.", she convinces herself. "Please NSDAP! We can offer you protection from whoever you're afraid of.", I try to convince her. "No, you can't!", she says and before she disappears she says: "No one can stop them."

Then our last hope disappears. I lean on Soviet's shoulder. My last hope is gone. He puts his arm around me and I start to cry. Soviet hugs me and I cling to him. I start crying into his chest. What should I do now? Am I going to die now?

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- 1079 words

- Original: 7/1/2023

- Translation: 7/31/2023

Chapter 86

Soviet Union view:

I feel and hear Reich starting to cry. I hold him close to me. I'm still not ready to lose him. We have a daughter and I want to continue living with him. I have to try to talk to her again, but first I have to calm Reich down a bit. I snuggle up to him. He cries bitterly. I hold him tightly to me.

I want him with me forever! I can't lose him! We love each other so much! He presses his face into my chest. I snuggle him more. I kiss his cheek lovingly. He snuggles up to me. I also cry. I love him! He hugs me tightly and wraps his fluffy wings around me.

He looks up at me, frightened. I kiss him gently, whereupon he closes his eyes. He slowly calms down. I stroke his back gently. My dearest Reich, I will do anything for you! You are my everything! I love you more than anything! He cries less. I break the kiss and press my cheek against his.

He seems to calm down even more. I'm glad about that! "Reich, my love?", I ask, "Can I leave you alone for a moment?" He looks at me and nods hesitantly. I kiss him again briefly before we let go and I stand up. I leave the room. I look for NSDAP and it doesn't take me long to find her because she's playing cards again.

I go to her. Her playmates look at me and before she can turn around, I grab her and throw her over my shoulder. She yells at me: "How dare you!" She hits me while I drag her away. She yells and thrashes around. I take her to the empty women's bathroom. I lock the door behind us.

I then let her down again. She's still cursing. "QUIET!", I yell at her because she's getting on my nerves and I've lost patience with her. "You're going to help save Third Reich whether you want to or not!", I tell her. Annoyed, she asks: "Why should you care so much?" He says: "Because I'm friends with him and friends help each other!"

She says: "Find new friends!" "No! I'm helping him!", he explains and says, "I'm asking you one last time." "How many times before you stupid Russian understand, no!", she replies. I grab her again shortly afterwards and let her dangle from my shoulder before I leave the toilet and search the rooms.

I want her to give me instructions while she's tied up! I find ropes and tie her up. She curses. I find a kind of laboratory and go in with her and sit her on a chair. I ask her: "What do we need?" She ignores me. "NSDAP, we're running out of time!", I explain to her. She replies: "No, only he's running out of time!"

I unleash her. "Please!", I say. "No!", she continues to say stubbornly. I give her a strict order: "You're going to do it now or..." "Or what?", she says. I... I don't know! I have nothing to threaten her with. She leaves. I'm left helpless and desperate. My poor Reich! I start to cry.

Shortly afterwards, Reich hugs me. I cry. We cuddle and go back to NSDAP together. "She's our last hope and I won't let her go so easily!", says Reich stubbornly. I take her back to an empty room.

"Are you going to flood the room with tears and let me drown in them or what?", she says annoyed. Reich's first answer is: "No!" He's doing the talking for now: "You'll stay with us until I'm healthy again or whatever Soviet does to you when I'm dead, because he can get pretty angry, especially when it comes to me.

We can do you a favor if you do us a favor and they'll be gone in the next 10 years and have no more power, they've probably forgotten you by now! I know that helping me means nothing to you and that I could only convince you with threats, but I'm not that kind of countryhuman!

I'd rather die than have something happen to someone and that goes for you too. But I can and will accompany you until I die and maybe annoy you, in the short time and for the rest of my life, because I have hope of surviving and returning to my daughter!"

When he mentioned our daughter, her expression changed. He tells her: "I barely had time to really get to know her, but I still love her

and-" "Stop!", she interrupts him and walks towards him, "I'll help you as long as you and that communist pig keep your mouths shut about this and leave me alone!"

My Reich smiled broadly. I see and agree that he didn't like her calling me that, but she's saving his life, so we shouldn't argue about it for now. She then tells us: "Give me a minute!" We nod and she leaves the room. I look at my partner with a smile while he looks at me overjoyed, whereupon I return the look and hug him tightly.

He laughs lightly and hugs me back. My beloved Reich will survive this! We will be able to be together forever! Still, I am amazed and surprised that NSDAP of all people will help us. She is probably still the most unpredictable partyhuman there is!

Luckily, she agreed this time! And we can keep our family! I feel my Reich put his lips to mine. I enjoy it! He kisses me passionately and I hug him more. I love him more than anything! I look at him full of love. My adorable partner! I love him so much!

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- 948 words

- Original: 7/1/2024

- Translation: 7/1/2024

Chapter 87

Third Reich's perspective:

I laugh happily and Soviet hugs me tightly before he picks me up, making me taller than him. We're both thrilled! I didn't think she'd agree! I'm so, so happy! When I'm done with this, I'll have a big, happy family with Soviet! I want to live with him forever and I'll love him forever!

I cry tears of joy before we let go, because she's sure to come back soon, and she's certainly not pleased with our love for each other. I smile broadly at Soviet, which he returns. And as predicted, she quickly reappears. "Come with me!", she says, and we follow her.

We go up the stairs together into a small room where there are several strange devices that make the room even smaller. I follow her, and behind me is Soviet, who's not quite able to cope with the narrow path between the devices. She leads me to a chair, and after a small gesture of her hand, I sit down.

She takes a fresh needle and syringe from a package before walking over to me and carefully inserting the needle into my arm. She then draws my blood and removes the syringe. Then she presses firmly on the area to make the blood stop coming out.

"Reich, press firmly on it yourself. I need to test your blood. And you Russian, make this in the kitchen!" she says, pressing an open cookbook against his chest. He takes it and I do as she says. She's become so serious, and she's definitely different than before. I also see the fact that she didn't just ram the needle into me as an improvement.

She's a different than I'm used to. Soviet walks off, confused. She's probably just giving him this task to distract him. Meanwhile, she's standing to my left, using a microscope and a pipette. It seems like she's really trying. But I'm feeling kind of dizzy.

"NS-DAP? I'm feeling dizzy!", I tell her. She puts everything down, goes to a cupboard and gets a pill and a glass of water. "It's a blood thinner.", she explains. I just look at her, confused. She explains, annoyed: "There are small particles inside you that are thickening your blood." I immediately put the pill on my tongue and swallow it with water.

She turns back to my blood. It takes a while, but I feel less dizzy. She fiddles around and Soviet comes with a hot drink. NSDAP orders Soviet: "Give it to Reich, that will keep him awake." He hands me the cup and the smell reminds me of hot cocoa. It's still a bit too hot for me.

I wait a bit and drink it. It's got a lot of sugar in it. He smiles at me. "You idiot, you drank some of that too, right?" NSDAP asks him with a stern look. "Y-Yes!" Soviet admits, "I have to check if it's good enough for Reich, and it says I can put sugar and honey in it." He's so sweet!

"Then you won't get tired!" she complains. My Soviet says: "I don't want to get tired when it comes to Reich. I have to stand by him as a good friend!" Why does he always have to be so damn cute!? I want to cuddle him, but I have to control myself because of NSDAP. She just shakes her head and goes back to her work.

Soviet sits down on a chair not far from me. He looks at me too and smiles. I smile back at him and drink. Now I can taste the honey too. It feels good! I enjoy whatever this is. I'm getting bored of just sitting around. "Soviet, what are we going to do if it's certain that I'm going to survive?", I ask.

He thinks for a moment and then suggests: "Maybe we should have dinner. With NSDAP, since she is so nice about healing you!" "Count me out! If you want to reward me, don't say it was me, give me protection and maybe some money.", she refuses. Then Soviet says to me: "Then I'll just go out to dinner with you at a restaurant of your choice."

I laugh and say: "I only know one restaurant from that era!" "Oh yeah!" he says, blushing with embarrassment. "How about we invite our other family members and someone picks a German, hopefully

Bavarian, restaurant?", I suggest, to which he laughs.

I can't think of a sweeter man than him! We should invite our daughter. Russia will probably still be busy looking for Germany. I wonder how he's doing? I hope he's doing well! I hope he returns to Russia and is unharmed. They just recently proposed to each other!

I want to see them both happy. I'd also like to have FRG and GDR with me. My two children. It's strange, I raised my non-biological children, while neither I nor the Soviet raised our biological child. And that she was able to find us again! Our big girl!

Will I perhaps have more children with Soviet one day? Hopefully, but for now, I want to rest and then work on my relationship with my partner, because I believe our relationship has the potential to be better and I want to make our relationship as great as possible!

I love him! I want to create a happy and healthy environment for our children. How wonderful that would be! I want a future with the Soviet! I want that so much! Hopefully, NSDAP can make that possible for me. It feels strange to think that my life is in their hands, but it's true!

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- 948 words

- Original: 4/11/2024

- Translation: 4/11/2024

Chapter 88

Third Reich's perspective:

I've been waiting for hours, but at least I'm not getting tired and dying. Of course, Soviet supports me with conversations and his gestures and facial expressions when he's there, but NSDAP lets him do a lot of unnecessary things because she's clearly annoyed by him, even though he's so sweet and helpful. For now, though, we shouldn't upset her.

We just have to hold on a little longer and then we'll be done with this. She'll be safe and I'll be out of danger and hopefully with Soviet, we'll be with Germany and Russia. I'm looking forward to seeing them both again. I love them! But I also have to think with Soviet about what we will do in the future!

We're definitely taking care of our daughter first, so we can get to know each other better and Soviet and I can prepare and settle down for a life together. Should we live with him for the time being or will we stay with Russia in his villa? I would like to travel back to Soviet's house.

I like it there and there's plenty of space. But it was still strange how he just attacked me. I still have to figure out what we can do about it, because I don't want to be afraid of him again. I'd like to put that behind me! Speaking of angels, my beloved is coming back into the room.

He has some food with him and sits down next to me. "You must be very hungry, right?", Soviet asks me. "Communist, don't you dare give him anything to eat!", says NSDAP, surprising us both. Confused, Soviet Union asks: "What's wrong with food?" "Only that it makes it more difficult for me to help Reich!", she replies.

He nods and takes the food away again. I would have loved to have his delicious food, but I think I can enjoy it later. NSDAP experiments with me for a while before mixing something together,

putting it in a syringe and injecting this liquid into me. It feels unpleasant but quickly stops.

I watch her. She watches me closely, which makes me a little uneasy. She looks at me for a moment and then leaves. What did that mean? She continues what she was doing before, while Soviet reappears. Of course, that gets my attention again. I smile at him and he at me.

I'm relieved not to be alone here. "Communist, get some soap!", NSDAP orders him. Disappointed, Soviet looks down at the ground, I don't like this either! "NSDAP, I'd like to have Soviet with me! If you need him to get something you need, feel free to send him, but otherwise, please leave him here, because he calms me down!

He won't bother you either!", I ask her. She grumbles briefly and says: "Okay, but he'll stay quiet!" I look at Soviet, who smiles at me. I immediately smile back and tell her: "He will!" I happily look at my partner and he happily looks over at me. I'm relieved. His presence is much more calming!

She comes back to me and does a few more things with my blood. This takes quite a while before she injects a syringe with a liquid into my body, after which she observes me and my results. I look at Soviet, who traces a heart on his chest with his finger and then points at me with a broad smile.

Oh, my God, he's so cute! My heart immediately starts beating faster. NSDAP makes a note of it. Damn! I hope this doesn't mean anything bad for me. Should I say it's from fantasies? She leaves again. I look at Soviet, who once again only has eyes for me. That cheeky Countryhuman! I'd love to tickle him right now!

I love him! And I'll spend the rest of my time, whether it's short or long, with him. I'm so glad I'm not alone! She's coming back. I wonder what she'll do now? She injects something into my body again and I feel dizzy before I start to feel sick, which Soviet can see and hands me an empty bucket.

I hold the bucket close to me. NSDAP is watching me. She doesn't say anything to Soviet. It takes a while before I vomit into the

bucket and she injects me again. What is she doing to me? I know I'm like her experiment right now, but why should I throw up or was it not intentional?

She comes over to me and takes my bucket before throwing something in, looking inside and giving it back to me. I don't understand what she's doing. She takes a syringe with new fluid and warns me: "You'll feel pretty sick, but after this you should feel better and the worst will be behind you!"

I look at her very uncertainly and she just injects it into me. I couldn't even say anything. "Drink!", she commands me and hands me a bottle of clear liquid, I'm hoping it's just water. I do as she asks again and just drink.

I drink quite a bit, but then I feel dizzy and nauseous, so I stop drinking and cover my mouth. I don't want to spit up. What I just did was horrible enough! I'm feeling worse and worse and I have to vomit into the bucket again. After a minute, I'm done.

I'm still dizzy and crying. This is too much for me! She takes the bucket back. She leaves and Soviet comes over and hugs me, which helps a lot to calm me down. "You'll be over this soon! You've made it through the worst part!", he tells me, hoping to cheer me up.

I just want to be left alone right now! The experimentation is horrible! Hopefully, nothing like this will happen again! I wish everything would be okay soon and I could rest in a bed and never have to go through something like this again! Soviet cuddles me gently. I cuddle up to him gently, too.

- 996 words

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